* June 1, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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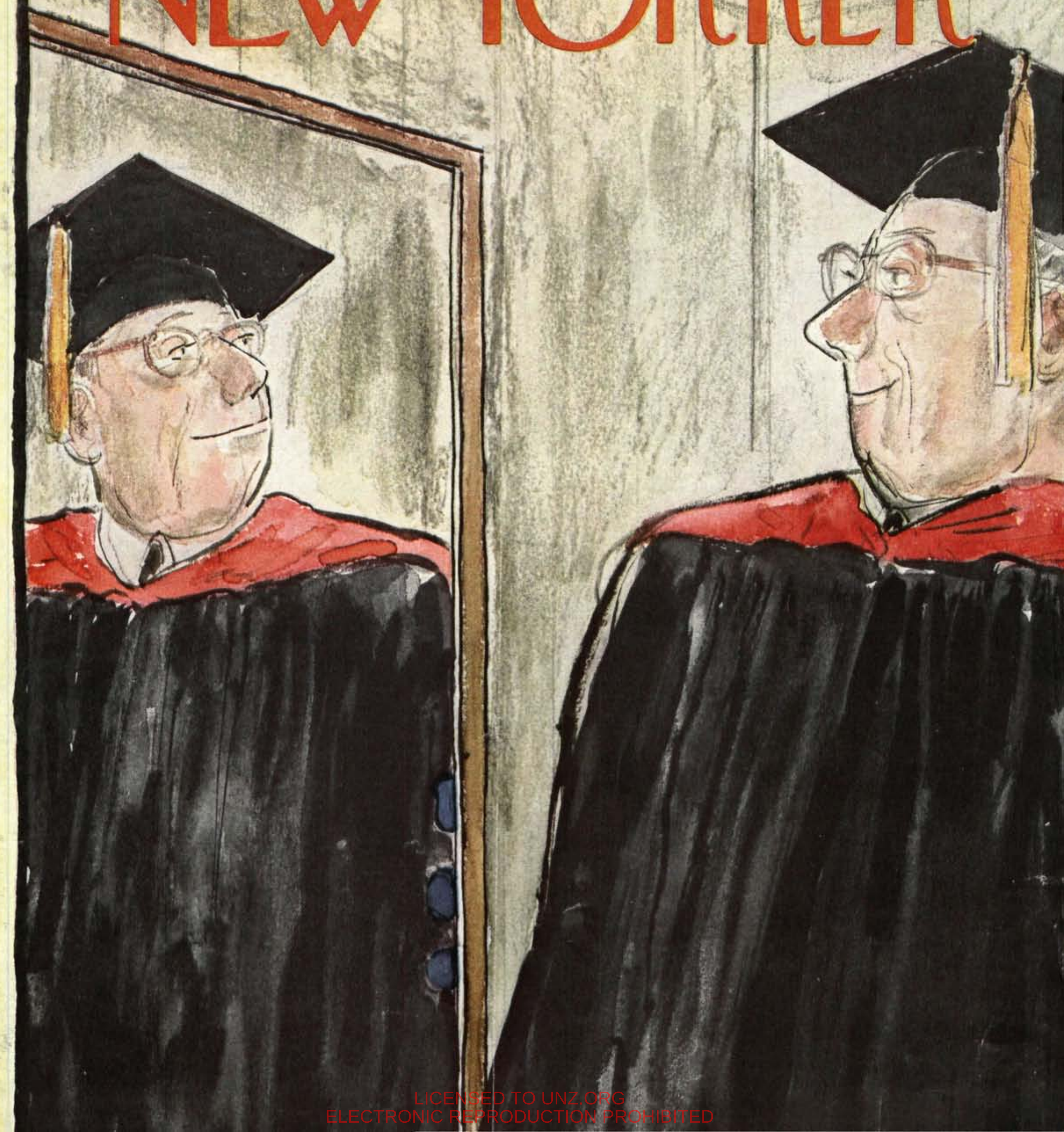

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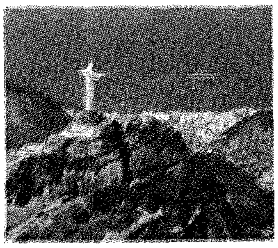

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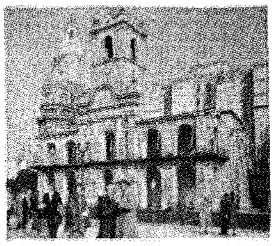

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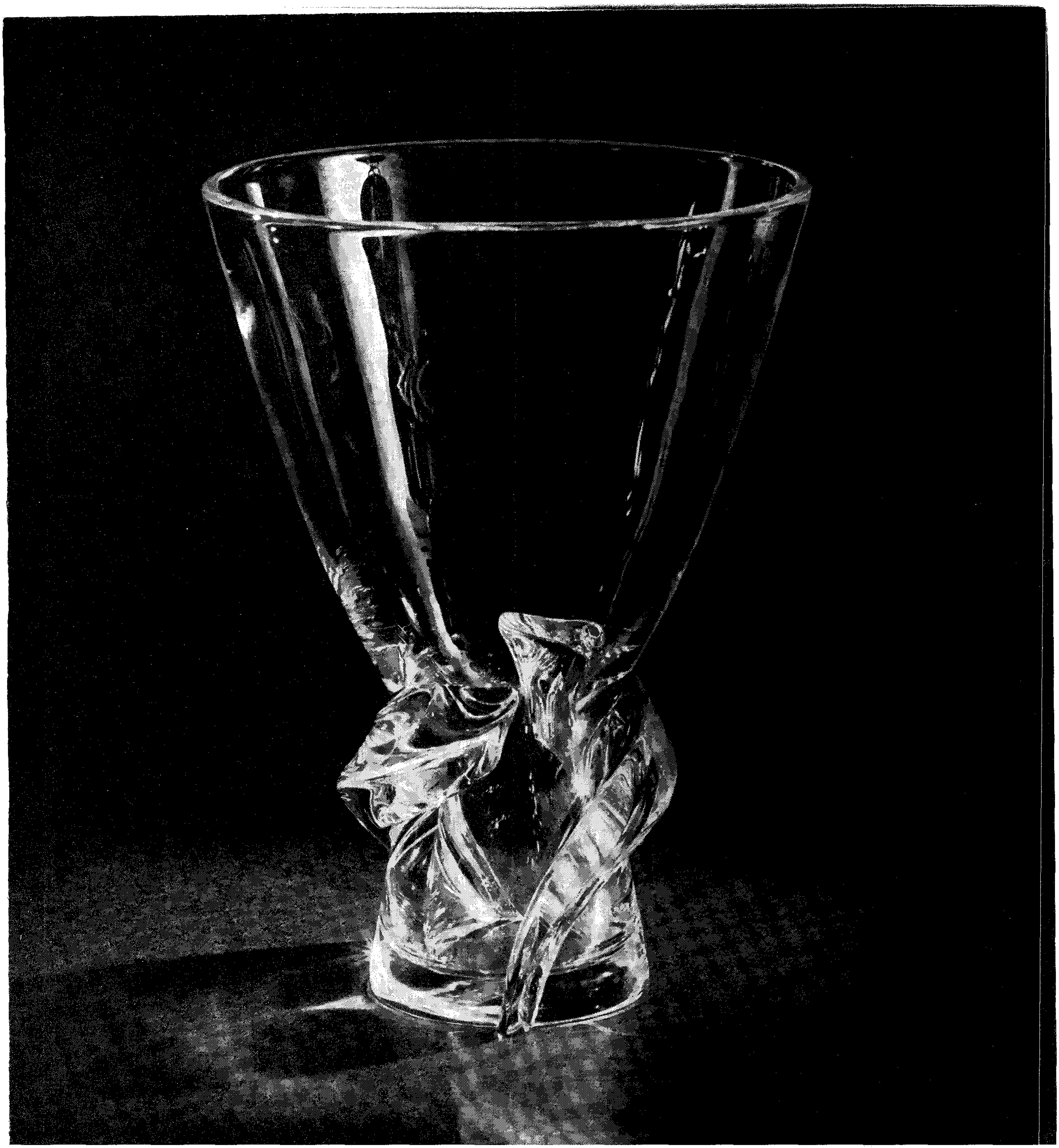

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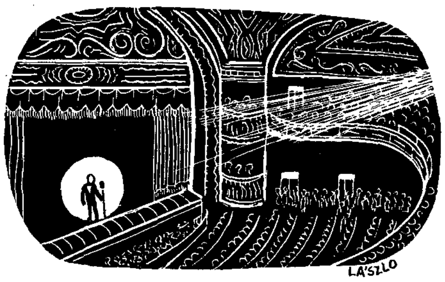

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle that he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is playing a remarkably engaging bum in Arnold Schulman's not very credible comedy about the twin problems of operating a bankrupt hotel and bringing up a little boy. David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White appear in the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Hotel Paradiso—Bert Lahr is superb in this frantic and generally uproarious farce that Peter Glenville has adapted from Georges Feydeau's and Maurice Desvallieres's French original. The excellent supporting cast includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Vera Pearce, and Douglas Byng, and Osbert Lancaster designed the highly ingenious sets. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, here called the Tyrones, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—In this play about a hopeless drunkard and the farm girl who tries to comfort him, O'Neill carries on the story of the doomed Tyrones from about where "Long Day's Journey Into Night" left off, but it is a considerably less effective work. Franchot Tone, Wendy Hiller, and Cyril Cusack do all they can with the leading roles. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15; special matinée Memorial Day.)

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene's new play, a contemporary variation on the miracle of Lazarus, comes out, as you might expect, in favor of orthodox faith over rationalism. Regardless of your own affiliation, you can enjoy it purely as literate detective-story writing. All the performances are fine, especially Robert Flemyng's, Frank Conroy's, and Sybil Thorndike's. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are extremely efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cut-ups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the cast, which includes Tom Ewell, is estimable. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is nobly abetted by Eddie Mayehoff, as an overstuffed Pentagon general, in Gore Vidal's excellent fantastic comedy. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Long Runs—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 22.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. Mr. Begley will take over Mr. Muni's role, and Leon Stevens will assume Mr. Begley's, starting Sunday afternoon, June 2. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—The dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy has lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day.)

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs; Bob Fosse staged the dances; Rouben Ter-Arutunian designed the sets and costumes; and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter head a cast featuring George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Beatrice Lillie has had more inspired material, but she is still wonderfully funny and may be enough to make your evening endurable. Other performers include Billy De Wolfe, who assists her heroically with what comedy there is; Harold Lang and Helen Wood, who contribute some lively dances; and Micki Marlo and Carol Lawrence, who sing their routine songs with commendable spirit. Raoul Pène duBois has designed some settings and costumes that will probably remind you, for better or worse, of the good old days. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gretchen Wyler, Stephen Douglass, and

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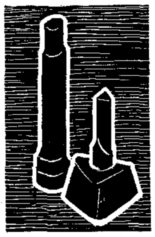

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Howard Caine. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"The Pajama Game," with Jane Kean and Paul Hartman, is the last in this season's series of five musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 2.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, May 31: "The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, June 4, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister and Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife" and with music by David Martin. Melvin Stewart and Ethel Ayler head the cast. (Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse, 150 W. 85th St. SU 7-9532. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

Seventh Avenue South—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Seventh Avenue South, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9205. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in "The Gondoliers," the final offering in a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, June 2.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special matinée Memorial Day at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A group of dancers, singers, and guitarists, including Lola de Ronda and José Molina, in a three-week engagement. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which time Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise and night owls, at play. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band buzz like mad hour after hour.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Celeste Holm, the picture of health, wealth, and elegance, and a singer with a talent to amuse, is the life of the party in the Cotillion Room. The orchestra headed by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays....¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Dorothy Shay may be fooling some of the people some of the time into thinking that she's a born hillbilly singer, but it is uphill work, for all her undeniable competence. Ted Straeter's high-spirited orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's clutch of musicians make handsome amends. The place is closed Sundays....¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another....¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing....¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

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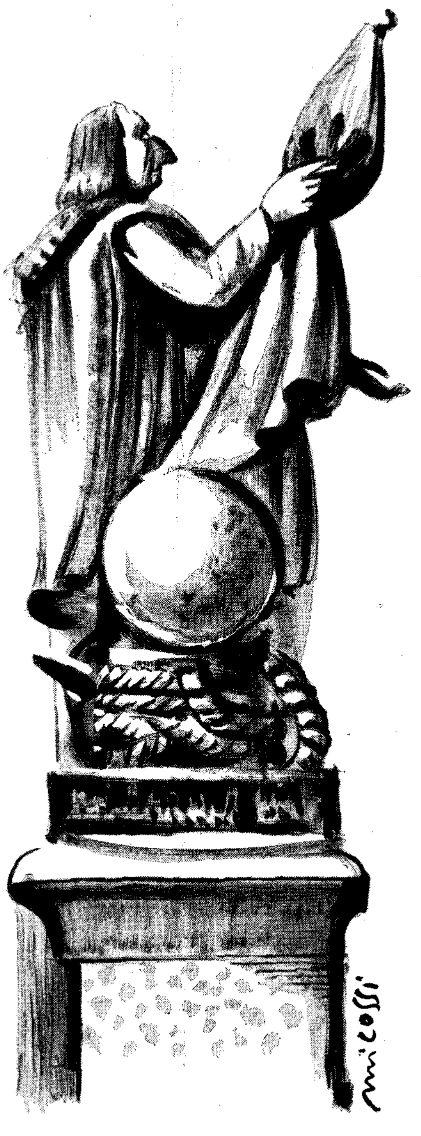


STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

Christopher Columbus

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's dance band, while on the whole inclined not to frighten the dancers in the Grill, occasionally backslides into moments of pure Dixie. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Junoesque Julie Wilson is slithering around the opulent Maisonette at dinner and supper, uttering songs that might imply she's the root of all evil, though anyone can see at a glance that she's no such thing. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their galloping dance music, which starts at eight-fifteen. The Maisonette closes on Wednesday, June 5. Next night, the Roof, a reasonably close approach to seventh heaven, reopens for the summer, with music by the same bands. All quiet Sundays, upstairs and down.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The divertissement in the ample Café Rouge involves Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, temporarily without the old Maestro. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—People who like to be babes in the woods can play at it, on dry nights only, by sitting on the rim of the open-air terrace, which has dance music after eight weekdays and after seven Sundays.

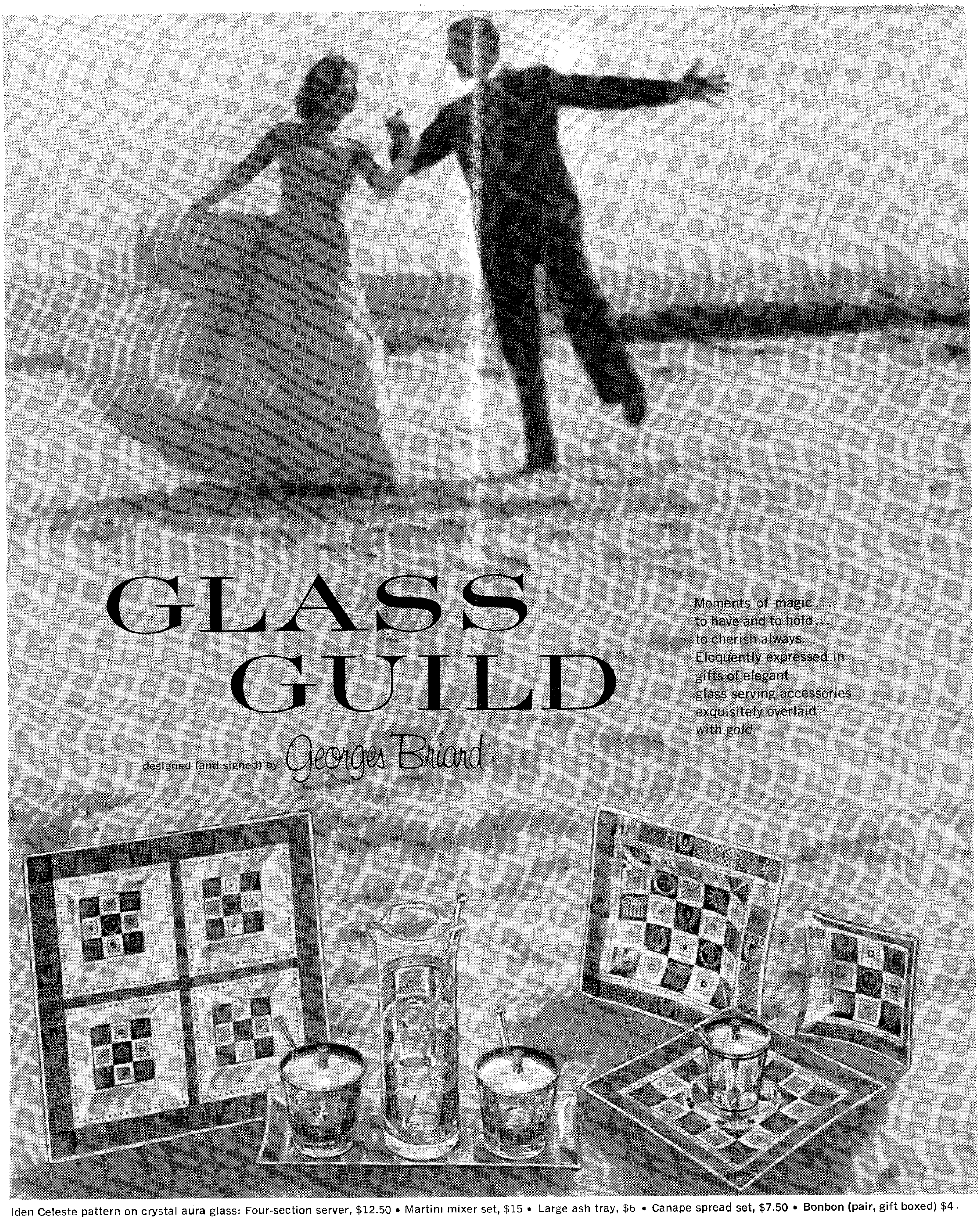
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Johnnie Ray will be giving his latter-day evangelism its final workout in the Empire Room on Saturday, June 1, the night the place shuts down until fall. He's around at dinner and supper; Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Mischa Borr band function vigorously all evening....¶ The annual summer school begins up on the Starlight Roof on Monday, June 3. The first semester will offer its best curriculum to date—Sarah Vaughan, the celebrated jazz singer; Joe Williams, the cataclysmic blues singer; and Count Basie, a bandmaster with few equals in the field of rhythmic noise. Closed Sundays....¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; the Borr orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The not too dizzying height known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can look down, if you have a window table, on everyone else. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A stylized Forest of Arden, evergreen and comfortable as can be, where Addison Bailey's sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Paul Morse subs for him Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vender, performs in the midst of the Southern-style country fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument during the week; Fridays and Saturdays, Bill Taylor sits in for him. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Almost like being in Rome and dining as the Romans do. The strolling gypsies (Teo



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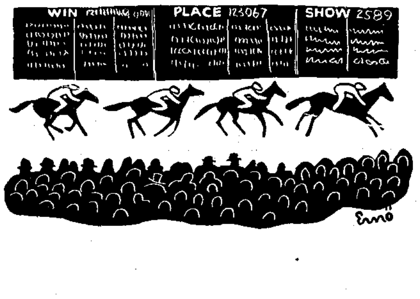
Fanidi is their ringleader) on the premises are a tidy lot, wholeheartedly devoted to the art of the violin rather than to fortunetelling. The music begins at seven and goes on until one, or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The city's tiniest music room, which soothes urbane as well as savage breasts from cocktail time until cockcrow time. Don Carey, of the Bermuda circuit, is the first pianist to report; Don Evans, of the show-business circuit, is the second. Sunday nights, their holidays, Don Feldman sits in at the keyboard. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the table telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Three million dollars' worth of décor, in the middle of which Maxine Thomas, a circumspect newcomer, plays calm piano and sings calm songs. She does the dinner and supper stint every night but Sunday, which is curfew. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle, now converted (with very little change) into a restaurant, is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, which operate in the best tableside manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The older inhabitants of this bar-and-grill all smile (in anticipation) when Cy Walter sits down at the piano, which he does from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A segment of life upon the not so very wicked stage. Events here, which are on the posh side, begin at dinner; after ten, Hubbell Pierce joins in with polite words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin, and the Lee Evans trio fills in his idle moments. Mr. P. is away Mondays; the trio is away Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent picnic (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the strolling music, is French and environs. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with piano by Eva Iaci, who begins at dinner and goes through supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music with every course, and sounding most dulcet when a six-man band is tootling Lehár. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Spivy, who addresses her modern-dress Rabelaisian ballads in the manner of Captain Bligh dealing with the mutiny on the Bounty, is back in the United States and in top form. Dorothy Loudon, a wayward sprite who will take no nonsense from even our most popular Hit Parade songs, roars like a wounded soprano; the sweetness and light are provided by the lyrics of Diahann Carroll, the memorable innocent lamb of "House of Flowers," and the sardonicism is provided by the admirable Will Holt, who doesn't always give his folk music the homely touches its authors take such pride in. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard make everything sound its best. . . . ¶ In the front room, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a session, from 2 to 4 A.M., by the Lyonses. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sunday, June 2, is bowing-out night for all hands—Mae Barnes, a thunderbird in her roaring forties; Luc Poret, the bilingual French wit; Ketty Lester, one of the liveliest and happiest of our West Coast orioles; and Clarence Williams's dance trio. The room will be closed next evening. Tuesday, June 4, will bring forth Irwin Corey, whose speech pattern is almost entirely a sort of progressive jazz, and Chico Hamilton's quintet, whose music pattern is another facet of the same thing. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Words of wisdom, spoken almost entirely in jest. They were mostly written by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery, and they are spoken by June Ericson, a pearl of great price, and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews. The occasion is the latest of Julius Monk's portmanteau revues, for which the pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Mr. McCreery. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Three ladies of odd but beguiling quality in the shade of an astonishing new banana tree. They are Stella Brooks, conjurer of words and treader on clay feet; Blossom Dearie, home at last from Paris, with her artfully artless way of singing jazz; and Daphne Hellman, a lass with some delicate airs on the harp. The *padrone* is Julius Monk, of the Downstairs Room. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Two upstanding Amazons—Bibi Osterwald, girl calliope and girl chatterbox, and Sylvia Syms, a one-of-a-kind stylist of blues and ballads—are breaking up the local housekeeping. They're kept company by the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels, not to mention the free-associational remarks of Jimmie Komack, a bundle of very nervous energy. It's best to go late and be prepared to stay late. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Matt Dennis, who writes and sings the sweetest stories ever told (the likes of "Violets for Your Furs"), will be checking out with his trio on Saturday, June 1. Sam Hamilton, the household's perpetual pianist, begins at nine; the Dennises start at nine-thirty; and Nancy Steele, who handles the soprano work, arrives at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Kitty White, for a long, long time the amiable canary of the Hob Nob, in far Hollywood, is now at work in a place that may be too rumpus in mood for her. She and her trio are off Sundays, but there's sound by another threesome all week long. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Familiar faces on the barroom floor. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from their twin pianos, which are in action while the songbird is having her coffee break. Right now, the songbird is Mary Harmon, a mere slip of a blonde with some neatly turned phrases; as of Tuesday, June 4, she'll be Rosemary O'Reilly, who'll be supplemented by Joey Carter, a jokesmith who once in a while mistakes quantity for quality. Sundays there are silent movies; Mondays are amateur nights.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot news from the Sunny South, presented in the customary rough-and-ready fashion. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon are involved. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Listening to music occasionally becomes secondary to the downing of spareribs in this chophouse. The trios of Alex Kallao and Betty Miller are now attempting to penetrate the sound barrier that confronts them; on Monday, June 3, the Jonah Jones quartet will take over from the Miller trio. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, extra hands occupy the podium. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris (temporarily minus his leader, Wilbur de Paris) is trying to carry on with the help of Cecil Scott, Vic Dickenson, Eddie Gibbs, and Herbie Nichols, not altogether with success. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the back room is the better sound box. There Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. The trios of Hampton Hawes, a struggling young piano man, and of Dorothy Ashby, a newcomer who dabbles in piano and harp, operate later on. The first group is off Mondays, the second Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, author, critic, traveller, statesman, inventor, and musician emeritus, is in charge of a big armful of virtuoso performers—a perfect excuse for beating a path to this progressive mousetrap. Sal Salvador's foursome takes every second watch. On Thursday, June 6, a new bill of fare: the Hi-Los, who come under the heading of rhythm singers; Maynard Ferguson's band, which is sort of *moyen âge* in attitude; and Cannonball Adderley's quintet, which is up-to-the-minute and without any repressions. The regulars are around except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by a newcomer, Jean Nelson, who has decided on vibes as a career. The first chord is struck at ten. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite so unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend contact with early times. Among the Old Guardsmen due on Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, are the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Art Trappier, Russell Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This fraction of the Henry Hudson Hotel is dedicated, between nine and one, to Early Americana. The satisfying racket is the work of Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse. (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs.) The intermission pianist is Teddy Roy. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The experiments, all futuristic, conducted here some-

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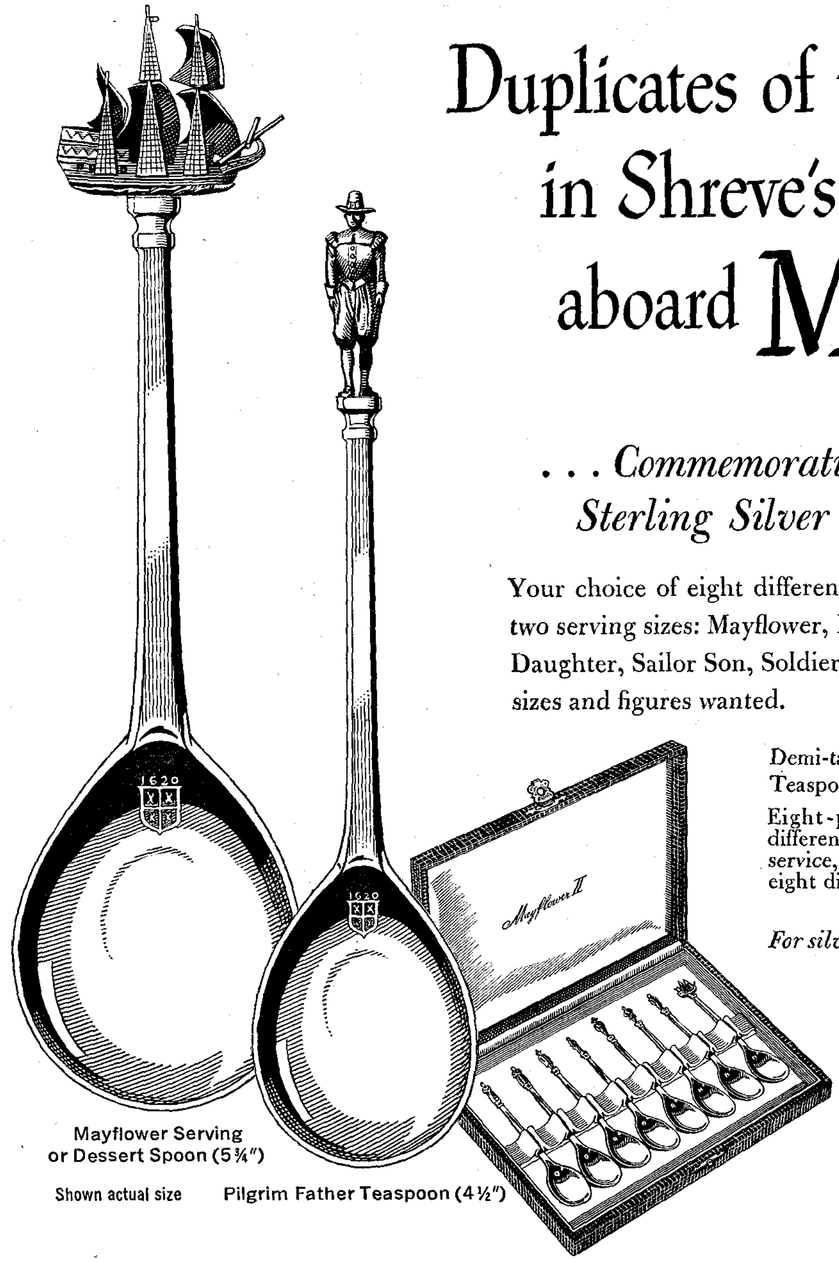
. . . *Commemorative Spoons in Heavy Sterling Silver Wrought in Holland*

Your choice of eight different handle figures in demi-tasse, tea and two serving sizes: Mayflower, Pilgrim Father, Pilgrim Mother, Pilgrim Daughter, Sailor Son, Soldier Son, Pilgrim Elder and Indian. Specify sizes and figures wanted.



Mayflower Serving or Dessert Spoon (5¾")

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Pilgrim Father Teaspoon (4½")

Demi-tasse (4") $4.00 ea. Serving (5¾") $13.50 ea.
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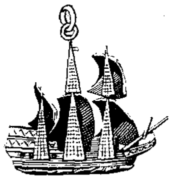
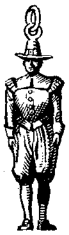
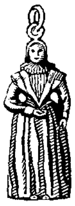


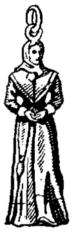
Mayflower
$37.50*



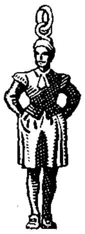
Pilgrim
Father
$37.50*



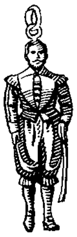
Pilgrim
Mother
$37.50*



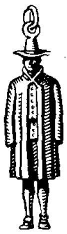
Pilgrim
Daughter
$37.50*



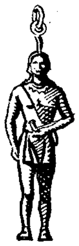
Sailor
Son
$37.50*



Soldier
Son
$37.50*



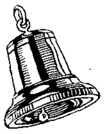
Pilgrim
Elder
$37.50*



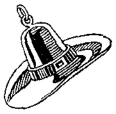
Indian
$37.50*

*in smaller size, $15.

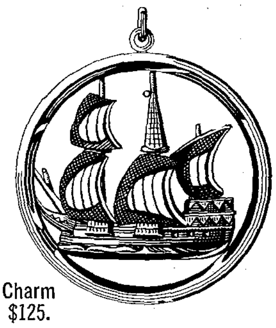
Shown actual size



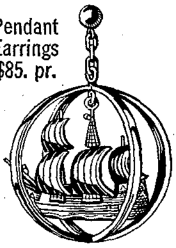
Ship's
Bell
$27.50



Pilgrim
Hat
$15.

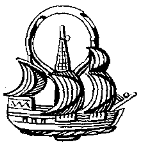


Charm
$125.

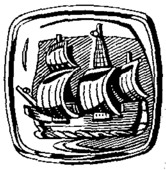


Pendant
Earrings
$85. pr.

All prices
include
Federal tax



Clip Earrings
$55. pr.



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prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

times go off with a bang, sometimes fizzle; the performers sometimes go off, too, without notice. However, the trio headed by Ronnie Bright should be here through Sunday, June 2, along with the Max Roach quintet, and next evening Art Blakey's Messengers and the Teddy Charles duo are expected. Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, Jackie Paris, a singer rarely available in person, should also be doing a stint. Closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through June 28. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—The first solo exhibition of sculptures by an artist previously known for her water colors and prints; through Friday, May 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

SHIRLEY DREYFUS—Paintings, mainly of city subjects, by the winner of this gallery's annual new-talent competition; through Saturday, June 1. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day until 1.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, more philosophic in manner than heretofore; through June 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Memorial Day and Friday, May 31.)

MAX ERNST—New paintings and sculptures, revealing interesting changes in his general approach; through Saturday, June 8. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St. Open Saturdays.)

VINCENT GLINSKY—A retrospective exhibition of his neatly stylized sculptures; through Saturday, June 1. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 7:30.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Landscapes and still-lifes, none of them recently exhibited; through June 14. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Memorial Day and Friday, May 31.)

HOPKINS HENSEL—Paintings, meticulously exact in treatment and mildly Surrealist in atmosphere; through June 14. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

WILLIAM MEYEROWITZ—Semiabstract landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; through Saturday, June 8. (Chase, 29 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

MIRKO—New sculptures in bronze, imposingly totemic in feeling; through June 14. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

MAUD MORGAN—Portrait studies of heads, intentionally varied in styles from the Cubist to the Impressionist; through Saturday, June 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—An exhibition of paintings that has travelled to nine European cities during the past two years; through Tuesday, June 4. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day. Open Saturday, June 1.)

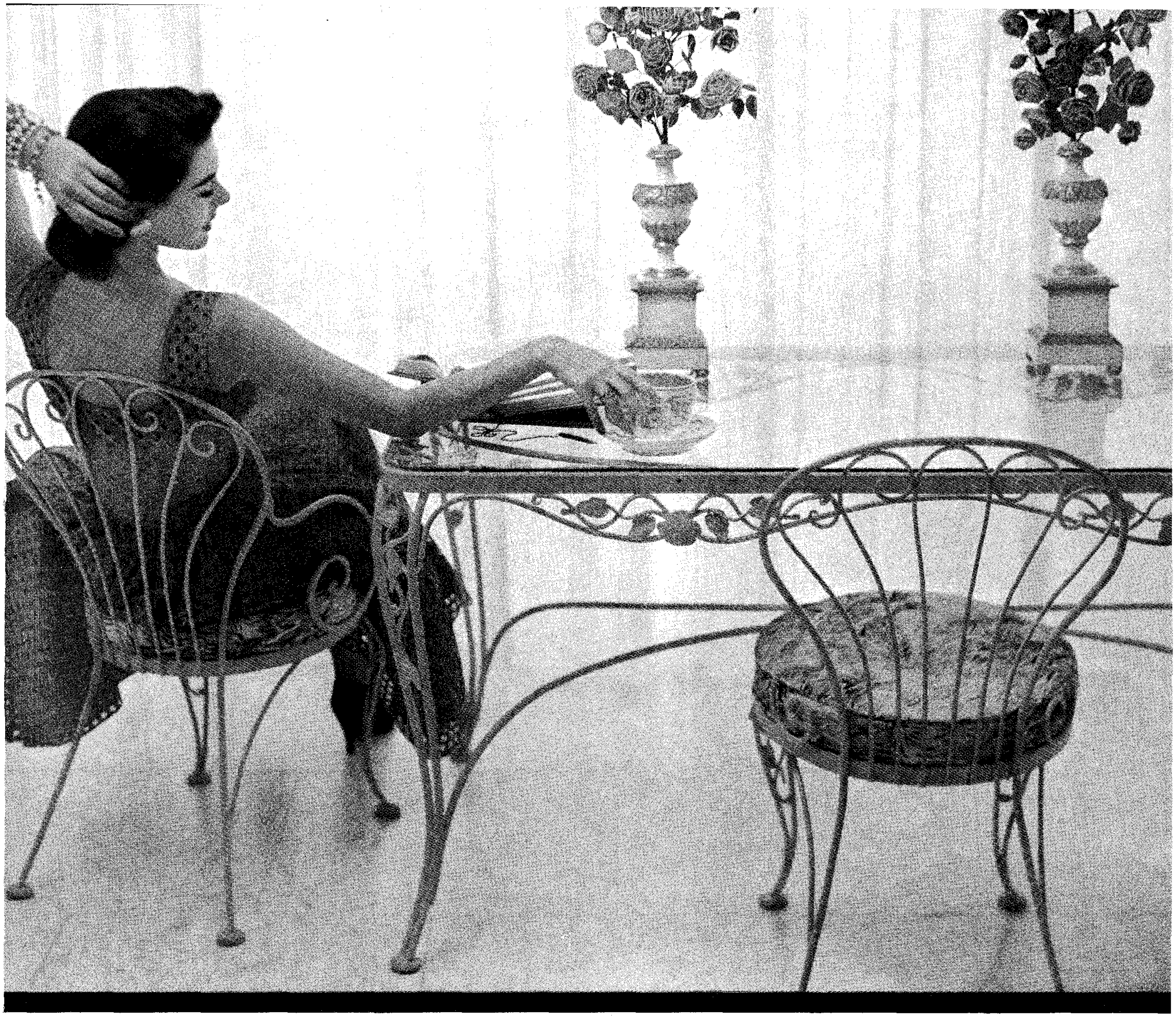
ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Paintings and collages, much more playful in mood than usual; through Saturday, June 8. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day. Open Saturdays.)

JULES PASCIN AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through June 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Memorial Day. Open Saturday, June 1.)

GUIDITTA SCALINI AND RENATO CRISTIANO—Bronze sculptures, mostly small and neatly attenuated in manner, by the former, and landscapes in oil by the latter. The first showing here for both artists. Through Saturday, June 8. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day. Open Saturdays.)

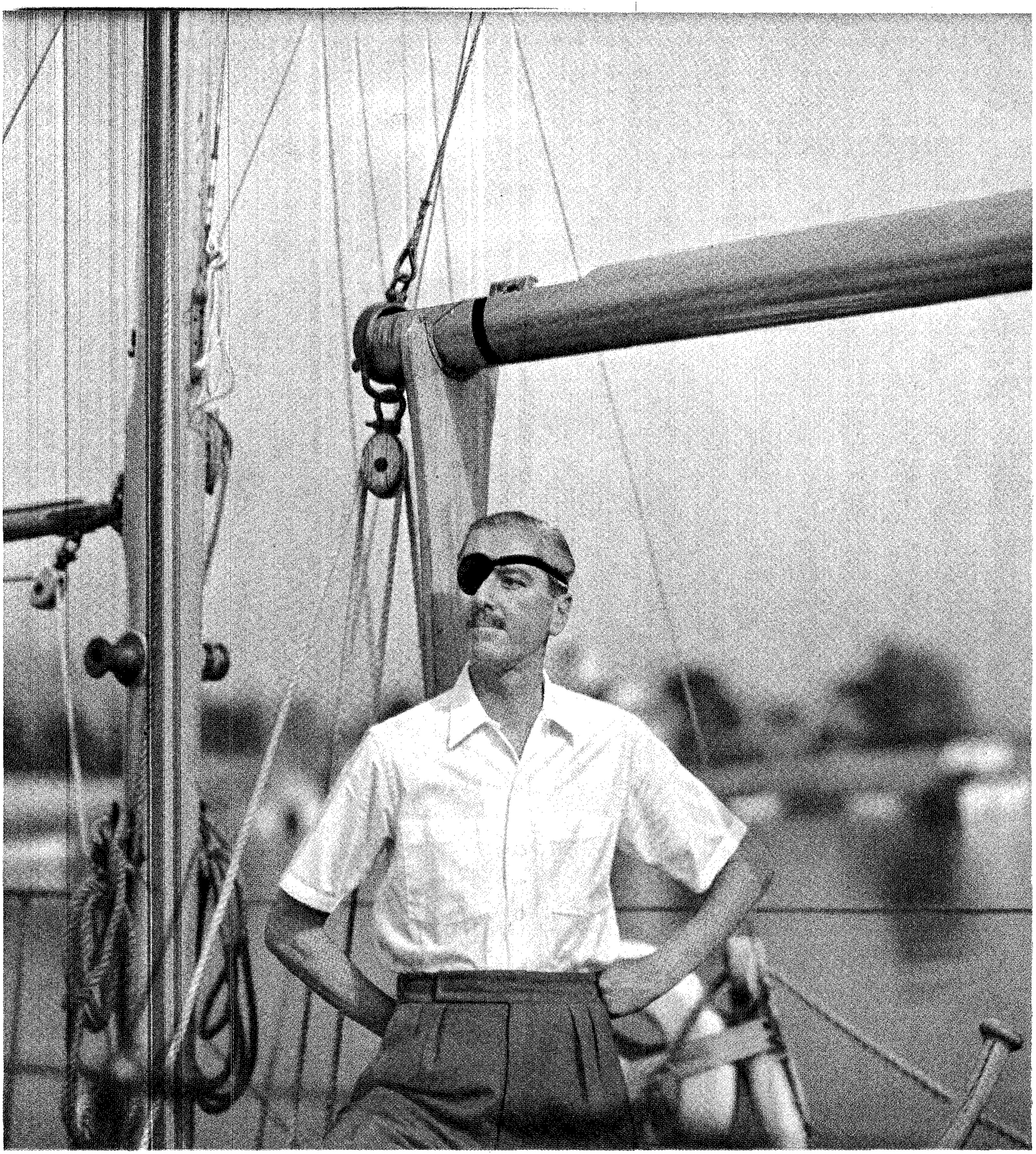
SONIA SEKULA—Lacily patterned abstractions, most of them suggestive of city themes; through Saturday, June 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN SENNHAUSER—Neatly designed abstract collages and water colors; through Friday,



style authority in wrought iron

Woodard



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 31. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

Philip Stein—A small group of paintings, done in bold, sweeping designs; through Saturday, June 1. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day until 1.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters—Paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by newly elected members of the Institute and by winners of Academy and Institute awards, including Raphael Soyer, Morris Graves, and Polygnotos Vagis, plus a group of Childe Hassam Fund purchases (paintings and woodcuts); through June 23. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays and Memorial Day, 2 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: The third annual "Painters and Sculptors of Promise" show (with items by, for instance, Bruce Conner, Richard Hunt, and Dean Richardson) is the initial offering at the gallery's new location; through Friday, June 7. (Closed Memorial Day.). . . **artists'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and mosaics by Frank Roth, David Sauer, and others; starting Saturday, June 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **associated american artists**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Three young painters and two sculptors—David Lund, Alex Katz, and Burton Hasen, and Raymond Rocklin and Israel Levitan; through Saturday, June 1. (Closed Memorial Day.). . . **barone**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An outdoor show of sculptures by Martin Craig, Herbert Kallem, and other American moderns; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 6.). . . **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings by Arbit Blatas, Walter Barker, Henry Botkin, Hans Moller, and Manfred Schwartz; through June 14. (Closed Memorial Day. Open Saturdays.). . . **greenwich**, 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.). . . **hewitt**, 29 E. 65th St.: Oils by, among others, Colleen Browning, Robert Bliss, and Rex Clawson; through June 29. (Open Saturdays.). . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Fourteen painter-printmakers, including Will Barnet, Minna Citron, and Seong Moy; through Friday, June 7. (Closed Memorial Day. Open Saturday, June 1.). . . **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: A twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, comprising paintings on loan from museums and collections, by Doris Rosenthal, Isabel Bishop, Dong Kingman, and others; through Saturday, June 8. (Closed Memorial Day. Open Saturdays.). . . **milch**, 55 E. 57th St.: Adolf Dehn, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through July 26. (Closed Memorial Day.). . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The current show contains about fifty oils chosen by William Kienbusch, Adolf Dehn, and Robert Brackman; through June 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.). . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Greene, and Monolo Pascual are among the painters and sculptors represented in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation; through Aug. 23. (Closed Memorial Day and Friday, May 31.). . . **stable**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Painters and sculptors on the roster of the sixth New York artists' annual exhibition include Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Louise Nevelson, and William King; through June 21. (Closed Memorial Day and Friday, May 31.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **crespi**, 232 E. 58th St.: Oils by Alvin Sella, Carlotta Petrina, Pachita Crespi, and others; through Friday, May 31. (Memorial Day and Friday, 11 to 5.). . . **davis**, 231 E. 60th St.: Oils, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, and Corot; through Friday, May 31. . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings in various mediums by twentieth-century artists, including Marin, Picasso, and Klee; through June 14. (Closed Memorial Day and Friday, May 31.). . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and

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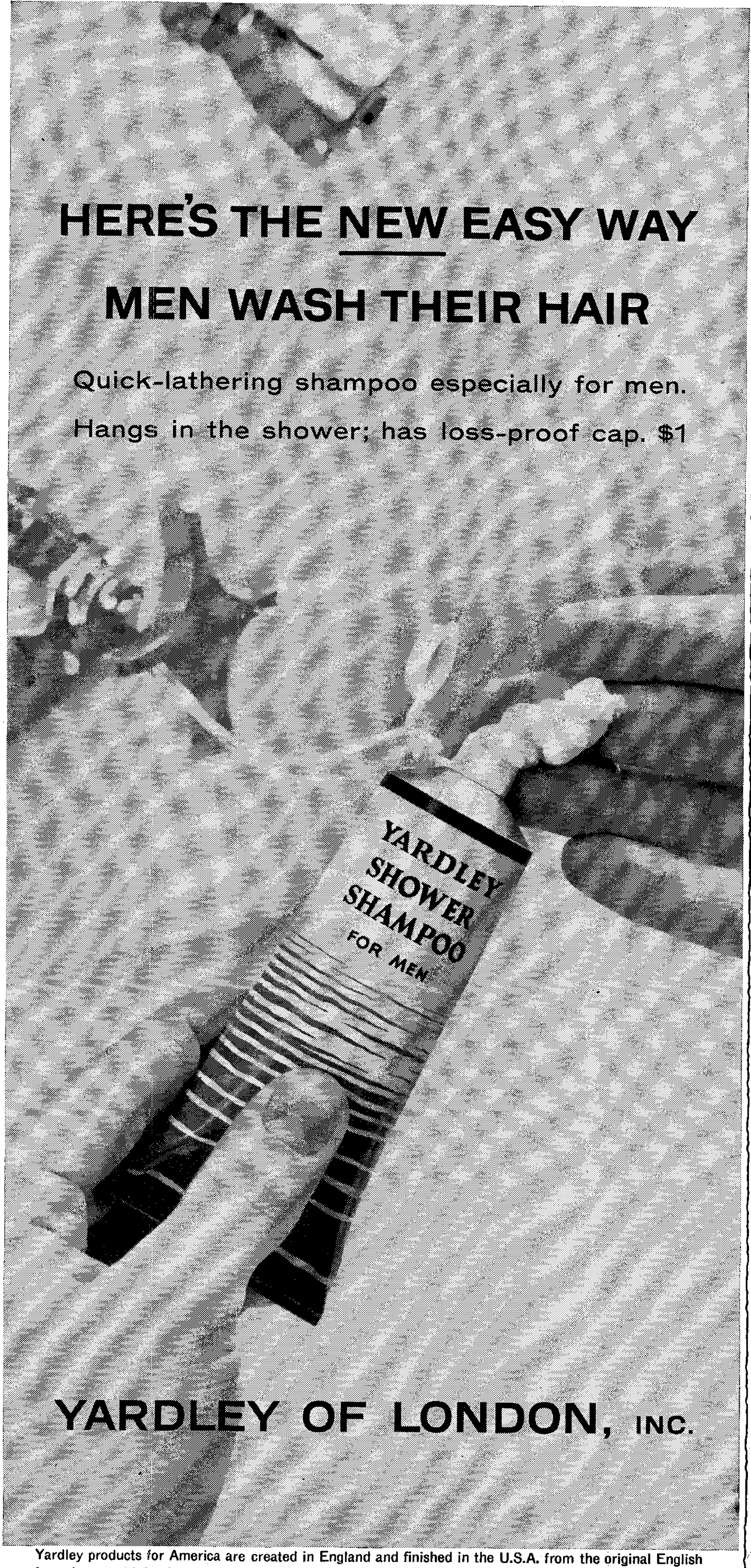
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sculptures by French and American artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30. (Closed Memorial Day.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hervé**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Canvases by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **kootz**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Several oils apiece by Soulages, Mathieu, Dubuffet, and three other artists; through Saturday, June 1. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit arranged as a tribute to art historian and dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with paintings by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others; through Friday, June 7. (Open Saturday, June 1.)

Sculptures—Examples by Barbara Lekberg, Juan Nickford, Robert Cook, George Cerny, and Nina Winkel; through Friday, May 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: August Mosca; starting Monday, June 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Group shows at the **associated american artists**, *712 Fifth* Ave., at 55th St.; starting Monday, June 3. **crespi**, 232 E. 58th St.; starting Monday, June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 9.) **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.; starting Tuesday, June 4. **emmerich**, 18 E. 77th St.; starting Monday, June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.) **kootz**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; starting Monday, June 3. **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.; starting Monday, June 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) **white**, 42 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, June 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) **willard**, 23 W. 56th St.; starting Monday, June 3. (Open Saturdays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 30. . . . ¶ At the Brandeis University Creative Arts Festival, in Waltham, Mass., starting on Saturday, June 1, there will be seven art exhibitions: One-man shows of paintings by Max Weber, Stuart Davis, Jimmy Ernst, and David Holleman; a series of George Grosz etchings illustrating Dante's "Inferno;" and showings of works from the university's art collection and works by students.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo *Museum of Art, in Brazil; through* Sunday, June 2. . . . ¶ Sixty-five Greek vases (principally Attic and ranging in date from the early sixth to the late fourth century B.C.) from the Hearst collection, purchased last fall by the Museum. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, June 6, until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—The fourth selection of 1956 Guggenheim International Award candidate paintings, plus eighteen regional winners and the international winner, Ben Nicholson's "August 56 (Val d'Orcia);" through Sunday, June 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A two-part exhibition celebrating the Museum's tenth anniversary at its present address. One part consists of paintings and sculptures from a number of private collections, ranging from a Rembrandt self-portrait to modern works by Chagall, Gauguin, Weber, and Lehmbruck (to name a few); through June 30. The other part is the Strauss-Rothschild collection of Jewish ceremonial objects from the Cluny Museum, in Paris; through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A new selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from all over, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann; through June 16. . . . ¶ Eighty-eight twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Charles Burchfield, Adolph Gottlieb, Louise Nevelson, and others) acquired during the past two years; through June 23. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mishel Piastro conducting, with Mary Henderson, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Thursday, May 30, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY CREATIVE ARTS FESTIVAL—Saturday, June 1, at 8:45, and Sunday, June 2, at 3 and 8:45: Chamber music concerts by the Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Monday, June 3, at 8:45: Daniel Saidenberg conducting an orchestra, with Pearl Lang and her dance company. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 6, at 8:45: A jazz concert conducted by Gunther Schuller. . . . ¶ Friday, June 7, at 11 A.M.: A repeat performance of the Thursday jazz concert, followed by a panel discussion involving composers Charlie Mingus, Harold Shapero, Mr. Schuller, George Russell, and Milton Babbitt. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 8:45: Aaron Copland conducting a symphony orchestra in a program of his own works, with Benny Goodman, clarinet; Marguerite Willauer, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; and other vocal soloists. (Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass. For information about tickets, call OX 7-5340.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, June 4, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 5-6, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 7, at 8, and Saturday, June 8, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 31, at 8:15; Saturday, June 1, at 2; and Sunday, June 2, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tuesday, June 4, and Thursday, June 6, both at 8. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Friday, June 7, at 8, and Saturday, June 8, at 2. . . . **ROOSEVELT STADIUM,** Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Wednesday, June 5, at 8.

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday, June 8.)

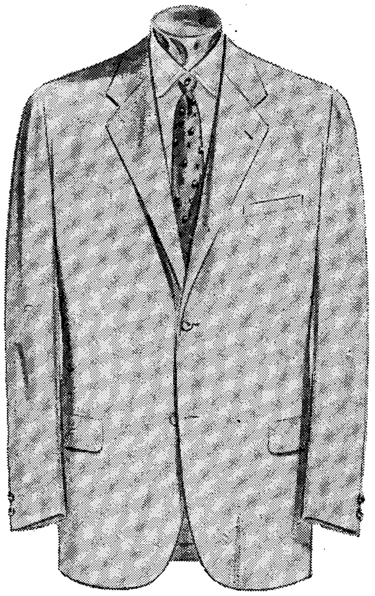
GOLF—Palm Beach Golf Championship. For the benefit of the Boys' Clubs of New York and New Rochelle and of the New Rochelle Hospital. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. Thursday through Sunday, May 30-June 2.). . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Wheatley Hills Golf Club, East Williston, L.I.; Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J.; and Metropolis Country Club and Knollwood Country Club, White Plains. Monday, June 3.). . . ¶ United States Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Tuesday through Friday, June 4-7.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1.). . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford, Conn. Sunday, June 2.). . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 7-9.)

INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S LIFEBOAT RACE—Around a dozen crews from American, Norwegian, and other ships, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 80th and 100th Streets, Brooklyn. (Thursday, May 30. First heat at 12:30.)

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15;



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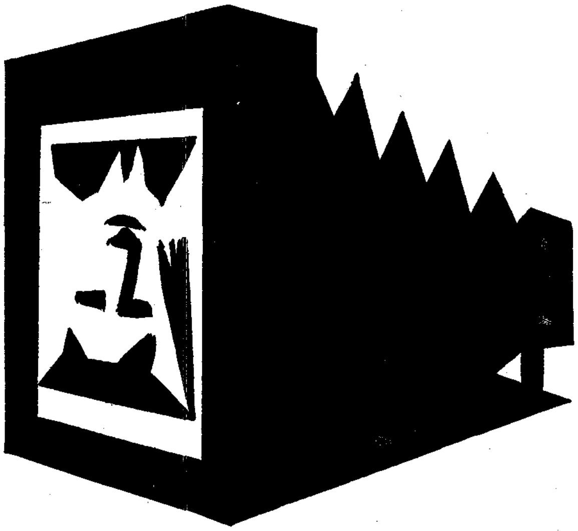

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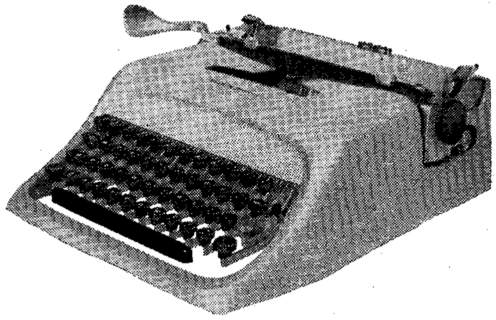

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Carter Handicap, Thursday, May 30; the Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, June 1; the Acorn, Monday, June 3; the Juvenile, Wednesday, June 5; and the Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, June 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Daily at 2:30; through Saturday, June 1. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **NEW WOODBINE PARK,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 8.

TENNIS—Sears Cup Matches. (Baltimore, Md. Friday and Saturday, June 7-8.)

TRACK MEETS—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, May 31, at 2:30, and Saturday, June 1, at 1.) . . . ¶ New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, June 8, at 3.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 6, through Saturday, Aug. 24.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday and Sunday, June 8-9.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

FLOWER SHOW—The twenty-fifth annual flower mart sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Tuesday, June 4, from 10 to 5:30; Wednesday if it rains.)

VARIATIONS IN MEDIA—An exhibition by seven artists (among them Joseph Meert, Henry Varnum Poor, and Richard Pousette-Dart) of work in their own fields and in related fields. In the display are sculptures, pottery, paintings, drawings, jewelry, enamels, and stained glass. Through June 23. (Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including several letters written by Voltaire to Helvetius, an illuminated Flemish manuscript of the twelfth century, and a drawing by Rubens; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, June 6-7, at 1:45: English and other country furniture, paintings and drawings, silver, table porcelains, linens and laces, Oriental and domestic rugs, and decorations; the property of Ralph A. Gamble and others. Exhibition starts Friday, May 31.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Barnard, Columbia, and

West Point, Tuesday, June 4; N.Y.U., Thursday, June 6; and Annapolis, Friday, June 7.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—GIANTS—At the Polo Grounds: June 9, June 11-16, July 1-2, July 5-7, and July 11-15. . . . **DODGERS**—At Ebbets Field: June 9, June 11-16, July 4-7, July 11, and July 13-15. . . . ¶ At Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: June 10 and July 12. . . . **YANKEES**—At Yankee Stadium: June 18-23, June 25-30, and July 3-4.

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 15.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 22.) . . . ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 3-6.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Men's Open Championship. (Inverness Club, Toledo, Ohio. June 13-15.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Rock Spring Club, West Orange. June 13-16.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. June 27-29.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (White Beach Golf Club, Haworth, N.J. July 2.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Father and Son Tournament. (Westchester Hills Golf Club, White Plains. July 9.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Bonnie Briar Country Club, Larchmont. July 10-12.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 14-16.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. June 20-23.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. June 29.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. July 6-7.)

RACING—At **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: June 11-Aug. 7. . . . **BELMONT PARK**: The Belmont, June 15. . . . **ASCOT**, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 18-21.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: June 9. . . . **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: June 29-30.

TENNIS—Church Cup Matches. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L.I. June 14-15.) . . . ¶ Eastern Father and Son Grass Court Championships. (Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, L.I. June 21-23.) . . . ¶ New York State Women's Championships. (Beach Point Club, Mamaroneck. June 24-29.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. June 24-30.) . . . ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 24-July 6.) . . . ¶ Eastern Father and Son Clay Court Championships. (Elizabeth Town and Country Club, Elizabeth, N.J. June 28-30.) . . . ¶ Eastern Women's Clay Court Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. July 8-13.) . . . ¶ Eastern Seniors' Clay Court Championships. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. July 13-21.)

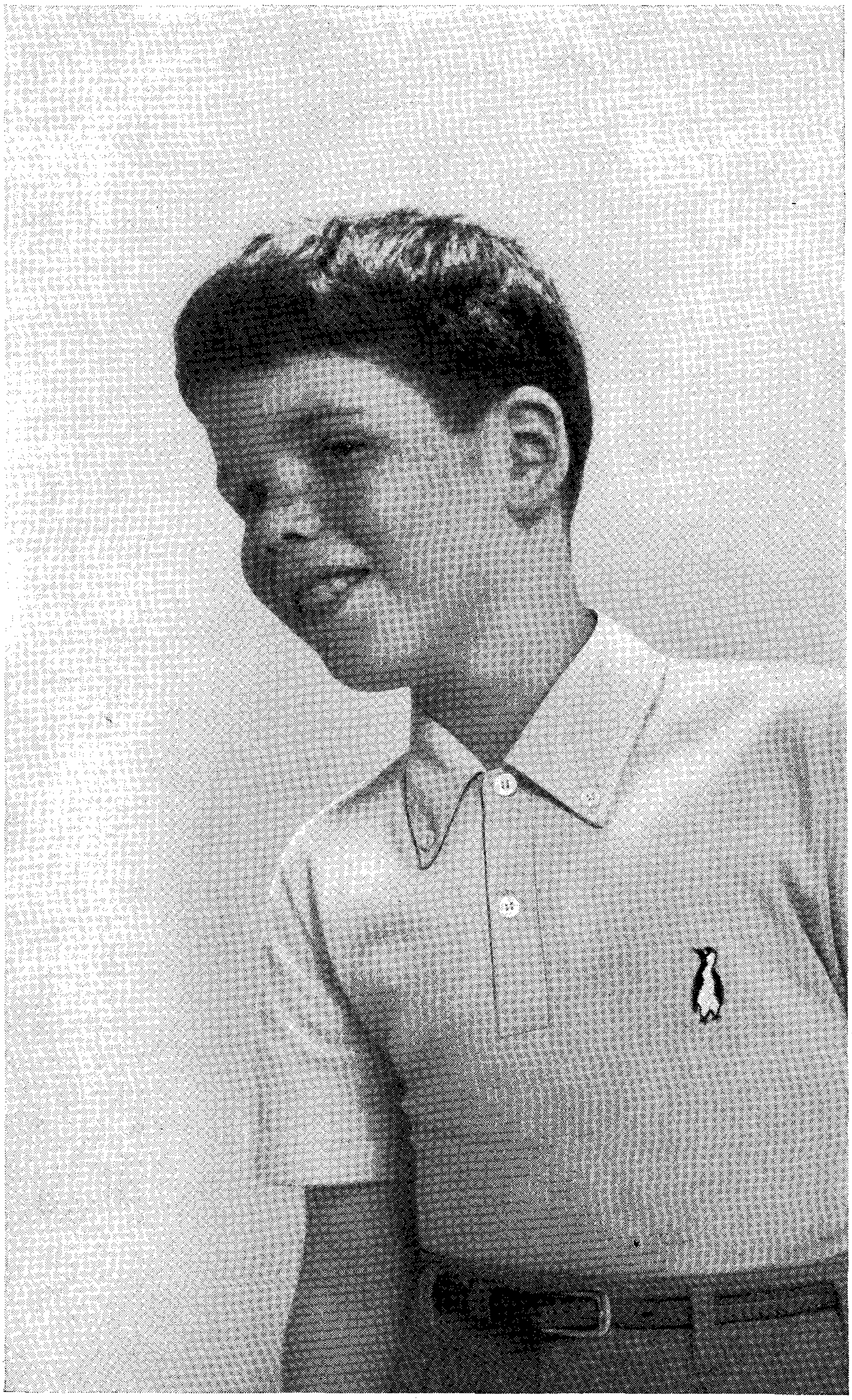
TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. June 15.)

TROTTING—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 1-5.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Santander, Spain, race, June 16. . . . ¶ Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 22.

MUSIC—Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 19-Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 24-Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Castle Hill Concerts, Ipswich, Mass., June 28-Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Chamber-music concerts by the Berkshire String Quartet, at Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., June 30-Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Jazz and folk-song concerts, at the Berkshire Music Barn, Lenox, Mass., June 30-Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 3-Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I., July 4-6. . . . ¶ Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra, Chautauqua, N.Y., July 5-Aug. 21.

OTHER DATES—Commencements: Dartmouth and Smith, June 9; Vassar and Yale, June 10; Harvard, June 13; and Princeton, June 18. . . . ¶ June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 12. . . . ¶ Federal estimated income-tax payments are due Saturday, June 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, June 17. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Thursday.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, May 30-June 2, and Wednesday, June 5, at 2:30. Extra performances Memorial Day and Saturdays, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Fear Strikes Out—The story of a baseball player, much different from the ones Ring Lardner wrote about, who, after suffering a mental breakdown, is rehabilitated by a diligent psychiatrist. Based on fact (the athlete being dramatized is Jim Piersall, of the Boston Red Sox), the movie is often absorbing, and Anthony Perkins, as the confused ballplayer, and Karl Malden, as the father who pushes him a bit too strenuously, are quite believable in the central roles. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 4.)

Funny Face—An amiable excursion into the world of fashion, which presents Fred Astaire as a photographer and Audrey Hepburn as a girl who serves as his model, even though she wants to be an intellectual above the modish battle. Kay Thompson, as the editor of a high-toned dress magazine, is helpful, and there are many stimulating views of Paris. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 4.)

The Gold of Naples—The metaphorical metal in the title role is the resilient ability of Neapolitans to bounce back after spells of adversity, and it is displayed to great advantage in this Italian film taken from the stories of Giuseppe Marotta and directed by Vittorio De Sica. The movie consists of four episodes, ranging in style from broad farce to poignant drama, and the cast, a laudable one in all respects, includes Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—In this sardonic exploration of the past of a defunct broadcasting hero, José Ferrer is at the top of an estimable cast that includes Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Jagger. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 31-June 1.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim having a high old time in an English film whose hero is a whimsical bomber crazy about blowing up people who get on his nerves. Between explosions there are neat satiric expositions of some of the stranger English customs, and there is also plenty of boisterous slapstick comedy. George Cole, John Chandos, Jill Adams, Raymond Huntley, and Terry-Thomas are included in the expert cast. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Lust for Life—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is highly persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rack—The trial of an American Army captain, who, after being captured in the course of the Korean War, sells out to the enemy. An effective courtroom film that deals honestly with a very thorny subject. Paul Newman is completely convincing as the pitiable protagonist. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 4-5.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a rural romp concerned with a homely girl who is convinced by a fast-talking confidence man that she is really quite a belle. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 5, tentative.)

The Spirit of St. Louis—An overly roguish but still frequently stimulating description of how Charles A. Lindbergh accomplished the most celebrated aerial feat of our times. James Stewart, whose feathers are getting a trifle gray, is cast as the Lone Eagle. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through June 2. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through June 4.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—This French film sets out to explain nymphomania and doesn't get very far. Still, it is a lively melodrama, and the acting is commendable—particularly the performances of Françoise Arnoul, as a young lady who can't keep on the straight and narrow, and Raymond Pellegrin, as her upset lover. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 5, tentative.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays—except Memorial Day—at 2 and 8; Saturdays and Memorial Day at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Torero!—Probably the best movie about bullfighting ever made, with Luis Procuna, the celebrated matador, reënacting some of the high spots in his engrossing career. A Mexican film with English dialogue. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

We Are All Murderers—The case against capital punishment is presented dramatically in this French film, which is brilliantly acted by all hands, including Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 3-4.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through June 4.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 30.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The first two programs in a series of movies entitled "Sixty Years of French Films"—Through June 1: Twelve short films covering the period 1893-1906. . . . ¶ Starting June 2: Eight short films dating from 1907 to 1912. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Something of Value," Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"A Face in the Crowd," Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Joe Butterfly," Audie Murphy, George Nader.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Designing Woman," Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through June 4: "China Gate," Nat King Cole, Gene Barry.
From June 5: "The D.I.," Jack Webb.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

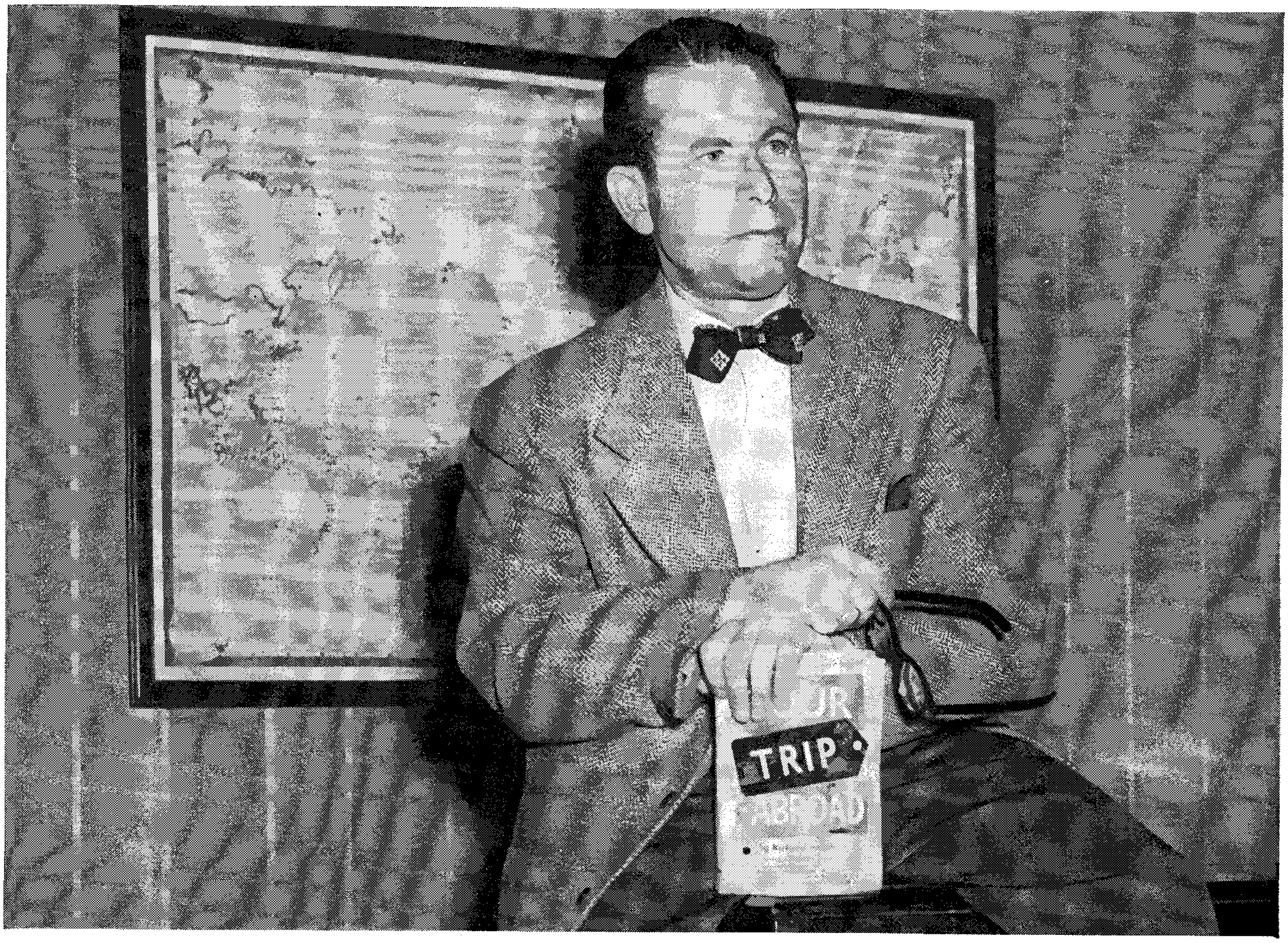
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Desk Set," Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Monkey on My Back," Cameron Mitchell, Dianne Foster.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 4: "The Bachelor Party," Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.
From June 5: "The Wayward Bus," Dan Dailey, Jayne Mansfield.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Extra performances Memorial Day at 10:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Devil's General" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.



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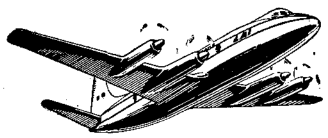

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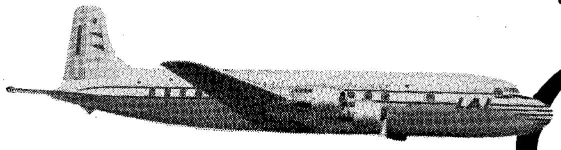

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Pour le Soleil—a new sun jelly which leaves a soft greaseless film on the skin as protection for a quick suntan. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

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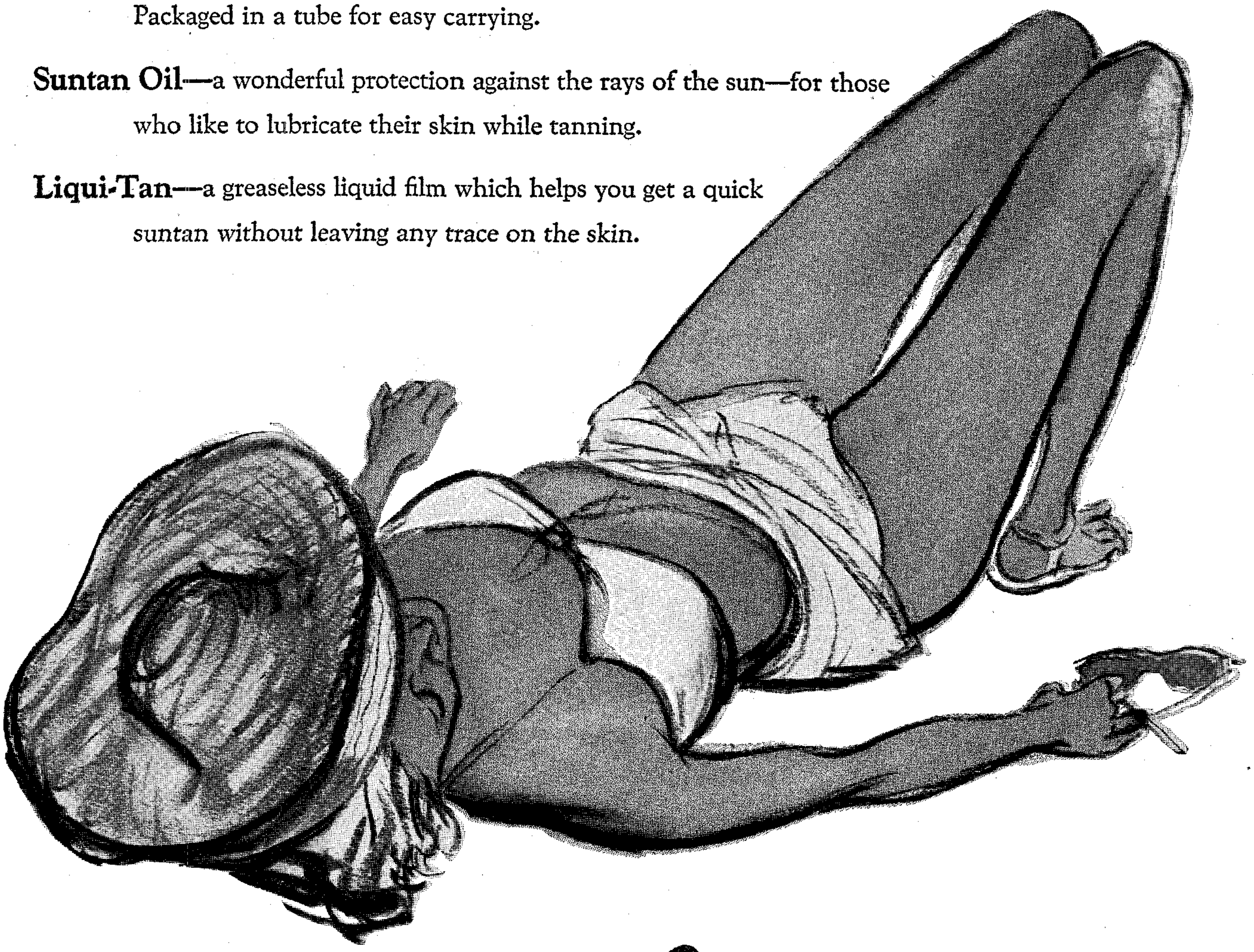
Suntan Oil—a wonderful protection against the rays of the sun—for those who like to lubricate their skin while tanning.

Liqui-Tan—a greaseless liquid film which helps you get a quick suntan without leaving any trace on the skin.



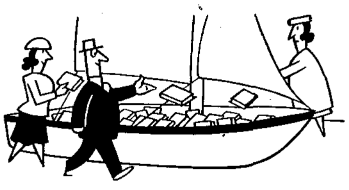
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

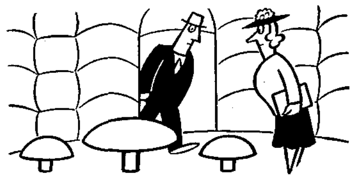
Notes and Comment

TIME was when the author of a recently published book would sidle up, with seeming casualness, to the Brentano show windows, in the hope of finding his work on display there. Now, according to a novelist friend of ours, the situation has changed, and authors' eyes have been straying anxiously to a sidewalk display three blocks up Fifth Avenue from Brentano's, in the hope of *not* finding their books there. This exhibit consists of a large white boat, with a red sail hoisted on its mast. Passersby are invited to toss into its bottom, as a gift to the American Merchant Marine Library Association, books that they're—well, through with. Our friend says that while he appreciates the worthiness of this cause, it came as a jarring blow to his vanity last week to find amidships, hard by a 1937 *World Almanac*, a book of his that was published only two months ago; its jacket unsmirched, its pages unannotated, it had already been exiled from armchair and hearth, and condemned to a restless, rolling, nomad life afloat.

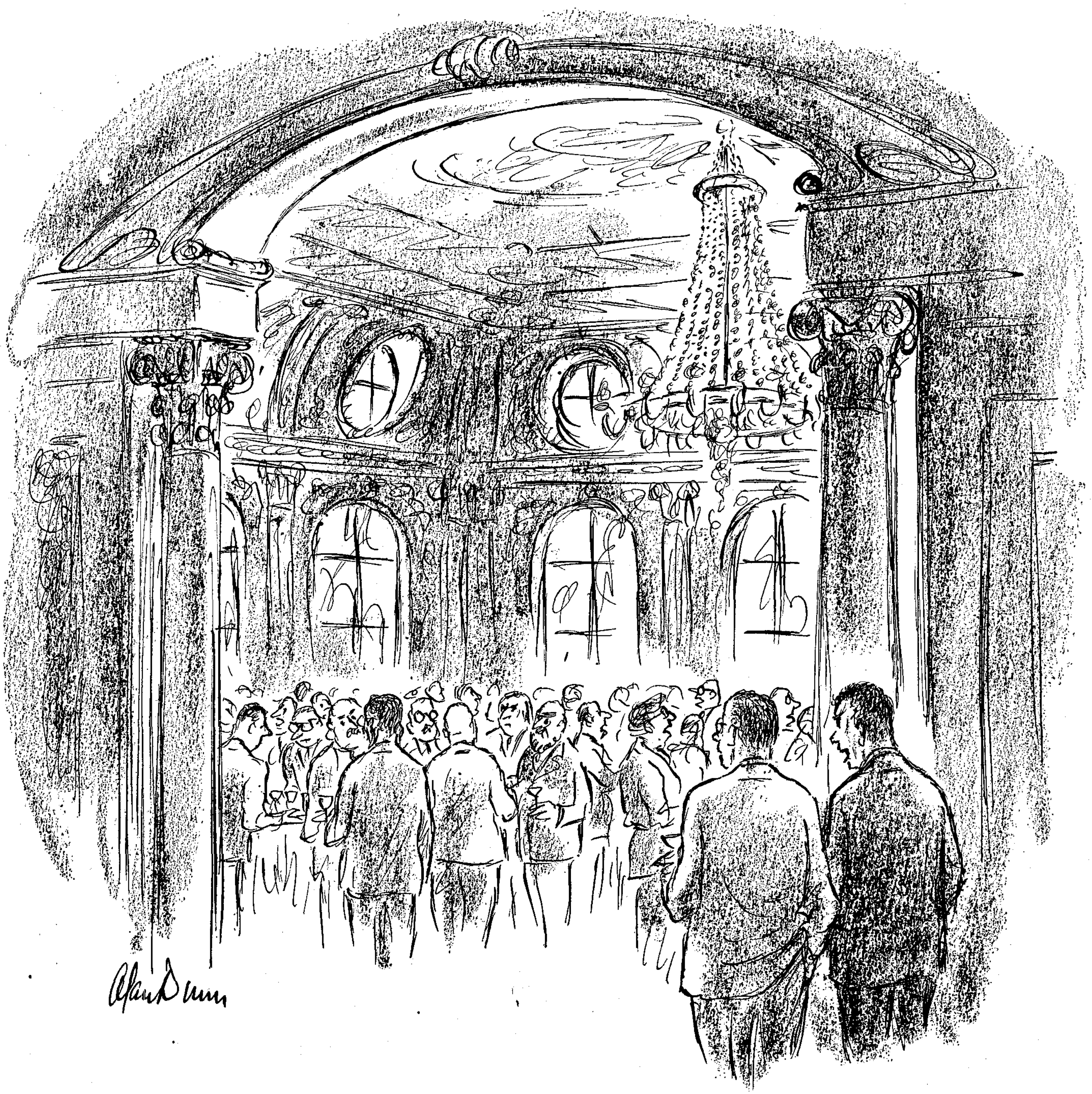


The Eight Virtues

ALUMINUM is a metallic element with an atomic weight of twenty-seven, a tensile strength of thirteen thousand pounds per square inch, and a melting point of twelve hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. It is extracted from an ore called bauxite, and the most spectacular local stockpile may be found up on the fifth floor of Macy's. There we went the other day, enticed by Alcoa, which had arranged the display as part of a gleaming affair called "Live Light with Aluminum . . . It's Summer." Eight virtues of the metal were allegorically illustrated: Light Weight by an aluminum squash racket, Non-Toxicity by a tube of toothpaste, High Reflectivity by a flash-bulb reflector, Workability by roller skates, Strength in Alloys by a thermos jug, Appearance by knitting needles, High Electrical Conductivity by conductors of electricity, and High Conductivity by aluminum tumblers. This edifying pageant was, alas, no more than cursorily inspected by the mob, which chiefly thronged a glass booth wherein a man was manufacturing, one a minute, tiny aluminum top hats. He took up a four-inch disc, pinched it in a lathe, stroked it with rods, buffed it, removed it, tweaked the brim to make it jaunty, presented it to a groping hand, and took up another four-inch disc. To judge by the length of the line, people are starved for miniature aluminum top hats this year.



Indeed, almost everything was miniature. The aluminum world of the future was illustrated, on a scale of, roughly, two feet to the inch, by a gray-aproned platform heavily burdened with immobile cows, silvery sheds, and moving trains; a farmer doggedly harrowed an endless circle of land, immune from ennui on his aluminum tractor; within an aluminum band shell, a toy band played. The Alcoa Building in Pittsburgh (a kind of Lever House) was represented at one side of the platform, and several models for exhibits in this building, all of them attempting to express, through mural photographs, the stolid glory of molten cryolite and the Bayer process, lurked nearby. There is no doubt, the entire "Live Light" exhibit seemed to be saying, that in some special way aluminum is involved with our future. But which aspect? Its Light Weight? Its High Reflectivity? Its Non-Toxicity? The designers (Harrison & Abramovitz) of the Alcoa beach house—a miniature, in the middle of the floor, constructed on the comparatively generous scale of one-half actual size—seemed to feel that the genius of aluminum lay in its playfulness. The beach house was starfish-shaped, and hinges on the windows showed that they folded up into triangles. The furniture within (by Paul McCobb) suggested mushrooms; the interior as a whole gave the impression of a series of turquoise pillows—turquoise, pink, yellow, and blue, to be exact. The effect was charming, though the residents might have to stoop a little in the corners. We also admired the cutaway of the Rolls-Royce turbine engine, the model of the S. S. United States, and the Benson Aircraft flying boat. The popular mystery of the show was whether the flying boat flew or not; since it was chained fast to an aluminum post, there was no way of telling. It was an ordinary rowboat, with a mast bearing, horizontally, a two-bladed propeller. The tendency was to scoff, but then people scoffed at the Wright brothers. The flying boat was moored next to a transplanted full-size—the stilts had been abbreviated—Djuka house, complete with Djuka paddles, hair combs, and pot stirrers. Its pertinence to the exhibit was either (a) the fact that Alcoa mines much of its bauxite in Dutch Guiana, which is Djuka country, or, more probably, (b) the fact that this is the way people lived in pre-aluminum days. The latter hypothesis was borne out by an ominous display in a far nook, beyond an aluminum rug designed by Marianne Strengell, and the aluminum chassis of an Alfa Romeo bubble-top sports car. Here we found a globe of the earth, on a scale of five hundred



"There you have it. Three or four drinks, the expansive mood, an off-the-cuff remark, and bingo, we have a new foreign policy."

• •

miles to the inch, on which every acre of land—us, Russia, and the Collomandoo Islands alike—was covered with aluminum paint. A sinister waxy patina covered rivers, forests, mountains, once-thriving cities; on the Eastern seaboard, "ortland" and "adelphia" stuck into the sea. We were saddened that it should all have come to this, and wondered what ever happened to the Bronze Age.

•

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: Among the delicacies on the menu of the Polynesian Room of the Hotel Somerset, in Boston, is Chicago Chow Mein.

Dissent

YOU may think of Manhasset as an odd environment for a prophet, but there's one out there, all right. His name is John Eugene Hunsberger, he operates the Dry-Cure Engineering Company, and his doctrine, briefly, is as follows: (1) termites, a staggering weight of long-held scientific and practical opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, do not eat or otherwise destroy healthy wood; (2) their diet consists of humus, or decayed particles, into which wood has been converted by an earlier invasion of fungi, the termites being secondary invaders, who arrive and clean up after the damage has been done; (3) therefore, the way to keep a frame house firm and foursquare is to prevent or halt the growth of fungi, and the efforts of exterminators to kill termites with poisons is a complete waste of time and money. What's more, Hunsberger is no ivory-tower prophet; for more than two years he has had outstanding a cash offer—of a thousand dollars until this spring, when he upped the ante to five thousand—to anyone who can prove that termites have the physical ability to chew and swallow undecayed wood. So far, no takers.

We drove out to Manhasset recently to see the North Shore's entomological iconoclast, and found him, a tall, handsome man of fifty-two with an unruly forelock, in the Dry-Cure laboratory, a small white stucco building standing among the Cape Cods and ranch houses on Bayview Avenue. After noting that the lab's furnishings included a microscope, a shelf of books on insects and fungi, a set of photomicrographs of termites, some plastic boxes in which termites were crawling around, and a couple of dozen termite-eaten, or else fungus-rotted, pieces of wood, we asked Mr. Hunsberger to tell us how he had developed his theory. "First off, I have no degrees," he said, turning on us an admirably candid gaze. "I'm entirely self-taught in entomology and mycology, the study of fungi, and sometimes I think that gives me an advantage—freedom from academic preconceptions, you know. Well, in 1949, after I'd devoted some years to studies of fungi in store-bought bread, waxed milk containers, and the like, I was in business with the late Paul V. McNutt, a fellow-Indianian and old friend of mine, trying to develop a germicidal lamp. That venture failed, and one day McNutt said to me, 'Gene, I'd like you to look into termites. I've spent twelve hundred dollars to get rid of them in my house, and I've still got them.' I said, 'All right, Governor.' "

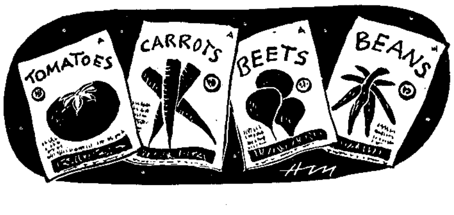
With McNutt's financial backing, Hunsberger set to work on termites, and after several months of living with them night and day he came to his unorthodox conclusion. The crucial experiment of this period, he told us, involved enclosing one colony of termites with a hunk of sound, dry wood, and another colony with a hunk partly rotted by fungi. Hunsberger kept an eye on both colonies; the termites in the first showed no interest in the wood and gradually starved to death, while those in the second grew fat and sassy as they presumably lapped up the fungusy wood. In 1950, he and McNutt formed Dry-Cure as a part-research, part-service organization, and that's what it has remained. "Our service work consists almost entirely of correcting structural faults that are admitting moisture to wood, because fungi can't grow without moisture," he told us. "We do use poisons to kill termites, as well as fungi, in beams that aren't too far gone, but killing the termites doesn't help the wood. It helps the housewives, who consider them repulsive. Want to see a termite's mouth?" We said yes, whereupon Hunsberger impaled a termite from one of his trays on a pin and put it on its back under the microscope. "Look at that," he said, beckoning us to the eyepiece. "Do you think those mandibles could tear wood apart?" We looked, and, by George, we didn't.

If Hunsberger is right, the multimillion-dollar exterminating industry is wrong. So far, it has not taken any note of his findings except to denounce them. Neither, despite his constant entreaties, have the universities. At the twenty-first annual Pest Control Operators' Conference, held at Purdue University last January, he engaged in shouting sessions with several noted exterminators and college professors, all of them firm devotees of the traditional view that termites munch wood as if it were hard candy. His theory got a more encouraging, if unofficial, reception at the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the Statler last December. Hunsberger set up a termite exhibit on the mezzanine, and kept it there until the operators of the convention, who may possibly have remained so unconvinced as to be worrying about the future of the structural members of the hotel, asked him to take it down. "Scientist after scientist stopped by and told me he thought I had something," Mr. H. said to us. "The University of New Mexico even asked me to go out there, although not for a seminar. As a matter of fact, one of their buildings has a serious fungus infestation with secondary invasion of termites."

No Talking Down

HERE'S another of those corporate letters to small fry, this one directed at a boy of nine and originating in the Walt Disney studio:

> Dear Mr. L——:
>
> In regard to your letter, we have been gratified here at the Studio by an almost unanimously cordial response to the Mouseketeers.
>
> Since the Mickey Mouse Club is produced for a young audience ranging in age from three to thirteen, it is necessary to provide a variety of entertainment acceptable to those age groups. If, as you feel, five- to eleven-year-olds might not appreciate jazz and ballet, they will find other aspects of the Mouseketeer segment entertaining.

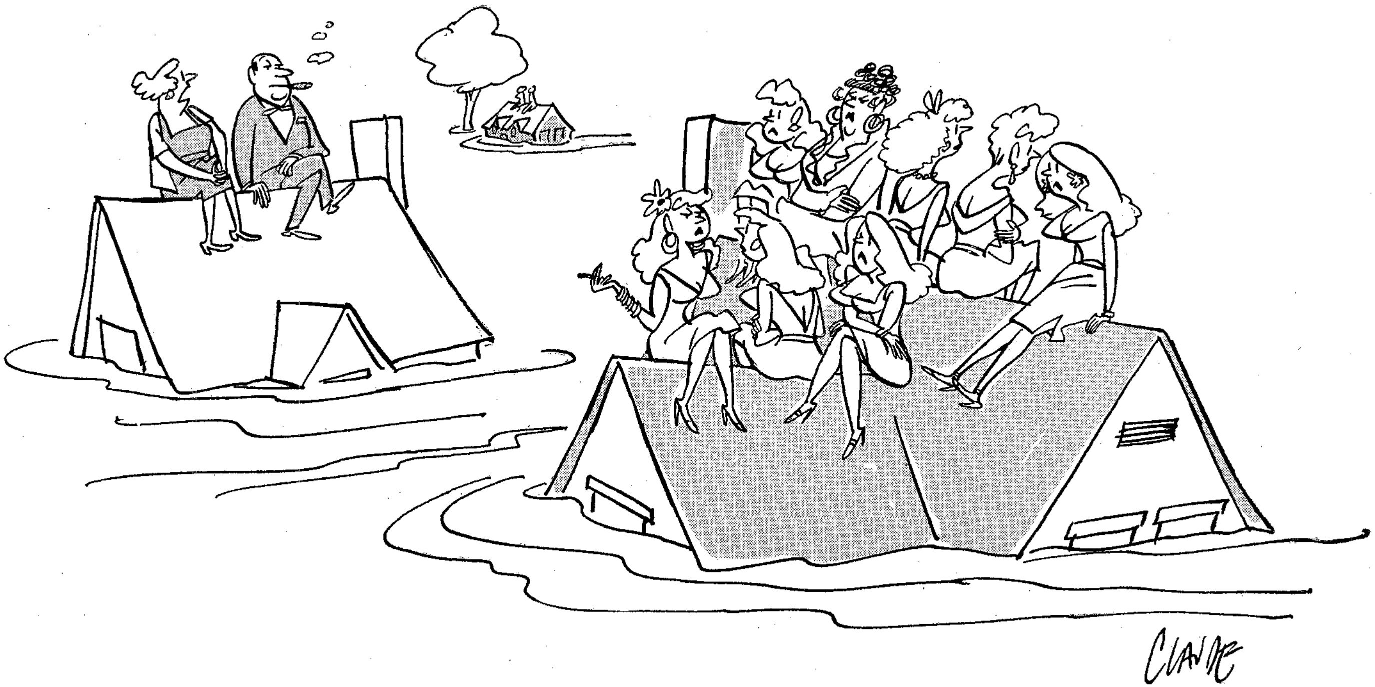


Growth Situation

WE had long looked upon Wall Street, above the secretarial level, as one of the last almost-exclusively-male preserves, but now, having spent a lively hour with the Young Women's Investment Association, we know better. Miss Joan Williams, chairman of the program committee, called one morning last week to invite us to a Y.W.I.A. luncheon at the City Midday Club, on South William Street, where three noted male security analysts were to speak—on drugs, steel, and, of all things, aluminum. Drugs, steel, and aluminum be damned, we replied; we'd come anyhow. Good, said Miss Williams, adding that we would be able to spot her by her plaid dress. On arriving, we found this recognition device effective, and Miss Williams looked fine in it, too.

"The Association was founded last October," Miss Williams told us, "and at the latest count we had twenty-seven members. So far, we've had four luncheon meetings, with an average turnout of ninety per cent of the membership, which is more than most downtown clubs can claim. As speakers, we've had a partner from R. W. Pressprich, who talked about railroads; a partner from Smith, Barney, who talked about the international oil situation; and two assistant vice-presidents from W. R. Grace & Co., who talked about W. R. Grace & Co. Membership is open to any woman under thirty-five who works in a professional capacity in an investment-banking or brokerage house, but in fact we're mostly security analysts. Most of our members are from Ivy League colleges—you know, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Barnard, and so on. We have four Phi Beta Kappa members, and about two of us are married. I went to Radcliffe, I'm *not* a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and I'm a junior security analyst at Smith, Barney."

We asked Miss Williams how the Y.W.I.A. had come into being, and she led us across the room, which was now crowded with members sipping sherry, to meet Miss Nancy Zuger, its president and chief founder. When we repeated our question, Miss Zuger handed us a glass of sherry and said, "Originally, it all had to do with what they call Street contacts. They're supposed to help you get a better job. I work in the syndicate department at Bache & Co., and I'm on the phone



"They're certainly no bridge group I know!"

with people all the time, but that doesn't count as a Street contact, so some of the other girls and I decided we'd see if we could join the Investment Association of New York. That's an organization of young men in the Street. The long and the short of it was that they didn't want us, but to make up for not letting us in they did everything they could to help us form the Y.W.I.A. All our meetings have been held in private rooms at the City Midday Club, except one, which was held in a restaurant that had Muzak, and that was not good. I must say we sometimes get funny looks as we go across the club lobbies to the elevators."

Miss Zuger excused herself, and we conversed briefly with Miss Martha Reed, of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, by way of Mount Holyoke and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Lunch was then announced, and at it we found ourself seated between Miss Gloria Swope, a blue-eyed analyst from Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., and Miss Liz Heaton, a gray-eyed one from the First Boston Corporation, and opposite Mrs. Jane Sheppard, who told us that she works at Scudder, Stevens & Clark and her husband at J. P. Morgan & Co. We conducted a head count, ascertaining that, in addition to the three male speakers and ourself, there were twenty-nine heads at the table (twenty-five brunette and four blond)—a one-hundred-per-cent turnout, presumably, plus two guests.

"I'm in steels, tobaccos, containers, and metals," Miss Swope said, in answer to a question of ours. "They gave me tobaccos because I smoke so much. None of us is what you'd call a customers' woman, but I'm ready to handle the account of anyone who asks me."

The elevator door opened and a City Midday Club member began to emerge. Then, after a startled look around, he popped back in. The elevator door shut hastily.

Miss Swope and Mrs. Sheppard fell to discussing a Morgan man they know whose wife is a wonderful cook, and presently the first speaker—George Wallace, of Naess & Thomas, investment counsellors—arose and held forth for a few minutes on drug companies, while several members near us scribbled hieroglyphic notes.

"Buy Schering," Miss Swope whispered conspiratorially to us at the end of this discourse.

After the steel and aluminum speeches, the meeting broke up, and on our way out we thanked Miss Williams. "We expect to add new members all the time," she told us. "The Association is definitely a growth situation."

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OVERHEARD down at N.Y.U.-Bellevue, one second-year medical student to another as they entered a room to take a written test: "I have this nervous habit of always doing badly on exams."

Improvements

A FEW years ago, New York had the reputation of being one of the dirtiest of cities; now, thanks to the efforts of the Citizens Committee to Keep New York City Clean, the Metropolitan Clean-Up, Paint-Up, Fix-Up Bureau, and the Department of Sanitation, it's gaining the reputation of being one of the cleanest. Last week, when something known as Operation Big Sweep had got well under way, we received a compliment on our civic housekeeping from a most distinguished source—the celebrated English architect, editor, professor, and critic of the urban scene Sir Hugh Casson, who has been spending a couple of months in this country. We had lunch with Sir Hugh in midtown, and discovered that he is full of enthusiasm for our mended ways. A small, neatly turned-out man of forty-seven, with thinning brown hair, blue eyes, and a droll manner, Sir Hugh told us that on the occasion of his first visit here, in 1953, he had been thunderstruck by the litter in our streets. "A veritable midden!" he exclaimed. "I assure you, I saw people strolling along and reading a newspaper who, on finishing it, would simply let it fall from their lifeless fingers. Apparently, whatever one wished to dispose of, one disposed of at once, as if it were a smoking bomb. Doors of shops would suddenly fly open and a man with a broom would send all sorts of rubbish hurtling across the pavement and into the gutter. Dear me! But this time nothing of that kind—a most remarkable transformation. Your thousands of splendid wire baskets are a symbol of the change, as well as one of the means by which it has been accomplished, but the people themselves must also have been transformed; they actually carry a newspaper or a bit of wrapping an extra thirty or forty feet to a basket before letting it drop."

We asked Sir Hugh what other changes he'd observed. "On the debit side, I fear that your sidewalk pavements are getting more and more uneven," he said. "In some parts of town, the up-and-downness is almost Oriental. I should think poor wretches with sprained ankles and barked shins would be suing the municipality night and day. They would be in London. And I've noticed that far too many of your fine old buildings are being destroyed. Some of them are awfully good, you know; you shouldn't let them *all* go, no matter how prosperous you become. As an architect, I've been accused of practicing an unwholesome eclecticism; I suppose that means I'm not wholly committed to the functionalist ideal. The fact is that, being a lazy fellow and not in the least cerebral, I design with my stomach instead of my head. My work must feel good to me here," and Sir Hugh patted his waistcoat. "Not here," he continued, and patted his head. "When it comes to townscape," he went on, "I like the sense of happy accidents that have taken place over the years, and am not above inventing them. I see nothing immoral in providing architectural pleasures—unexpected vistas, the surprise of coming on a square, a fountain—that have nothing to do with efficiency. I strongly dislike the image of a city as a sort of patient with a dozen doctors hovering over him, fussily making sure that his internal organs are all in order. One ought to be able to assume that the internal organs of a city—its power, its water, its sewers—are in order, and go on from there to make it beautiful, or exciting, or at any rate interesting. People who criticize my views call them theatrical. To me, 'theatrical' is a perfectly honorable word."

Sir Hugh, a graduate of the Cambridge School of Architecture, is married to an architect and shares an office with her; has three daughters, none of whom wishes to be an architect; lives in London; has a cottage in Beaulieu, pronounced Bewley; teaches at the Royal College of Art; and is an editor of the *Architectural Review*. He is perhaps best known for his work as director of architecture for the Festival of Britain. "Three years of hard work and the most fun I ever had," he said. "I gathered a group of young friends—at the start, we were all under forty—and we'd sit around thinking of possible ideas, and someone would say, 'Can't have a festival without a dome.' Then the next one would say, 'Of course, it would have to be the biggest dome that ever was,' and the next would say, 'Well, what's the diameter of the biggest dome so far?' That would turn out to be, perhaps, two hundred and eighty feet. 'Then let's make it three hundred,' someone would say. 'No, let's make it a figure with some meaning,' the next man would say. 'What about three hundred and sixty-five?' So we'd settle for that, joyously, and then draw our plans and dash about London looking for engineers and builders willing to put the huge thing up. All, all a lark, and it worked!"

At the moment, Sir Hugh is busy on three big projects—the replanning of the London Zoo, the interior design of an ocean liner, and the design of a number of buildings for Cambridge University. Sir Hugh and Lady Casson are also executing one or two small domestic commissions for the Queen and Prince Philip, at Windsor Castle. "I trust it isn't indiscreet of me to reveal this," said Sir Hugh, lowering his voice to a scarcely audible whisper, "but Her Majesty and the Prince are as knowing and sympathetic clients as an architect could hope to have."

Incentive

AFTER having a bite of sea food at a restaurant on Fulton Street the other evening, we decided to take a stroll along the East Side waterfront. We were headed down toward the Battery when we found ourself being paced by a sway-backed white horse that was pulling a dilapidated wagon. The driver of the rig, a whiskery ancient, suddenly hailed us.

"How far you going, Mac?" he inquired.

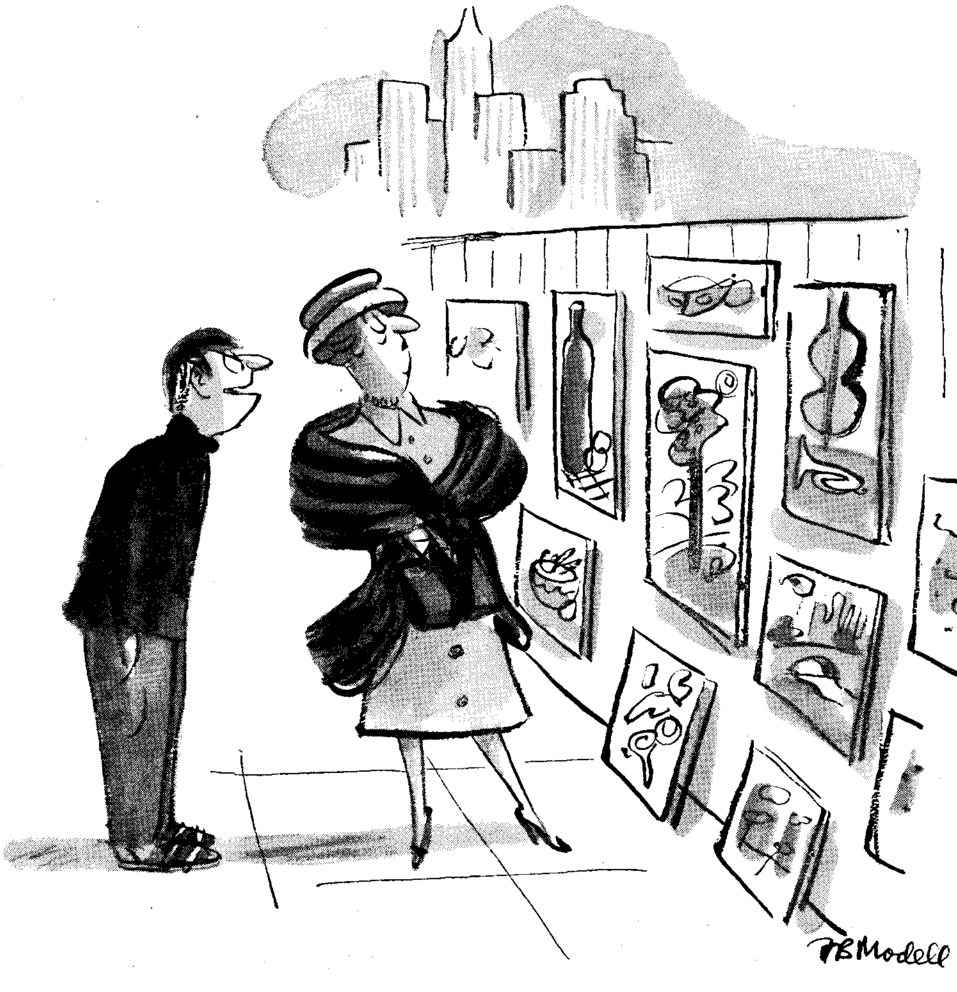
We told him down to the Battery.

"Would you do me a favor?" he asked.

We replied that we would.

"Well," he said, "hold your hand like you got a sugar cube in it, and then get ahead of us. I don't think this plug will make the next couple of blocks without he thinks there's a bonus in it."

We did as we were told, and the rig rattled right along behind us until the driver turned off at Cutler's Alley.



"May I ask if Madam is interested in just a picture or in an investment for the future?"

BARNBY ROBINSON

"REMEMBER," she said to him, in the voice of last words, "remember, if ever you need me, if you are ill, if— anyway, remember, I shall be here, just as usual."

"Of course I shall remember; and probably I shall often be back, fetching a book or boots or something. Besides, for all I know, in six months I shall be back in Sawbridge for good. I wish you'd get it into your head that this is just experimental."

She shook her head, as if she were driving away any such hovering thought. He looked round the room. His expression was sullen and distracted. She looked round the room, too. On both their parts it was an expedient not to look at each other. Her expression was resigned, but contained a hint of dawning purpose. Once it was over, once he was out of the house, she would attend to the cactuses, which were positively drooping—even they, untouched by emotional complications—from drought and neglect.

"So goodbye for now, Melissa."

"Goodbye."

From the passage he said, raising his voice, "And you remember, too. If you want me, if anything goes wrong with Judy, if either of you is ill, you're to let me know at once. See?"

Driving to the station in a taxi (for Melissa was to retain the car), watching the familiar, nice-minded little suburban dwellings flick by, Barnby Robinson remarked with a groan, "Oh Lord God, how awful that was! But she'll do far better without me." In less than an hour he would be in London, embracing Molly and going out to lunch. The wife he had left behind him, shaking with cold and feeling sick, was watering her cactuses and repeating, as if wound up, "Poor Barnby, poor Barnby!"

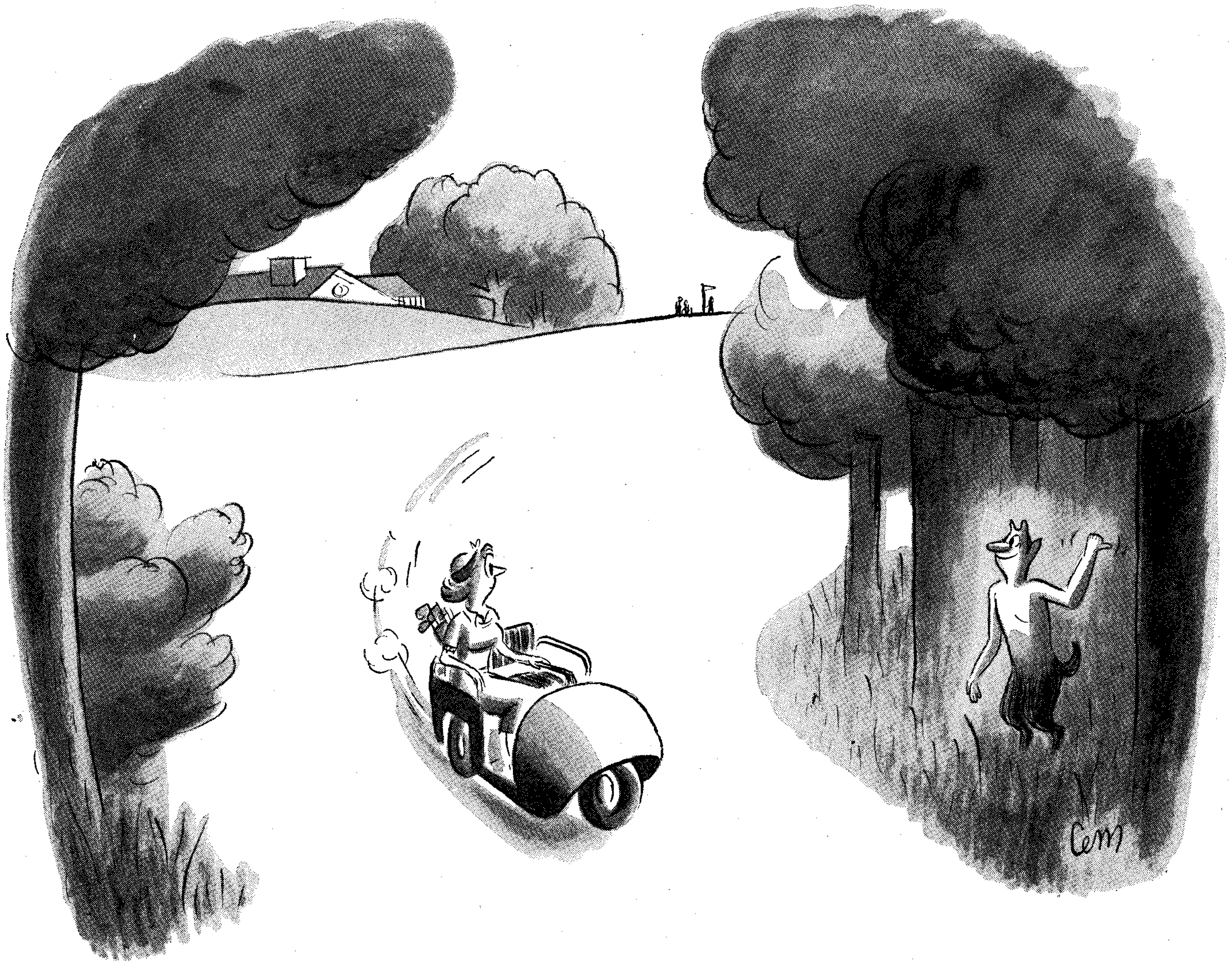
She went into the kitchen, where the coffee Barnby had refused as a stirrup cup was still warm. But she wanted more than coffee. She fetched the remainder of last night's carrot soup from the larder and began spooning it out of the pot. Like all her soups, it was homemade, nourishing, and excellent.

In the letter to Judy—thanks to a godmother's legacy, so providentially cloistered in a boarding school—she would mention amongst other items of home news (the next-door cat's kittens, and the potted hyacinths which would be out in time for Christmas) Daddy's departure for London, where for the next few months he would be too busy with the play he was writing for Miss Cullen to come home much, if at all. Later on, Sawbridge could be told in cool, twentieth-century tones, "Barnby and I feel we might be happier if we lived apart;" from which would presently develop, "I'm sure it's better for Barnby, at any rate. Artists don't really want home life, you know—or they think they don't." At a further stage in this imaginary conversation, some unspecified third party intervened who had met Barnby and been struck—shocked, even—to see him looking so ill and uncared-for. This glimpse into the healing future coincided with the last spoonfuls of the soup (which certainly justified all that sieving). Whatever Molly Cullen could or could not be to Barnby, she could not be a source of nourishment. *Barnby says your cooking is blissful.* (The rolling voice and rolling eyes had lost nothing from cold storage in Melissa's memory.) *Cookery is my fondest dream, but all I know how to do is fudge and omelets.* Fudge and omelets!

Write to Judy; then tidy the sitting room. Then lunch, which had better be macaroni au gratin, since she had forgotten to cut down the daily order for milk—a proof of what Barnby's departure had meant to her. After lunch, she would walk to the dairy, enjoying the fresh air and saving a telephone call.

MELISSA had a methodical nature, and fourteen years of being married to Barnby had made her thwartedly aware of it. Now that Barnby was gone, planning and then performing filled her days as neatly as though they were jam pots, and at each day's ending she seemed to have filled another jam pot, written date and contents on it, and put it by for some queer kind of future consumption. Only the planned-for conversations, in the course of which she was to say that artists don't really want home life, etc., remained unpotted. Though it was too early to perform the overture about living apart, she had a quite warm wish to run through the middle section and made several attempts to get it a hearing; but Sawbridge people were so contented in their narrow cells—there Barnby had been perfectly right—that an "Oh" or a "Really?" was all that could be got out of them. As for the unspecified person who had seen Barnby looking uncared-for, there was no vestige of him. But various acquaintances took the trouble to tell her they had read something about him in an evening paper, or had heard that "The Scorpion and the Scales" looked like running for the next five years. The absence of such people was better than their company, and cheaper—for the old faithfuls like Harry Whitehead, who still dropped in, expected double whiskeys so confidently that they really had to be offered sherry. Melissa, deserted, drank no alcohol, but she ate considerably better. She had always enjoyed cooking, and now, with Barnby's allowance based on the cost of feeding two, she could cook to a much higher standard, study and cultivate her own likings, and eat whatever she had cooked in its state of perfection, instead of curdled because Barnby was late, or half raw because Barnby was in a hurry. Nevertheless, she remained thrifty. In the early days of her marriage, thrift had been necessary, for Barnby was poor and she was honest, resolved to keep out of debt and look the fishmonger in the face; and though the need to be so clever and contriving, so skillful with lentils and sparing with butter and inventive with flavorings, had diminished as Barnby's free-lancing became less free and more profitable, the satisfactoriness of these feats persisted, and economical stratagems that had formerly been part of the day's work took on a quality of art and self-expression. For thrift was as much in her nature as method, and part of her pleasure, an ingredient in her gluttony, a condiment in her self-esteem. She ate merit with every leisurely, solitary, well-contrived meal. At times, too, she ate Molly and Barnby—especially on cold wet evenings, when the alternative of dragging out to some restaurant or eating fudge and omelet at home would be particularly stark. On these evenings the jam-pot day was zested, so to speak, with righteous melancholy and scratched off on the calendar as another day of semi-widowhood stoically endured, with only this to be said for it, that it brought her nearer by a day to when Judy came home for the Christmas holidays.

THE holidays turned out to be rather a strain and rather a bore. Judy had outgrown her Sawbridge friends and could talk of nothing but school, horses, hairdressing, and a little girl called Tracy. Besides, she had to see her father. There were three meetings in London—once for the ballet, twice for the circus. On each occasion, Melissa felt that she was not really meeting Barnby—only being in his vicinity and trying to keep out of his grasp, as in Blind Man's Buff. He was thinner, and looked older; but since he also



looked a great deal spryer, these changes made Melissa feel at a disadvantage. She fended off his natural manly inclination to ask how she was getting on without him till the close of the third meeting. Then, just as she got into the car to drive home, Judy said she must go to the Ladies', and Melissa was caught. Barnby, who had come with them to the parking lot, got into the front seat before she could escape after Judy. "I have been wanting to talk to you," he said. "I want to know how you are really getting on."

"I think Judy ought to be confirmed," she replied.

Judy came back from the Ladies', saying that she had been sick. During the drive to Sawbridge, Melissa had to stop several times for Judy to be sick again, and though the telephone was ringing when they entered the house, it was left to ring, for in cases of food poisoning, as Melissa knew, the patient must immediately be put to bed with hot-water bottles.

It rang again, two or three times, but by then she was waiting for the doctor and had no patience for what was probably Harry Whitehead in pursuit of a drink. The doctor came and diagnosed gastric influenza as infallibly as if he were prescribing it. "I expect you'll be up all night," he said to Melissa, pulling on his gloves and snuffing the fog from the doorstep. "And here's a policeman. Well, Officer, who wants me now?" The policeman, however, did not want Dr. Larpent. He had come round from the police station, where the sergeant had been rung up by Mr. Robinson, who was anxious to know if Mrs. Robinson and the little girl had got back from London.

It was past two in the morning before Melissa bethought herself that, having delivered his message, the policeman had probably done no more. If only from common charity, she ought to ring up Barnby. In the hollow of the night, and in that room so desolately full of shopping bags thrown down anywhere, perhaps she was rather glad to do so. She got the number, and as suddenly as if it had come down the chimney on a broomstick Molly Cullen's voice was beside her.

"Melissa? Now, how good of you to ring. Poor Barnby was frantic with anxiety; he thought Judy might be ill, and then there was no answer on your telephone, so he thought there had been a car accident. The relief, when that angel voice from the police station . . . Barnby, honey, wake up and talk to Melissa."

Melissa heard the change of breathing and said quickly, "So you know already?"

"I know you're back," he said. "I got that from Sheridan. But what happened? Why were you so long getting down?"

"Judy being sick every five minutes," she said.

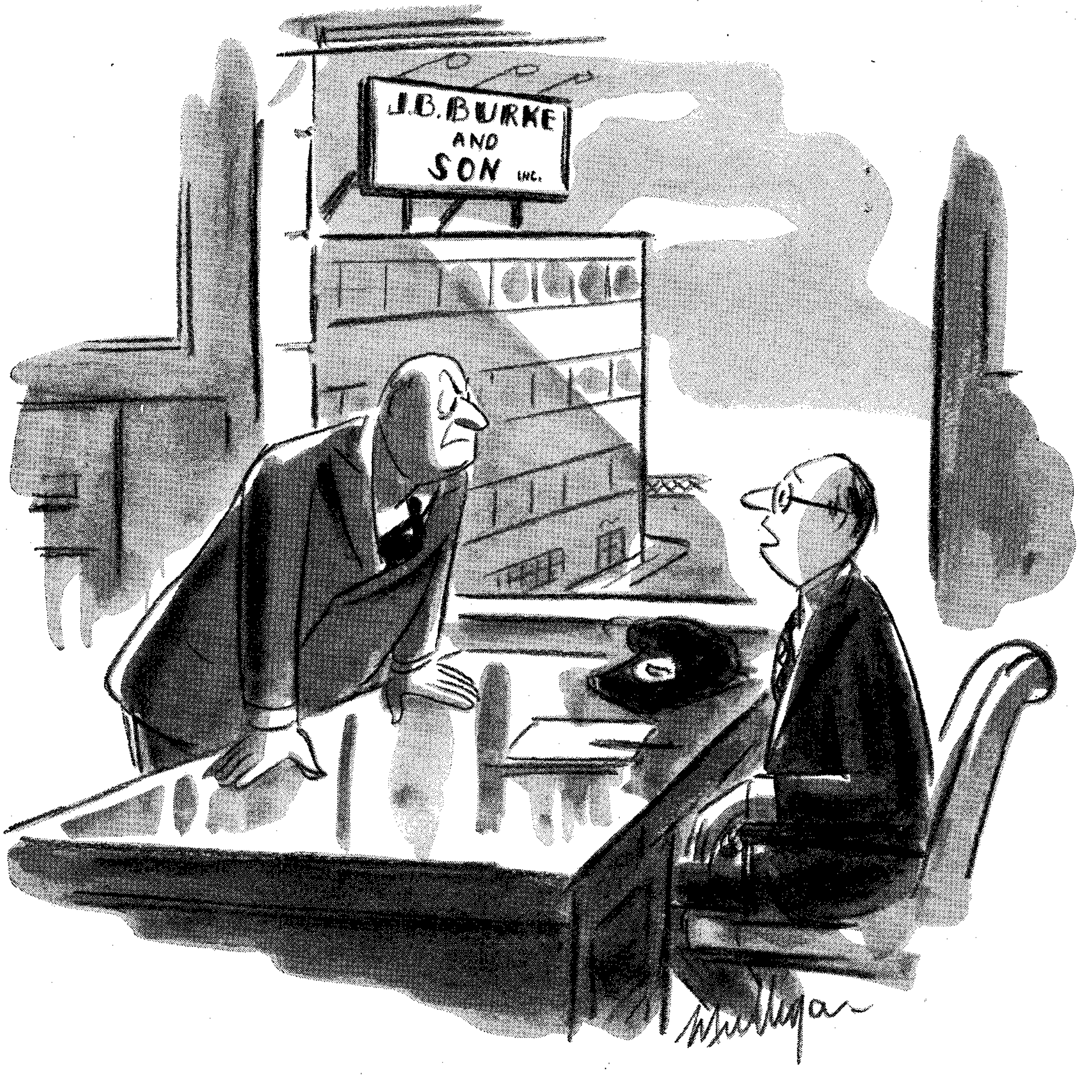
"What's wrong with her? I say, Melissa! Have you got Larpent?"

"What? . . . Sorry, Barnby, she's calling me, I must go."

She put back the receiver and sat for a long time in the speechless house, thinking of Molly and Barnby lying side by side, while those final words lingered and slowly melted in the mouth that had spoken them, flavored as if with some kind of honey made by hornets.

It was not till a week later that Melissa realized the impoliticness of that moment of natural revenge.

Dr. Larpent was again pulling on



"I'm going to tell my father on you when he gets back from Europe."

his gloves and talking himself out of the house. "Well, that's nicely over. Just keep her in bed for a couple of days longer, and feed her up. She'll be having a visitor tomorrow, I fancy."

"A visitor?"

"Oh yes, she's quite up to a visitor. Mr. Robinson will perhaps be coming in the afternoon for half an hour or so. He's been ringing me up for a medical bulletin every day. You had your hands full; he didn't want to add to your burdens, so it was very natural, very natural. We-ell, well, there we are. Now I must be off to Mrs. Drummond. Ha!"

Barnby and I feel we might be happier if we live apart, etc. She might say it yet, but it would be no news to Sawbridge. Mrs. Drummond, that wonderful nonagenarian, kept alive only by her interest in others, was injected every morning by Dr. Larpent with reviving anecdotes, which every afternoon she retailed to a circle of friends. So I can keep my breath to cool my porridge, Melissa thought. She had nursed Judy singlehanded for a week; she was tired—too tired to get worked up about her wrongs. To tell the truth, they had ceased to interest her.

To Judy, Barnby was everything that a father on a twenty-minute visit could be: affectionate, congratulatory, and the bearer of a hamper containing every kind of restorative delicacy and a dozen quarter bottles of champagne. To his wife, he was everything she was more or less used to: evasive, surly, cantankerously propitiating. "And let there be no misunderstanding," he said as they went downstairs. "All the things I have brought have been passed by Larpent as suitable for the child to eat. So for heaven's sake let her eat them, and none of your damned putting by against a rainy day."

"Did you suppose I'd eat them myself?" Melissa replied. It was the first time that afternoon that she had spoken with spirit, and he looked at her for a moment, as though he were recognizing an old friend or a familiar landmark.

On the morning of Judy's return to school, another hamper from the same illustrious firm was delivered. Nestling on the shavings was a greeting card, heart-shaped, bright pink, and lettered in silver: *To my Wife.* On the back Barnby had scrawled, *A few reviving tidbits which I daresay you'll be the better for.* The contents of this hamper were adjusted to a maturer palate—truffles instead of jellies, a *pâté en croûte* instead of cockscombs, the apricots in brandy—and must have cost as much again. It was all of a piece with that card, she thought, outraged at the thought of all the money Barnby must have spent on these gaudy equivalents of what, with a little agreeable labor, one could make almost as well at home. But, aware that in the course of cooking to please no one but herself she had become a much better cook, she decided that she had earned this little bonus. Eating her way through Barnby's reviving tidbits, she even began to think that when her cupboard was bare she might start buying such things for herself—which, with a little planning, cutting down on the hairdresser, not using the car, and offering Harry Whitehead no alternative to homemade ginger beer, she could quite well afford to do.

She was still thinking of it when another hamper arrived. Two theatre tickets fell out of the cut-paper valentine that was tucked in it, and a note: *In case you'd like to come to the first night of O Sophonisba—not that I suppose you'd want to. But perhaps you will eat and drink to its health, so here is the wherewithal.*

The wherewithal outlasted "O Sophonisba," which got a notice in the *Times* comparing it to Etherege rather than Congreve, flabby praises elsewhere, and only ran for a fortnight. So the final splendor—larks (which Melissa hoped were really sparrows, since the death of a sparrow seemed somehow more in keeping with the economy of the universe) stuffed with grapes, artichoke hearts, and vine leaves—was eaten in the spirit of a funeral baked meat.

Melissa was again crossing off the days before Judy's holidays, but this time with less ardor. What with Barnby's hampers, and the interesting experiments these spurred her to, and, as the daylight lengthened, a general sense of enlargement and free sunlight replacing electricity, she wanted no change of any kind. She was entirely happy. Besides, Judy was clamoring to bring Tracy with her. Tracy was seeming almost inevitable when Barnby wrote, *The joys of Easter cannot be truly felt in suburban surroundings, where daffodils are so morbidly large and lambs leap not, frigidly remembering what it was like being slaughtered in New Zealand. So I shall send you and Judy to Lyme Regis for a fortnight. All arrangements are made, and I will not unmake them.* Tracy scotched; and Judy's entertainment provided for; and hotel meals to appease Judy's seaside appetite—Melissa was glad to think that it was no longer her business to restrain Barnby's extravagances. If he could not afford this one, no doubt Molly Cullen could. And why should Molly not bleed a little? If she had acted better, "O Sophonisba" would have run longer.

WHILE they were at Lyme Regis, Barnby came for a weekend, staying at another and less grand hotel. Judy, of course, had to see her father, but this time Melissa had no such feelings of Blind Man's Buff. Barnby was being what she called his nicer self, spring was in the air, and when she noticed that he was exerting his parental authority to send Judy off to play and that she herself was positively abetting him, she relaxed, and found that it was pleasantly regretful, almost natural, to sit, in peaceful middle age, being kind to poor Barnby, whose play had been such a sad failure.

"But of course you have other plans?"

"Melissa, you have put your finger on it. I have."

It was the last evening. As the dusk gathered and the beach emptied, the striped pink and gray ripples came with a slower, more emphatic voice to shore. Barnby moved a little closer to Melissa, and Melissa realized it would not do to make any more inquiries about his plans. Unfortunately, she could not immediately think of anything else to say.

"I have one plan in particular."

"Look! Do you think that's a guillemot?"

"No. I'm afraid it's just an Episcopal Dove, hovering round to abet Judy's confirmation. But we will not go into that now. Melissa, do you happen to remember the date?"

"The seventeenth of April."

"Correct. One month overdue already. An experimental six months was what I said at the time, which was seven months ago. As you seem to have gathered, my plan is post-experimental. In other words, I think I am through with it."

"But you love Molly!"

"No. Perhaps I am still rather in love with her, but love her I do not. It is not in the power of mortal to encompass loving any woman so incessantly, inexorably lovable as Molly. I have eaten rose, roses, roses, till I am sick of them. Simple Neddy that I am, I think I want to come back to my natural diet of thistles."

Melissa said with dry lips, "What about Molly's feelings?"

Barnby sighed and got up.

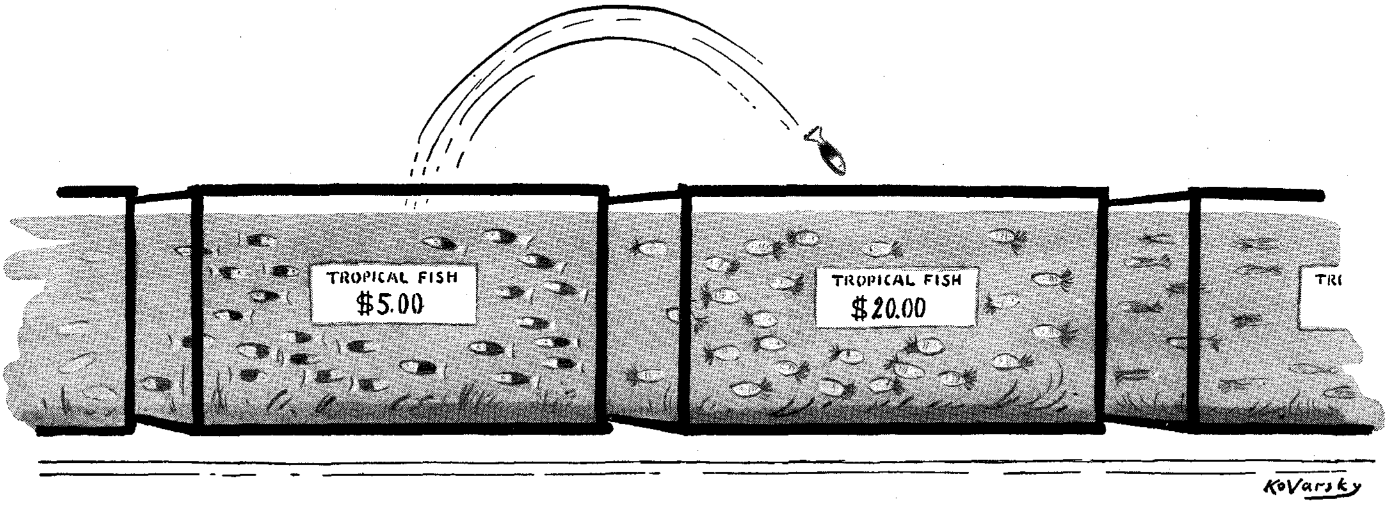
"I see you don't like my plan. But you might think it over." Barnby could not help talking just like his plays, where in moments of emotion the dialogue became so tailor-made that it appeared to clothe nothing but dummies. But however he had presented his plan, with eloquence, with touching tongue-tied incompetence, she would not have liked it. As for thinking it over, she had no need to. If a soup is too salty, one knows it without thinking it over. It is only when you cannot throw the stuff away that thought is required; then you think if some potato flour or a spoonful of brown sugar or a violent recourse to curry powder will smuggle it into tolerability. Adjust the flavoring, as cookery recipes say. But Melissa's new life—an orderly existence in the shade of a domestic tragedy, the unharassed pursuit of a sensual ideal, no responsibilities, and a reasonable hope of more hampers—needed no adjustments to its flavoring; and to have Barnby thrown into this calm blend, like some cheap corrosive chutney, was not a matter for thought. She did not like it. She would not have it.

Unfortunately, it would not be as simple as that. When it came to a showdown with Barnby, he always prevailed. Just as she had not been able to keep him when he wanted to go away, she would not be able to fend him off when he wanted to come back. Unless . . . Suddenly, she saw what she must do.

So, when Judy had acclaimed Tracy with a yell that rang out above every other sound in Waterloo Station, and had been added to the flock of her schoolfellows travelling in the charge of Miss Oliphant, the Under Matron, and had lost her handbag and found it, and had been reminded to say goodbye to her mother and had done so, and had dropped a box of chocolates and picked most of them up, and had been borne away on the two-fifteen, Melissa, with a feeling that she was about to set forth on a tightrope, went to a telephone booth and dialled Molly Cullen's number. So far so good. The answering voice was the voice that had answered her at two in the morning from Barnby's sleeping side.

"This is Melissa Robinson. I know how busy you are, but can I possibly see you, alone, even for five minutes?"

"But I'd be delighted. Any time, anywhere. Just let me see. Thurs-



day . . . Inigo, massage, poor horses . . . Friday . . . Saturday— Oh, hopeless! Look, can you possibly make it today? . . . No, really? Well, then, if you could conceivably get here about five, and won't be driven mad by skipping ropes—I'm getting my weight down for a teen-age visionary you could pull through a halo—what could be nicer? Bliss!"

ONE never foresees the giant obstacle in one's path, for the very reason that it is as plain, as central, as personal, as the nose on one's face. Melissa had allowed for Molly Cullen's being evasive, standoffish, furious, suspicious, incredulous, insulting. She had allowed for her being sentimental and even inconveniently magnanimous. What she had not allowed for was Molly Cullen's overweening self-importance. The woman was a monster of egoism; she thought of nothing but herself.

"Tea with milk, tea with lemon? I think it's so sweet of you to come. Just eat ahead, won't you, while I do a few more bends. What one undergoes! But when I've thinned down to it, it's going to be a marvellous part. The longer I live, the more I adore doing young girls. One can put so much more into them. It takes years of experience to get inside a young girl. Down—and—swing! Down—and—swing! And then critics say how spontaneous one is."

"I'm afraid I'm interrupting you."

"This one is just a perfectly ordinary little slavey, but with this terrific vocation, you see—Belgian—and when she goes off in her visions, I see her going all Gothic, long and thin and stiff. So if I'm to do myself justice, I must lose at least six pounds. And now, if you don't mind moving back a bit, just to be on the safe side, I'll skip. I suppose I really am quite crazily conscientious in my work. Always have been. Do go on eating! And meanwhile, tell me all about it. I shall be quite detached from my skipping, you know. One learns that, on the stage. On with the motley!"

"I came to talk about Barnby."

"Do go on. Seven, eight, nine . . . Really, it's quite soothing. Like knitting. Though why anyone thinks knitting soothing . . . twelve, thirteen . . . I shall never forget what I went through as a fireside mouse and my producer said I must knit a sock. The wool! Fortunately, it soon came off."

"I suppose it seems rather unusual."

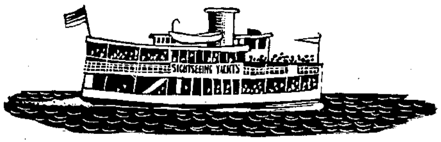
"Unusual? Not a bit. I'm always doing it. When an author can't think of anything else, he always slams in a heart-to-heart between two females. Do have one of those sandwiches!"

"But I am dreadfully worried about Barnby. He's very, very unhappy."

"Poor pet, yes. Positive *guignol*, isn't it? Specially about 'The Scorpion.' Even though 'Sophie' flopped, we did think 'Scorpy' would run for months longer. But please don't feel worried. It's sweet of you to be so sympathetic, but really you needn't. If I worried every time a play came to grief, I wouldn't be skipping off pounds and pounds now. It's just that Barnby's new to it."

"He came down to Lyme Regis to see Judy. I've never known him so unhappy. He was almost in despair."

"Well, he needn't be. It's just the usual ups and downs, and anyhow he carried none of the responsibility, he just writes the things. And this new one's bound to be a hit; it's all mystical and pro-Goddy, and he'll get his royalties as the translator. In the last act, I rush on with a vacuum cleaner and break up a Black Mass. I must admit, the vacuum cleaner rather stifled me at first, but now I adore it. I come on with my eyes shut, pushing it relentlessly in front of me, like a sleepwalking steam-roller. So please don't worry. Try one of those dull-looking objects, they're stuffed with *marrons glacés*. I can't bear the sight of them, they're so delicious. You see, Barnby hasn't got theatre in his blood."



"It's nothing to do with the theatre."

"Nothing to do with the theatre?" Molly left off skipping.

"It's to do with you."

So suddenly stationary, her bosom rising and falling, her legs rather far apart, Molly Cullen seemed to have grown immensely taller and more solid.

"With me? Poor funny me? Well!" she exclaimed furiously. "I suppose he can say so for himself."

"I don't think he can. He feels it too deeply. He thinks you've grown tired of him. He thinks he'll lose you. That's why he's so worried. That's why I came. Just to beg and implore you. Don't be unkind to Barnby! Don't ruin his whole life. You mean everything to him, everything! Don't break his heart!"

Molly Cullen had listened. Now her silence was like the first unpenning of applause that tells the tightrope walker that his feat is over, that now all he has to do is to slide gracefully down the farther support. Overcome with relief, Melissa burst into genuine hideous tears.

"There, there, cry away, Mrs. Robinson! You're an angel, you're a heroine. Talk about La Dame aux Camélias

A PROBLEM IN HISTORY

At morning light the ark lay grounded fast
On top of Ararat, and Noah sent out
The raven flapping on smooth black wings,
Unreturning, and thrice to look about
Sent the timid dove that returned at last
Fluttering an olive bough. The robin sings

On the spattered rail, and the sun shines
On the steaming earth that like a bog stank
Greening at the clear blue sky. Asses bray
From the hold; the animals come down the plank
By twos and twos in awkward-footed lines,
Sniffing, while hawks and songbirds spray

Into the new air. Forgetful of the flood,
In a busy hour all are debarked and gone
Down from Ararat. By sunfall the voices
Of their going have vanished. The ark alone
Centers their outward footprints in the mud,
Settles through the night with creaking noises,

Wearied after its journey. In such repose
New suns will wreathe it with green ivy vines,
Shade it with growing oaks and bushes round,
There on the world's top, till it rots with rains
And snows and suns of time. And no one knows
What green the unreturning raven found.

—ROBERT A. WALLACE

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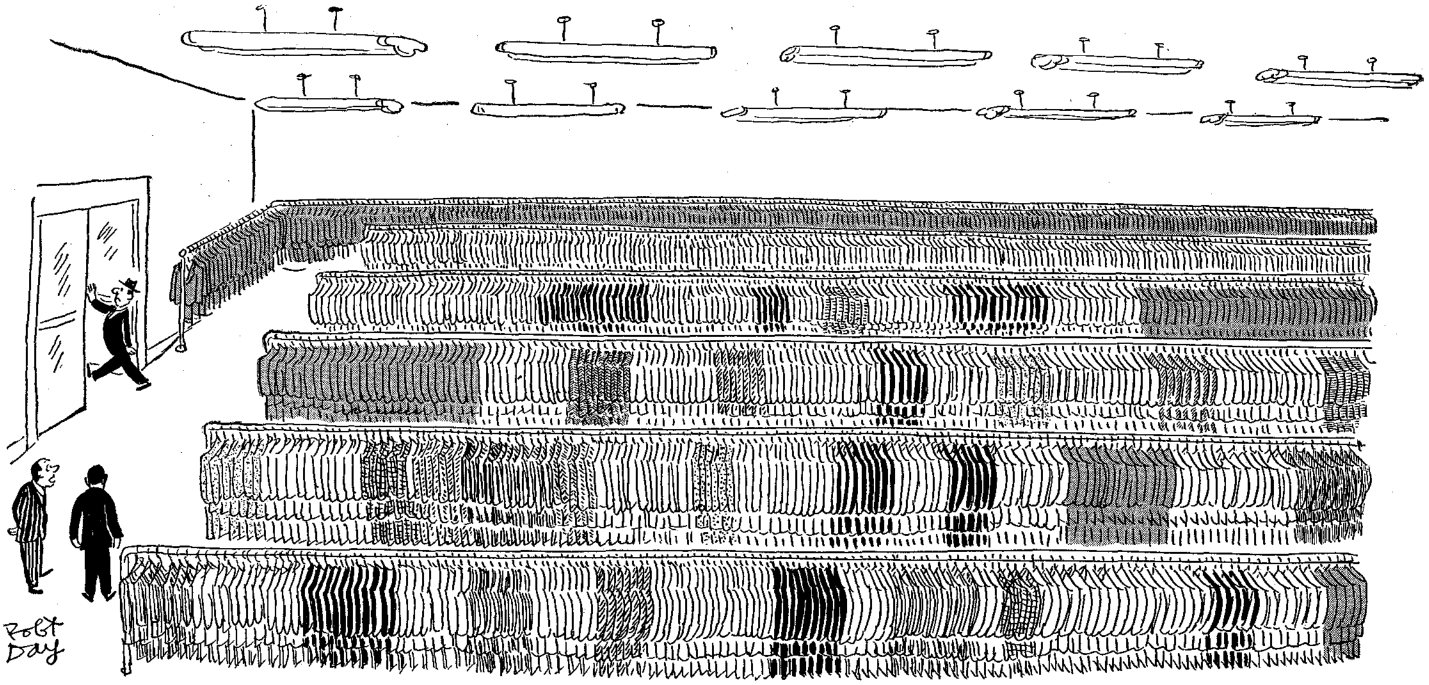


"He didn't see anything."

• •

or the Second Mrs. Tanqueray. . . . I feel ready to cry myself. Here's a handkerchief."

Also considerably relieved, Molly Cullen devoured three of the dull-looking cakes, and continued to pat Melissa.

"Don't worry another moment about your Barnby. He's not fit to black your boots, but I'll make a king of him. I swear it. I'll be so sweet to him he won't know himself."

"You really promise? He's got a queer temper, but you're his whole life. You won't let him drift away, just because of a misunderstanding?"

"I promise."

"For you love him, don't you? And you won't say a word about this afternoon, will you?"

"Not a word. It will be our secret."

"Our secret."

"Our secret. And our Barnby."

Molly Cullen's experience in bringing down the curtain ended their interview on this traditionally lofty note. Indeed, it was time. There was nothing more to say, and very little left to eat.

THREE months later, when a coroner's court had pronounced a verdict of accidental death on Barnby Robinson, the author of several brilliant comedies, whose adaptation of "La Bonne à Tout Faire," with Miss Cullen in the title role of Mary Martha Maria, was the success of the year, they might have met again, and on an equally lofty and traditional note; but shock sustained during the accident by which Mr. Robinson met his death prevented Miss Cullen from attending the funeral. Mrs. Drummond, still kept alive by her interest in others, knew all about it from a great-niece whose husband had met a man who saw the accident. No accident at all, piped Mrs. Drummond. One moment, Barnby was sitting beside her, and a moment later he opened the passenger door and jumped out; and of course, as the woman was driving much too fast, he broke his neck. Women should not be allowed to drive.

Harry Whitehead, who was Barnby's executor, accompanied Melissa to the funeral, where, to her surprise, a number of people whose attendance would afterward be recorded in the press recognized him with great cordiality, and went home with her afterward. They had sherry and biscuits, and she opened a jar of stuffed olives for him. It was the least she could do. Harry explained that Melissa was the sole legatee—"and as far as I can see, it won't work out too badly for you and Judy. Barnby was levelheaded enough where investments were concerned."

"I'm not afraid of poverty," she replied.

This was true. It was not poverty she dreaded but the divorce from luxury. In those insipid unhampered years ahead, the triumphs of thrift might have supplied a whet to living—though not so poignantly as the triumphs of expenditure, since triumphs of thrift can fulfill but cannot surprise, whereas she never knew beforehand what Barnby would send next. But thrift, to be fully enjoyable, must be sauced by poverty, and because of Barnby's equally unforeseen investments she was not to be poor—only impoverished. Limbo, she said to herself; I shall live in Limbo. . . . Though she had recollected the word, she was not altogether sure of its sense—only that it meant a place of dullness and vain yearning, probably rather like The Priscilla Café. For ten days Melissa remained a dweller in Limbo and even at intervals in The Priscilla Café, for such was her state of *accidia* that she took to having lunch there to avoid the trouble of cooking. When another hamper arrived, looking exactly like all the others, she began to wonder if Barnby had really died after all, while at the time thinking he must have ordered it before his death, in which case it might be a charge on the estate. But inside was a card on which was written, *Remembering—Molly.*

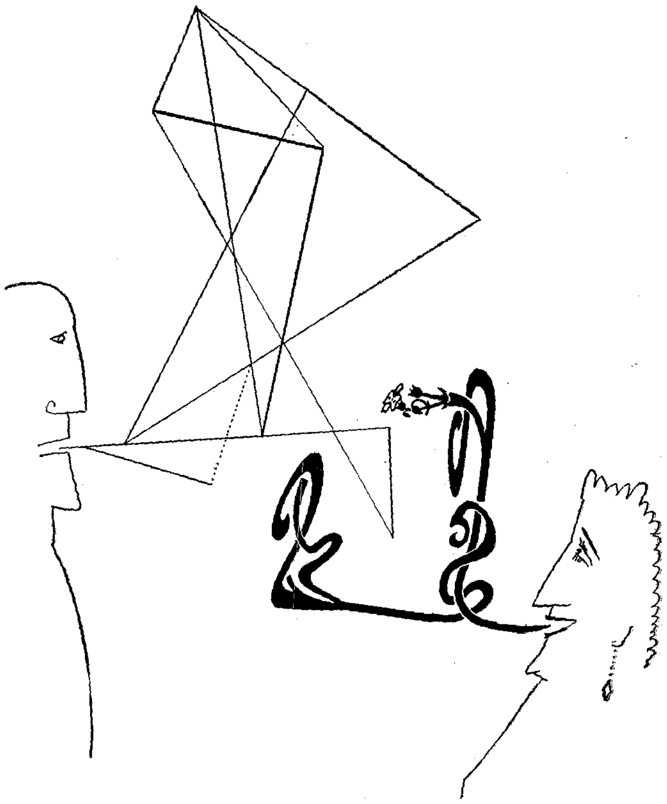
Melissa wrote a simple, womanly letter of thanks, and in due course further hampers followed. When they continued to arrive after Molly had gone to play in "Mary Martha Maria" on Broadway, Melissa realized that she had become a standing order.

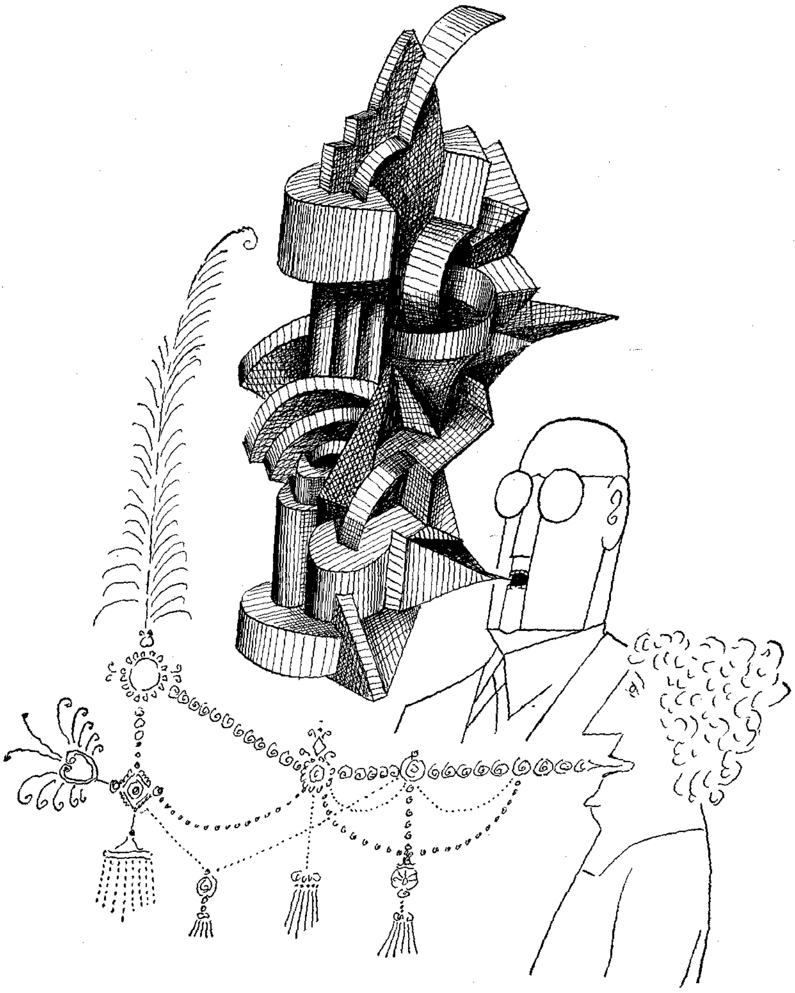
—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

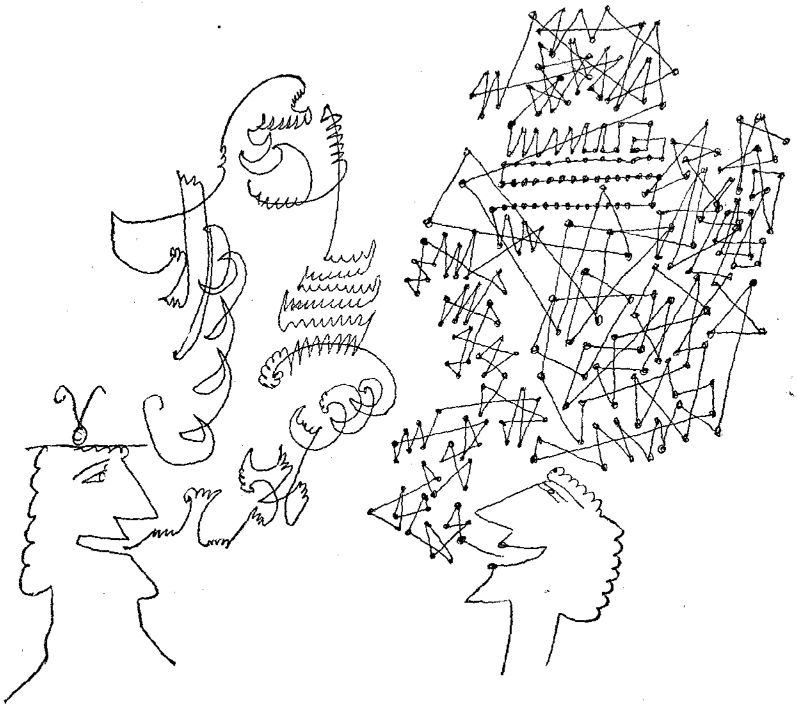
•

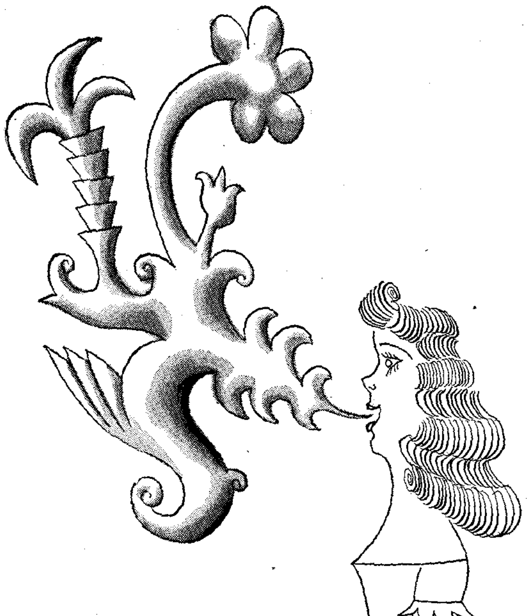
The promoters boast that this New York Mayflower II exposition, surrounded by a stimulated Pilgrim village comprising 83 log cabins with thatched roofs, will attract 3,000,000 visitors.—*Boston American.*

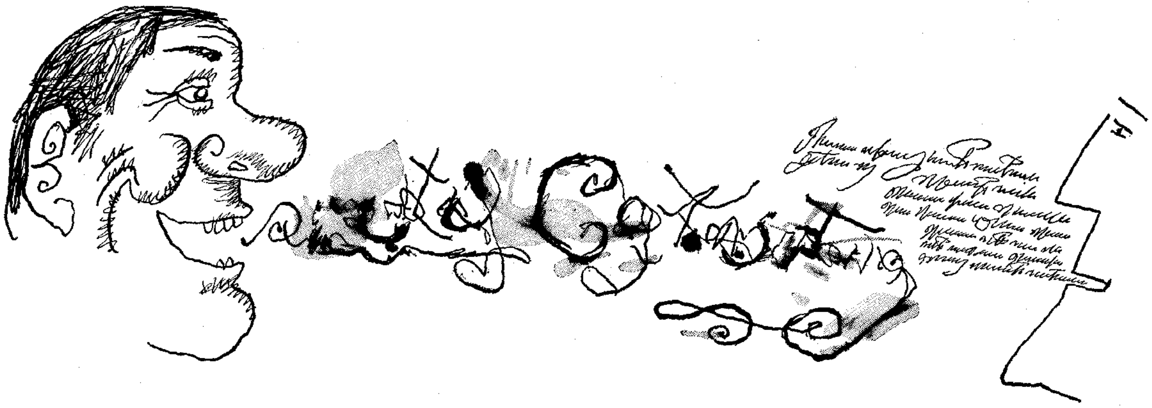
And it doesn't take much to stimulate a Pilgrim.

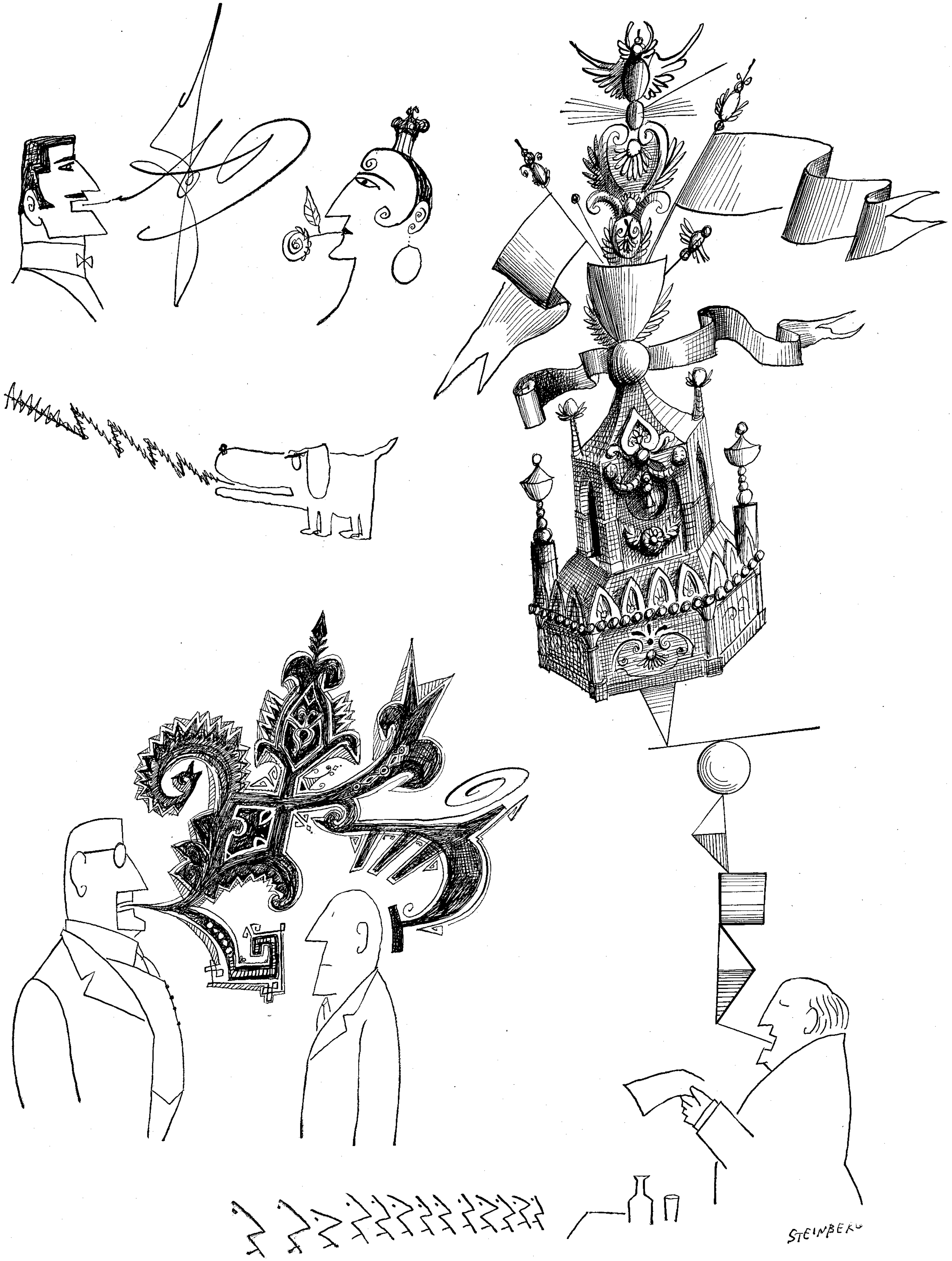











STEINBERG

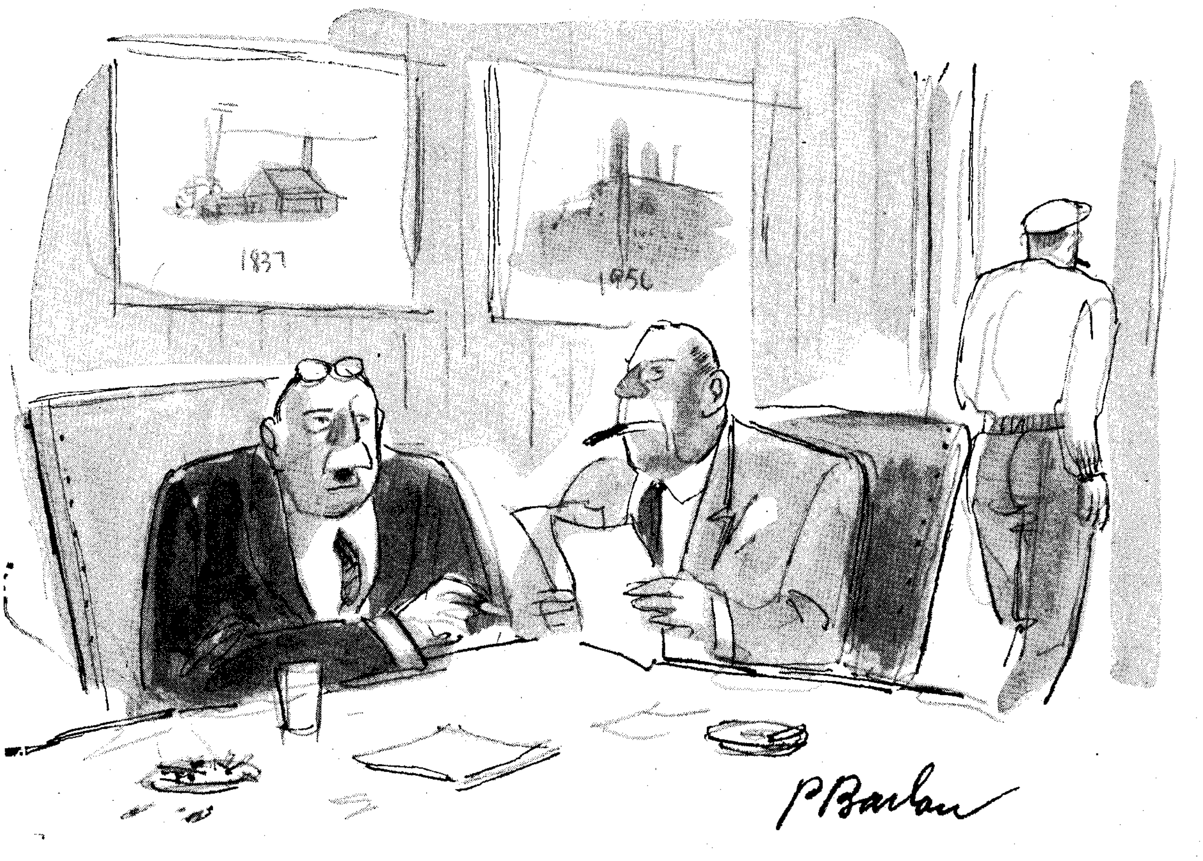
WHAT PRICE GLORY?

ONE day in the winter of 1924, I arose from my bed in the top floor front room of my home on the edge of Rock Creek Park in Washington, D.C. Although I looked carefully at my face in the bathroom mirror, I could discover nothing to indicate that I needed a shave. It was a little before noon. I put on a grayish flannel union suit, a pair of maroon wool socks, blue garters, a white shirt, and a semi-stiff, long-pointed collar ("will not wilt, shrink, crack, or wrinkle"). Then I looked over my suits. There were two of them. I could wear either the brown double-breasted herringbone or the single-breasted blue Cheviot. I chose the herringbone and, to go with it, a red-and-gold striped necktie. I went downstairs. Nobody was at home but our Scotch-Irish housekeeper, Miss Annabelle, who had been a member of the family since before I was born. She had breakfast ready for me. I had half a grapefruit, shirred eggs and country sausage, and hot Sally Lunn muffins. After I had finished the eggs and sausages and two muffins, I split open a third muffin, buttered it, and poured thick, brown-sugar syrup over it, and ate that. With the meal I drank a glass of milk and two cups of coffee. Miss Annabelle chattered cheerfully as she served me, and I accorded her three or four monosyllables. I then lit a cork-tipped Melachrino cigarette, stretched, went to the hall, and put on my brown herringbone topcoat. "You ought to wear your heavy overcoat," said Miss Annabelle. I ignored her. The topcoat was brand new; I had bought it the week before at Woodward & Lothrop's for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. I put on a snap-brim gray felt hat, took down my malacca walking stick, and started for the office. I was a reporter on the Washington *Herald* and my salary had recently been raised from thirty-five dollars a week to thirty-seven-fifty. I was nineteen.

Our house was on Park Road, in the Mt. Pleasant district, and was one of a long row of identical three-story brick houses, but since it was the last house in the row, it had windows on the side instead of just at the front and back. This gave it an air of distinction I appreciated. On the other hand the streetcar line was in the opposite direction and so the walk was that much longer—about six blocks, and all uphill. I badly needed a car but couldn't seem to save much toward buying one. I don't know where all the money went. I walked, swinging my stick and trying to stroll, but it was impossible to stroll up that hill. I got off the streetcar at Fourteenth and H and strolled successfully the level block and a half to the building that housed the *Herald*, a morning paper, and the *Times*, an afternoon paper. They were owned by William Randolph Hearst. Looking bored, I stepped into the elevator and rode to the city room on the third floor.

I had been a reporter for two years and was now a general assignments man. My byline almost always appeared over what I wrote. National news, such as the happenings at the White House, in Congress, at the Supreme Court, and at the various government departments, was handled on the *Herald* and the *Times* by the Hearst news services, Universal and International. Six or seven reporters covered the local news of Washington for the *Herald* and worked such regular beats as police headquarters, the District Building, the Board of Education, and the local courts. I had graduated from all that. If a good murder or a disastrous fire came along, I usually got the assignment. I owed my success, though, chiefly to what were known as human interest stories. These were mostly about animals. If a cat was up a telephone pole and couldn't get down, if a dog waked a family by barking when it smelled smoke, if a baby hippopotamus was born at the zoo, that was my meat. Human interest stories could also be about people, but the people had to be unfortunate in some way. I had written a whole series of stories on the sordid condition of Negro people who lived in the alleys of Washington. They had attracted much attention.

With my topcoat still on, my hat on the back of my head, another Melachrino in my mouth, and twirling my stick carelessly, I sat on the edge of my desk in the city room for a few minutes, chatting with some of my colleagues. Then the city editor called me over to his desk to give me my assignment for the day. He handed me a short letter that had been received from a man who described himself as a veteran of the World War. I read the letter. He had lost an arm, two legs, and both eyes, he said, and the government red tape pre-

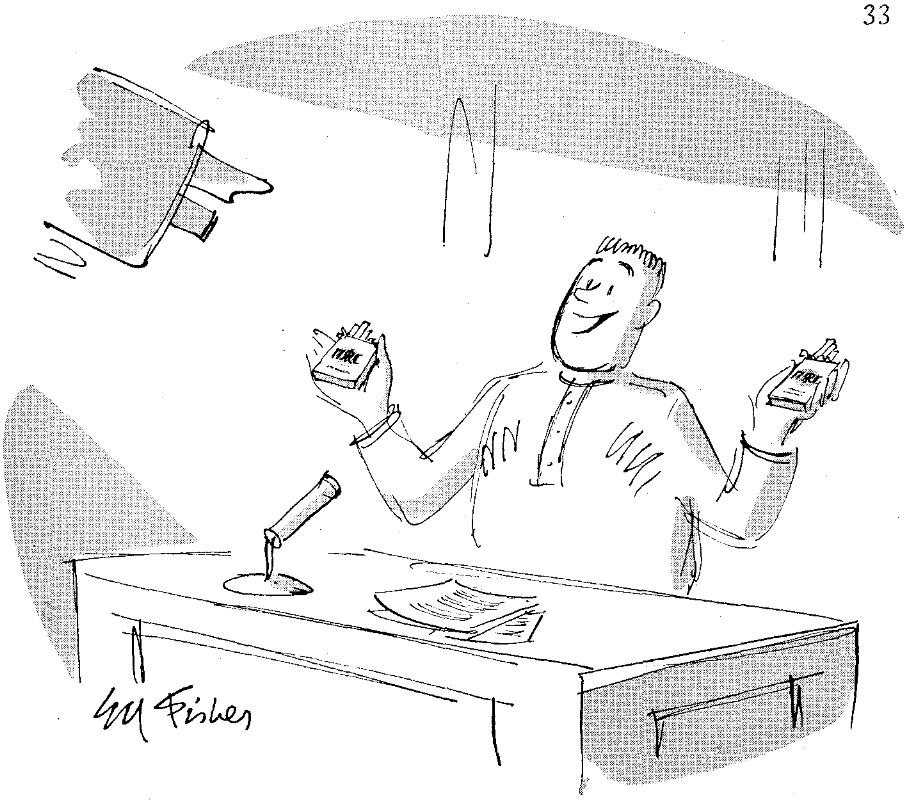


"I wish there was someone we *could go running to with our grievances."*

vented him from getting a pension of more than twelve dollars a month. He said he was dictating the letter to his buddy, also a veteran, in the hope that the *Herald* could help him. He said he and his buddy were living in poverty in a basement room, and gave the address.

"It's a dull day," said the city editor. "Nothing stirring anywhere. But we haven't had a vet case in a long time, and maybe you can get a tear-jerker out of this. What do you think, kid?"

I looked at him coldly, nodded without saying anything, shoved the letter in my topcoat pocket, hooked my stick over my arm, adjusted my hat, and left the city room. All of us treated the city editor that way. His name was Bryan Morse. He was the former sports editor of the *Herald* and also, as it happened, had been my football coach at Western High School a few years before he became sports editor. Soon after Hearst bought the papers, in the early nineteen-twenties, a new managing editor named H. H. Stansbury had been sent down from New York to take charge of the *Herald*. Like all new Hearst managing editors in those days, he felt compelled to have a shakeup, and in the shakeup he had fired the old city editor for no conceivable reason and for some preposterous reason nobody could fathom had made Bryan Morse the city editor. Morse was nervous, unsure of himself, and unhappy, and had cause to be. He had never had any kind of newspaper experience except the couple of years as sports editor. He had not even been an outstanding sports editor. He was a decent man who had been a competent high-school football coach. He would never have thought of becoming a city editor if Stansbury hadn't insisted on it. Already Stansbury had begun to shun him, going around him to give his orders direct to the assistant city editor, a pale, ambitious young chap. He was named Jeff Keen. Stansbury knew he had made a mistake in the shakeup and showed it in all kinds of ways, but he didn't want to let Morse go back to the sports department for a while because that would be taken by his superiors in New York as an indication that he had made a mistake in the shakeup. Jeff Keen sat across the desk from Morse, received instructions from Stansbury, made out the assignment schedule, handed it to Morse, and Morse wretchedly went through the motions of giving out the assignments to the reporters. Because he had known me for a long time and we had got along well at Western High School, Morse seemed to hope for some sign of sympathy or understanding from me and tried to show that he had a kindly feeling toward me by calling me "kid." That was no way to curry favor with me.



"Buy them in either regular or commissar size."

I got on a streetcar, and before I reached the street where McGrath and his buddy lived I had the lead, or opening, of my story pretty well in hand. Laurence Stallings, who had been a copyreader on the *Herald* after the war, had, with Maxwell Anderson, written the play "What Price Glory?" and I had seen it on my vacation, which I had spent in New York. My lead, I thought, would be:

> What price glory?
> Two eyes, two legs, an arm—$12 a month.
>
> Huddled in an armchair in a dingy basement room at No. 1716 Seventeenth Street Northwest is the withered and battered frame of a man, within it the soul of a soldier clinging desperately to life with what's left of the body once known as Robert McGrath, private, U.S.A.

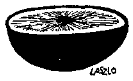
And that is exactly how it was printed the next morning in the *Herald*. I am able to quote it accurately after all these years because it was reprinted early in 1925 in a volume called "The Best News Stories of 1924," and I still have that volume. So, I presume, have the hundred-odd other reporters of that era whose stories were reprinted in it, but I doubt if there are many more copies of it around. The book didn't catch on. There was no "Best News Stories of 1925" or of any year after that.

The buddy of the one-armed, legless, and sightless veteran did most of the talking when I interviewed them in the basement room. I don't remember much about him, but his name is in the story. It was Fred Birch. The veteran sat in an old, bent wicker chair and with nods and grunts affirmed what Birch said. I didn't listen carefully and made only a few notes. The story, after all, was already half written in my head. I only wanted a framework of facts on which to hang the garlands of my prose. I could see at a glance that they were living in squalor and I made a note of that: squalor. I accepted without question the claim that government red tape had prevented McGrath from getting an adequate pension. The *Herald* was continually exposing and attacking government red tape in news stories and editorials. Birch said he himself had been in McGrath's regiment, which was in training in the Philippines, when the accident occurred. I was disappointed to learn that McGrath hadn't been wounded in Flanders or at Château-Thierry, but I rose above it. What had happened, Birch said, was that in the line of duty McGrath had been manning a twelve-inch gun at Fort Mills, in the Philippines, when it backfired, injuring his kneecap. Gangrene had set in. The "poison," as I called it in my story, "gradually seeped through his veins and then the doctors had more work to do." Two eyes, two legs, an arm. The pension of twelve dollars a month he was getting for the original injury to his knee. That was enough for me. I put away my notes and shook hands with Birch. McGrath flipped up his good arm, and I shook that.

I left the basement room and took a streetcar to Fourteenth and F, where I went into the Palace Theatre and saw an excellent picture in which Wallace Reid drove a Stutz Bearcat and got the girl in the end in spite of her family's opposition. I then had an oyster cocktail and an oyster stew at Harvey's on Pennsylvania Avenue, strolled to the office, and wrote my story. The night city editor, a tiny, gloomy man named Fred Shapiro, came over to my desk after he had read it and slugged it for a two-column head on page one, and said, "Mac, that's a lulu, a real lulu." I thanked him. I did some rewrite, waited up, as always, for the first edition, and read my story in the city room, and again at Childs while having a late supper of chicken croquettes with cream sauce, mashed potatoes, green peas, apple pie à la mode, and coffee. Then I strolled over to the pressroom at police headquarters, in the District Building, drank some corn whiskey and fusel oil from a bottle somebody had bought from a bootlegger, and joined the crap game that was always going on. I won four dollars, and went home, and read my story once more before I got to sleep around two o'clock that morning. When I arrived at the office the next afternoon, there was a note in my box from Stansbury saying, "A crackerjack of a story this morning, Mac. Keep up the good work."

PEOPLE wrote to the *Herald* by the hundreds in the next week or so, enclosing money and checks for McGrath. One of the cub reporters, a youth of seventeen whose name I forget, was given the task of acknowledging them, turning the money and checks over to McGrath and Birch, and writing a daily story on the situation. I had been sent to Frederick, Maryland, and was living at a hotel on an expense account while I wrote daily stories about a couple of unfortunate young women who had been tarred and feathered by a small mob of wives. The two young women, as I think I put it, "had been accused of keeping clandestine company with the husbands in their bungalow on the edge of town." My stories about that episode not only were first-page stuff for the *Herald* but were put on the wire by the International News Service and were printed on the first pages of Hearst newspapers all over the country. I managed to get hold of most of these papers after I got back to Washington, and was able to read my stories over and over again.

Then one afternoon when I got to the office, there was a letter in my box from the Pension Office. It suggested concisely and unemotionally that I might be interested to know that McGrath had indeed been injured by a backfiring gun while in training in the Philippines in 1917, had suffered second-degree burns, and had recovered from the injury after three days of hospitalization. Following that, he had at a date unknown to the Pension Office contracted two diseases of the kind I recognized as being unmentionable, had been treated for them, discharged from the Army, and advised to keep up the treatments at Army hospitals after his return to the United States. This, however, he had failed to do. When, three years afterward, he had been arrested in San Francisco as a street beggar, he had been turned over to a veterans' hospital after a police surgeon had examined him. By that time he had lost the sight of both eyes, owing to infection from one of his diseases, and his neglect of the other disease had indeed resulted in a gangrenous condition, necessitating the amputation of both legs and an arm. Further treatment at the Army hospital had brought about a satisfactory cure, or arrestment, of both diseases, and he had left the hospital. Under the pension regulations, he could not receive any additional pension except by a special act of Congress.



I folded the letter and put it in the inside coat pocket of the blue Cheviot, which I happened to be wearing that day, told Bryan Morse I had a cold and felt feverish, left the office, and walked around Washington and its environs for several hours, ending up at Hains Point on the Potomac.

The public wave of sympathy for McGrath was working up to its climax, which was taking the form of a tea that was to be given for his benefit at the White House the following day by Mrs. Coolidge. It was to be attended mostly by Gold Star Mothers who had raised a sum of money and had asked Mrs. Coolidge to present it personally to McGrath, but I had been invited, and was supposed to write the story about it for the *Herald*. Sitting on a bench at Hains Point that December afternoon, I examined the letter from the Pension Office with care and from every angle. It was signed by a name I was never to forget—J. Hollister. After his name he had written simply "Clerk." The letter was evidently unofficial; it appeared to have been typed by Hollister himself, rather than by a typist, although it was on Pension Office stationery. It didn't express any indignation or, in fact, any feeling at all; it was a recitation of the facts. I tried to tell myself the letter might be a hoax—that it might be some little government clerk's idea of a joke to make up that rigmarole and send it to me. But it was no use. The letter had the unmistakable ring of truth. Would Hollister write other letters? To Stansbury? To Mrs. Coolidge? To the *Herald's* competitor, the *Post*? Suddenly and sickeningly, there at Hains Point, gazing morosely out over the icy Potomac, I felt, in addition to everything else, as if I were very young. After a while, I walked rapidly to the nearest streetcar line. By the time I got home, I did have a cold and I did feel feverish. Miss Annabelle thought I ought to go straight to bed. I agreed with her. I telephoned Bryan Morse and told him I seemed to have the grippe and wouldn't be able to work the next day—that somebody else had better be assigned to cover the White House tea for McGrath. I suggested the cub reporter who had been handling the McGrath contributions. "You sound bad, kid," said Morse. "Don't you worry. Everything will be all right."

AND everything was. Hollister, having written the one letter, appeared to be satisfied. He wrote to nobody else. After Mrs. Coolidge's tea (at which, according to the cub reporter's story, McGrath sat in a wheelchair and wept every now and then) the veteran and his buddy left Washington and moved on—I presume to some other city. I recovered from the grippe in a few days and, little by little, the sense of impending catastrophe faded away. In a month or two I had other things to think about. Jeff Keen had quit the *Herald* and gone to work for a paper in Philadelphia. Stansbury had made me assistant city editor and my salary had been raised to forty dollars a week.

—St. Clair McKelway

•

O LEO LEDDI

Messages are sent hundreds of miles by these natives in a short time by a system of yodelling from one mountaintop to another. Mr. [Leopold] Pospisil was able to send messages and receive them from his wife, Zdenka. . . .—*Boston Globe.*

A native went upon a hill
To try and yodel "Pospisil."

He managed, but the wife replied,
And, "Zdenka" strangling him, he died.

—J. U.

A REPORTER IN AFRICA

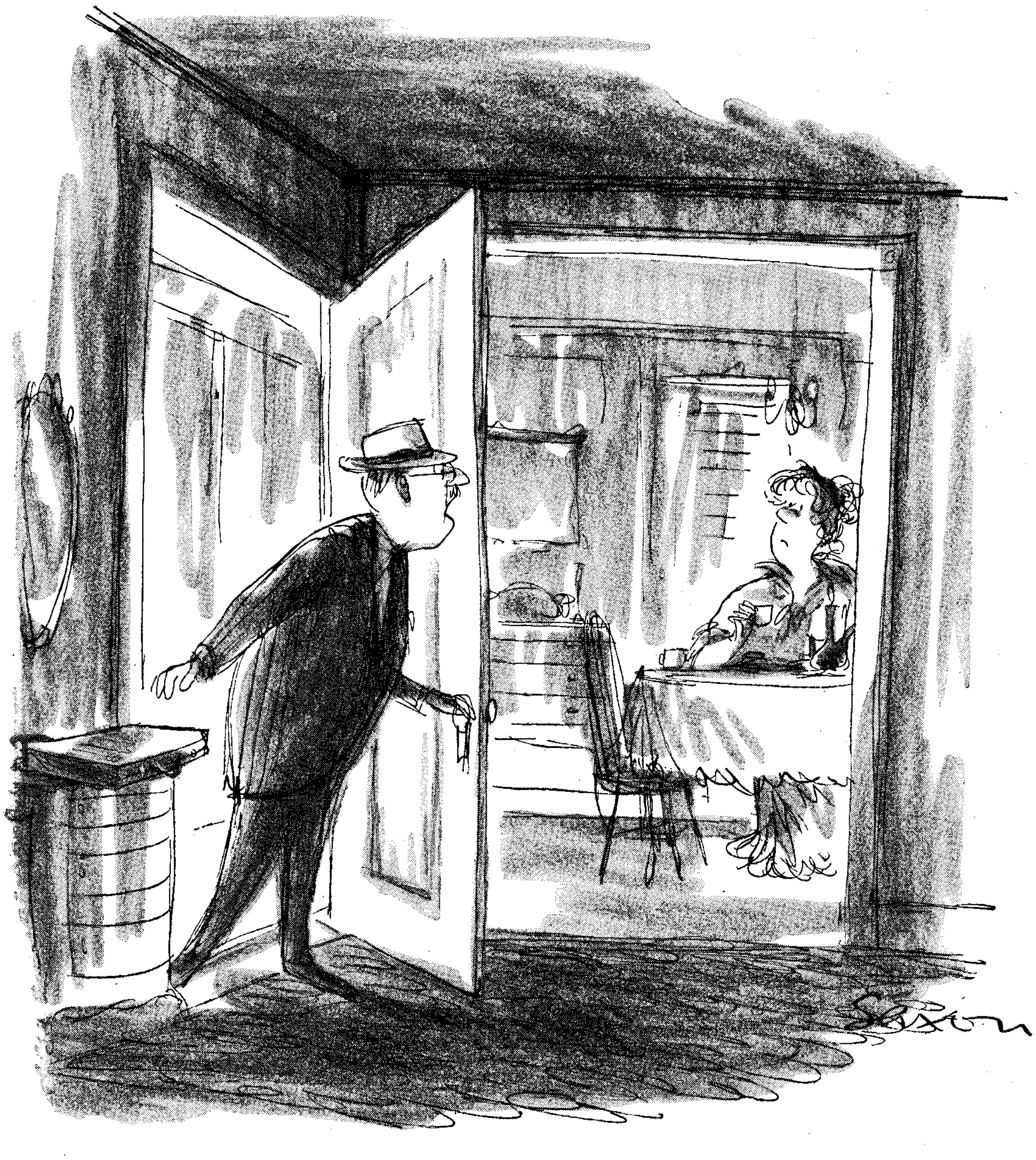
THE BIRDS AND THE BEASTS WERE THERE—II

Central Africa—the part that takes in the Belgian Congo, Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, and the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland—is nowadays the most African part of the whole continent. In the south, the European influence is, of course, very strong, and the north (if you except the deserts) really belongs to the Mediterranean and the Middle East. But in the central section you experience a strong sense of isolation, and even the more obvious tourist haunts, like Victoria Falls and Kilimanjaro, are still insulated from the outside world by a wilderness of virtually empty plains. This region is also wonderful country for wild game. During the rains, which usually fall from the end of March until June, the animals are scattered all over the countryside, but they converge on the lakes and rivers in dry weather, and then is the time to go and see them.

Travelling in most parts of Central Africa is not particularly difficult. Over the past twenty years or so, a network of roads has been pushed into the interior, and you can usually find a hotel or a camp of some sort at the end of the day's run. The heat is not oppressive (most of the time you are three thousand feet or more above sea level), and the people who live there have long since grown used to strangers. It is unwise, however, to go roaming off into this vast area—roughly the size of Europe—without making plans based on the advice of local settlers, and if you want the best there is of this, you pretty much have to go to Nairobi, in Kenya.

When my wife and I arrived in Nairobi from South Africa not long ago, after driving north with leisurely stopovers to look at the animals in several large, publicly owned game sanctuaries, we sought the advice of a friend of mine, Donald Ker, on how best to proceed with our plan to see what is left of the wildlife and the primitive tribal customs in that part of the continent. Ker is one of the foremost hunters and professional guides in all Africa, and with his help we worked out an itinerary that would take us, by various means of transportation, first west across Kenya to Uganda, from there northward to the Sudan border, then south through the Ruwenzori Mountains to Lake Kivu, in the Belgian Congo, and, finally, back to Nairobi. Before we set out, however, we spent an evening at Nairobi National Park—a thing that every visitor to Nairobi is practically bound to do, for there is nothing quite like it anywhere else. The park covers only forty square miles, but within that space it reveals the whole world of African animal life in miniature; it is a sort of curtain-raiser to all the wider and wilder scenes that you are going to see when you venture forth on your own. The park lies so close to Nairobi that hyenas from it are said to go scavenging through the streets of the city at night; to reach it, all you have to do is take a taxi from your hotel, and in fifteen minutes or so you are at the gates. But whether you go by taxi or private automobile, you are urgently warned to stay inside your car while in the park; as in all wild-animal country, it would be extremely foolhardy to leave it for any reason.

The hour before dusk is the best time to arrive at the park, for the sunset colors then can be quite wonderful. Most of the park is rolling grassland dotted with flat-topped acacia trees, and consequently every animal that moves is instantly revealed. We had not been

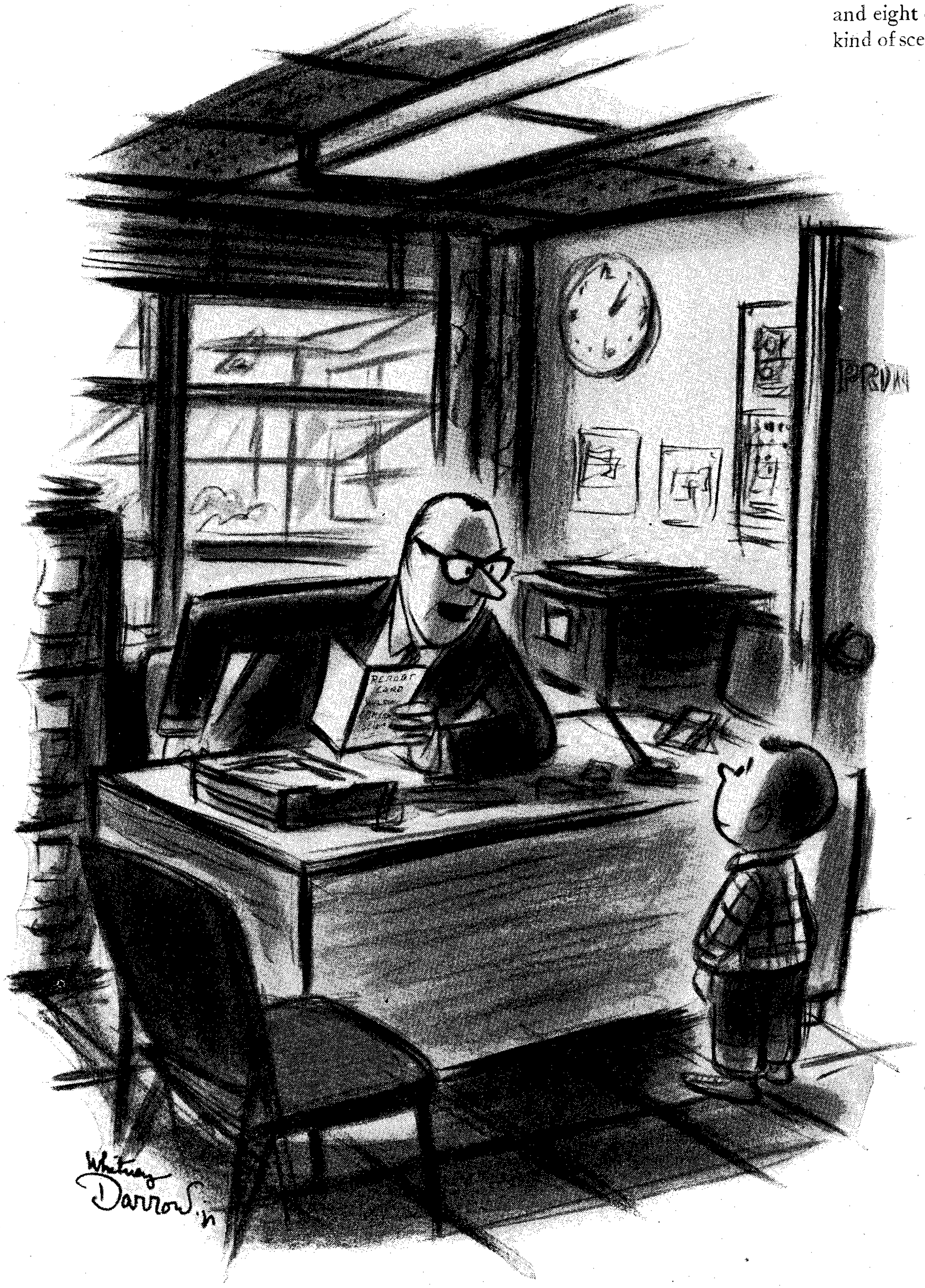


"No, I'm not home already. I just forgot my briefcase."

five minutes inside the gate before a lioness who was lying beside the road just ahead of us got up and strolled to the top of a commanding rock, where she squatted on her haunches—a brown silhouette in the dying light. Everything about a lion when seen in its wild state bears a resemblance to your own domestic cat; you notice the same soft, delayed tread as it moves across the grass, the same quick turning of its head to lick the fur on its shoulder, the same twitching tail, the same terrible indifference. A perfect specimen, this lioness sat there on the rock, ten yards above us, absolutely motionless, the heroic statue of a cat, and all around her herds of gazelles and wildebeests, of zebras and impalas, were quietly grazing. On a ridge beyond, a file of ostriches passed by, while below the ridge a score of baboons of assorted sizes were mechanically scratching themselves. But the lioness was not hunting. She simply sat and watched, and perhaps made observations that would come in useful on another, hungrier day.

A little farther on, we could see that half a dozen cars filled with visitors had gathered in a circle at the bottom of a watercourse, and we bumped over a rocky track toward them. There in the long grass, at a distance of about twelve feet from the cars, two other lionesses and eight cubs were playing. This is the kind of scene that has made Nairobi Park famous; it is scarcely credible that one can draw so near to a lion that has never known captivity without interrupting its natural behavior. Both mothers were lying on their backs, with their paws in the air, and the cubs were pretending to attack them. The younger ones were not very clever at this game. They would come stalking through the grass with great intentness, but just as they were about to pounce, something would distract their attention; one, sidetracked by a butterfly passing on the breeze, reared up and pranced on its hind legs, making wildly ineffectual swipes in the air, while another, diverted by a companion sneaking up from behind, leaped at the interloper instead of the mother, and the two tumbled over and over together on the ground. The young cubs' heads, large in relation to their bodies, seemed at times just a bit too heavy for them to handle, and often their weak legs got hopelessly out of control. The older cubs were much more professional; although it would be another year or more before their mothers finished teaching them how to go out and kill for themselves, their quick, growling pounce at the throat was already entirely realistic. Now and then, when one of the mothers felt that the game was getting too rough, she would bare her teeth a little and, with one lazy, calculated blow, send the offending cub sprawling head over heels in the grass.

At last, when the day-



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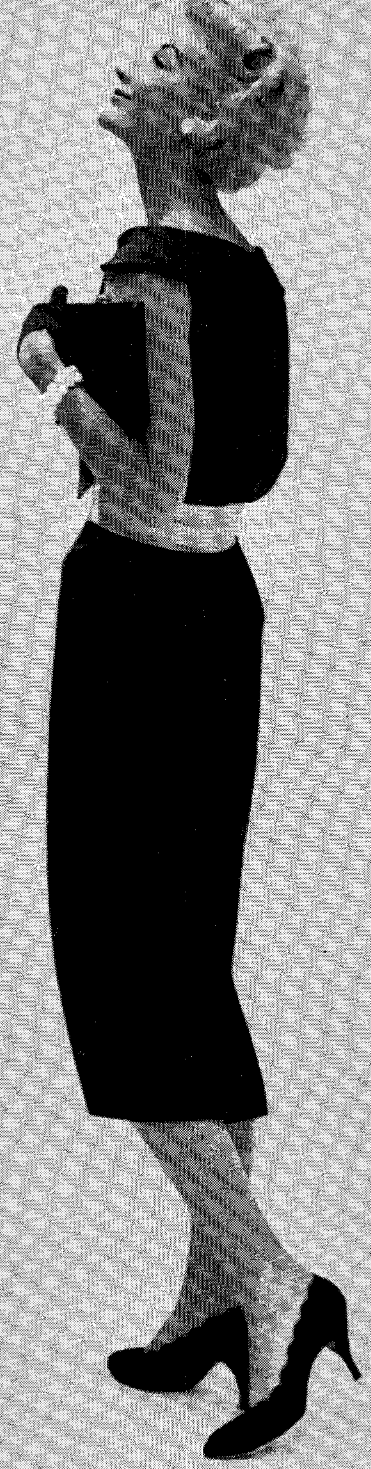

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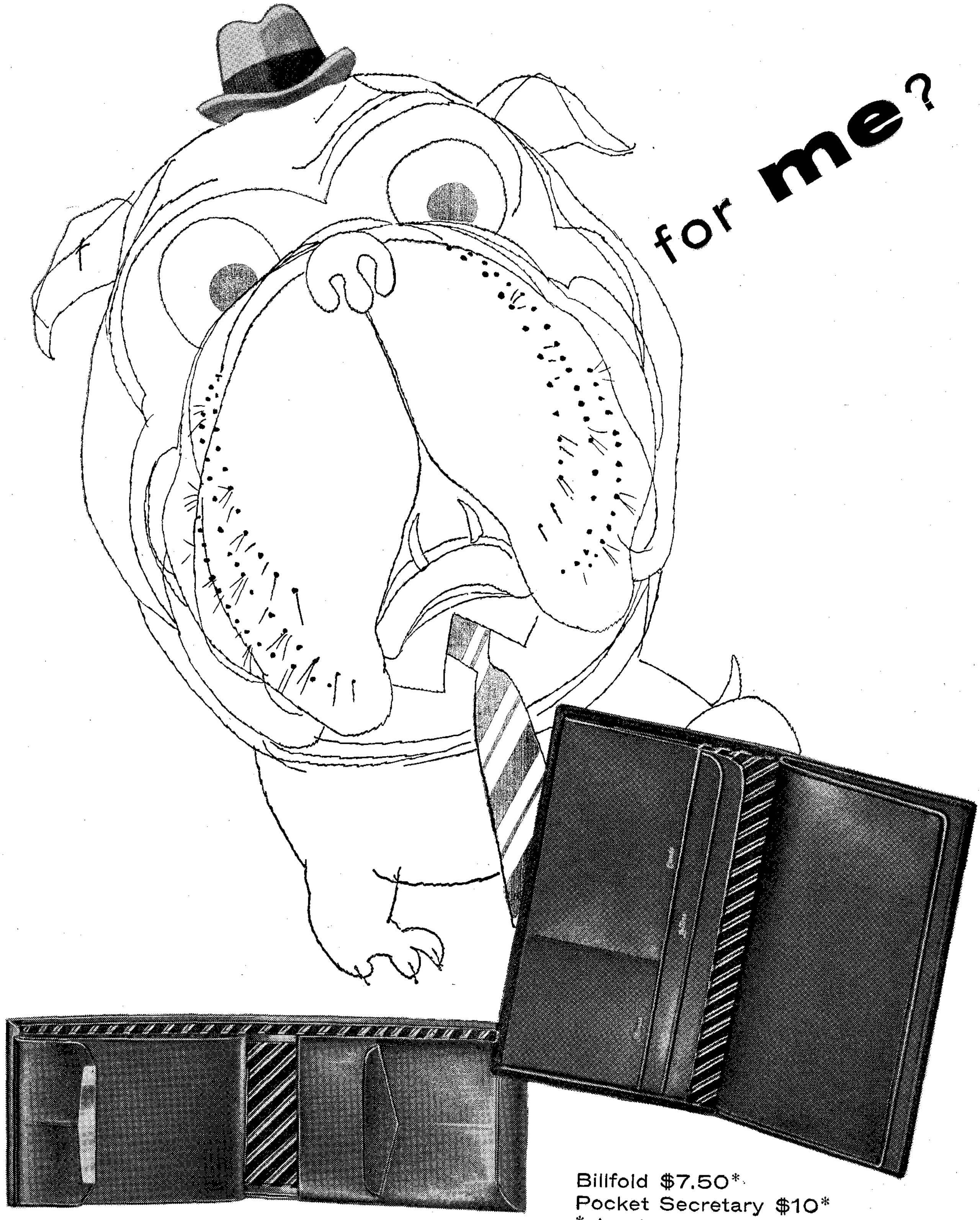
light was fading, one of the lionesses arose and began to walk slowly up the floor of the watercourse toward a rocky slope. Three or four of the cubs started gambolling along behind her, but the other mother, with a low, throaty grunt that was almost a cough, called them back, and after a moment of protest they returned. There can be nothing quite so impressive as the sight of a lioness going off like that into the dusk to hunt. Head down, she paces along with an air of absolute certainty and authority. She knows that there is no other beast—not even the elephant or the buffalo—that would normally dare to attack her, and that the whole forest waits in fear as she approaches. One thinks with pity of the smaller animals—the baby zebras, for example, which look like something out of a toy store. And yet I confess that I wanted to see the kill. There was no chance of that, however, for the darkness closed in and the lioness vanished among the rocks. We had no doubt that by morning she would have killed enough for both families to eat.

For all the fearsome respect in which the physical prowess of lions is held, their young are not very hardy, being especially vulnerable to rickets; a game warden we talked to in the course of our wanderings told us that it is not exceptional for only one cub to survive in a litter of three. The high infant-mortality rate, he said, is not the fault of the mothers; in fact, they do everything they can to pull their young through, and as an example of this he told us about a lioness he had once seen make a kill. As soon as her victim was dead, he said, she turned her head toward a clump of bushes close by and grunted softly, and at once three cubs emerged from it and came over to the meal. But even then the mother herself did not eat. She grunted again, listened, and grunted a third time. When there was still no response, she got up impatiently, walked over to the bushes, and plucked up a fourth cub, who was smaller than the rest and appeared to be too weak to walk. Holding the tiny beast very delicately in her jaws, she rejoined the three others and dropped him right on top of the carcass. Lions that manage to reach maturity are usually pretty healthy animals, I gathered, and their chances of survival are better than those of most creatures, for they have no mortal enemy except man. They are excellent swimmers and can climb trees, and until extreme old age they generally enjoy good hearing, sight, and smell. At around fifteen, they die.

As we left the park that evening, I found myself reflecting again on what an astonishing place the Nairobi Park is, with the city only a little more than a quarter of an hour away from the lioness out there in the dark, launching herself for the kill. It was almost like having been to a drive-in cinema; now the show was over, the actors had vanished until the next day's performance, and we were well on our way back to town.

THE following day, we set out by car for Kisumu, on Lake Victoria, some two hundred miles to the northwest. For the first few miles after leaving Nairobi, the road runs north over a countryside of tremendous, sweeping plains, and then, abruptly, it plunges three thousand feet down into the Great Rift Valley. This is the gigantic trough—some twenty miles wide at this point—that extends all the way from Nyasaland, in southern Africa, to the Dead Sea, in the Middle East, and as a lesson in elementary geology hardly anything could be more graphic; an instance of what is known as a fault valley, it looks as though a huge strip of the earth's surface had dropped like an elevator to a lower floor. We drove west along the valley for an hour or two and then climbed out of it on the opposite side. To our right, standing fairly on the equator, was Mount Kenya, with its seventeen-thousand-foot peak that is forever under snow. Bamboo forests are the only vegetation on the mountain's higher slopes, and they are said to be inhabited by wandering elephants that have somehow learned to withstand the extreme cold.

All this area lying roughly between Mount Kenya and Mount Elgon, on the Uganda border, is known as the White Highlands, and it used to be notorious for the escapades of a hard-drinking group of settlers who came out from England in the twenties and thirties. These were the "checkbook farmers," and from all accounts they led a pretty lively existence as they attempted to combine the elegance of Mayfair and the South of France with the wildness of Africa. All too often, their champagne parties ended in quarrels over runaway wives and in early-morning shooting affrays, and since many of these people came from families that were prominent back home, they provided a lavish source of news for the more sensational press in England. Things culminated in the murder of the Earl of Erroll in 1941, and after that the war closed in and put a stop to the prodigal doings, possibly forever. Nowadays, the White Highlands is a very sober region of serious farming and cattle ranching, and to anyone



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aware of its past some of its place names, like Happy Valley and Blood Pressure Ridge, have a rather dated sound.

It is a country of wide plains, with mountains in the distance, and communities that very neatly reveal the uneasy three-sided life of this part of Kenya. Up on the hill, in a typical township, is the English colony, with its bungalows and lawns and tennis courts. Down below, on the main street of the town proper, is the shopping bazaar, run almost entirely by Indians. And in the surrounding slums and out on the plains beyond the city limits live the Africans. These seem to be always on the move, marching here and there like ants, in long processions and nearly always in single file, and every woman is bound to have some object poised on her head—a bunch of bananas, a bucket, or even (I actually saw this one day) a matchbox. The atmosphere of the White Highlands is very much that of the frontier, and the talk among the white settlers is frontier talk—of cattle, of the plagues of locusts that now and then come sweeping down from Abyssinia, of hunting, of local scandals and disasters, and of the rains.

Much of the region is seven thousand feet above sea level, and at that great height in the vicinity of the equator people are said to go a little mad at times—and there may be something to this. The sun has a clear, pellucid brilliance—you can all but see the ultraviolet rays eating into your skin—and often I felt myself surrendering to an overpowering lassitude, an extreme desire simply to sit and dream. Then in an instant, at the end of the day, the cold, damp night sets in. It ought to be soothing—a log fire, a warm eiderdown—but I found that I slept restlessly. And while you are lying there, the hyrax suddenly shatters the black darkness with its terrifying cry, which resembles the noise of a badly creaking door in an empty house. This animal is no larger than a squirrel, but the sound it makes is so jarring, so savage, so absolutely uncalled-for that you can only imagine that some awful tragedy has taken place out there in the night.

The cry of the hyrax is symptomatic of a vague air of menace that is always about you in the White Highlands. For this is the Mau Mau country, and it was in these highlands that, until quite recently, farmers sat at dinner with loaded and cocked revolvers on the table. It was a favorite device of the Mau Mau to slip into a family's dining room behind the servants, so the door from the kitchen was kept locked on the inside. To gain admittance, a servant would knock, and the farmer, revolver in hand, would rise from the table, unlock the door, and, returning to his seat, call out an order to enter. Then the servant, with the revolver pointed steadily at his heart, would place the food on the table, and after he had left, the door would be locked behind him. Settlers never sat before a window; they slept in the far corner of their bedrooms, and many of them changed bedrooms every night. Four years went by like that.

The "emergency," as it is called, is now almost over. You still hear of ambushes along the roads, but the members of the Kikuyu tribe—the main source of the disturbance—have been rounded up and installed in newly built, carefully supervised villages. (The white settlers, incidentally, miss the Kikuyus very much, for they were the best of domestic servants, the best of farm workers.) Moreover, every district now has its military garrison, and its barbed-wire compound with Mau Mau prisoners inside. And yet, despite these precautions, a palpable uneasiness persists. A friend of mine owns a farm in a remote valley in the White Highlands, and one evening he picked us up at our hotel and drove us out there. As we approached the house, he said wearily, "I wonder what's gone wrong while I've been away this time. There's always something."

This homecoming proved to be no exception. The staff, some six or seven Africans, were waiting for their employer with woebegone faces. "Kamau has gone," one of them said.

"Gone?" said my friend. "Where has he gone?"

"The police came and took him."

"But why?"

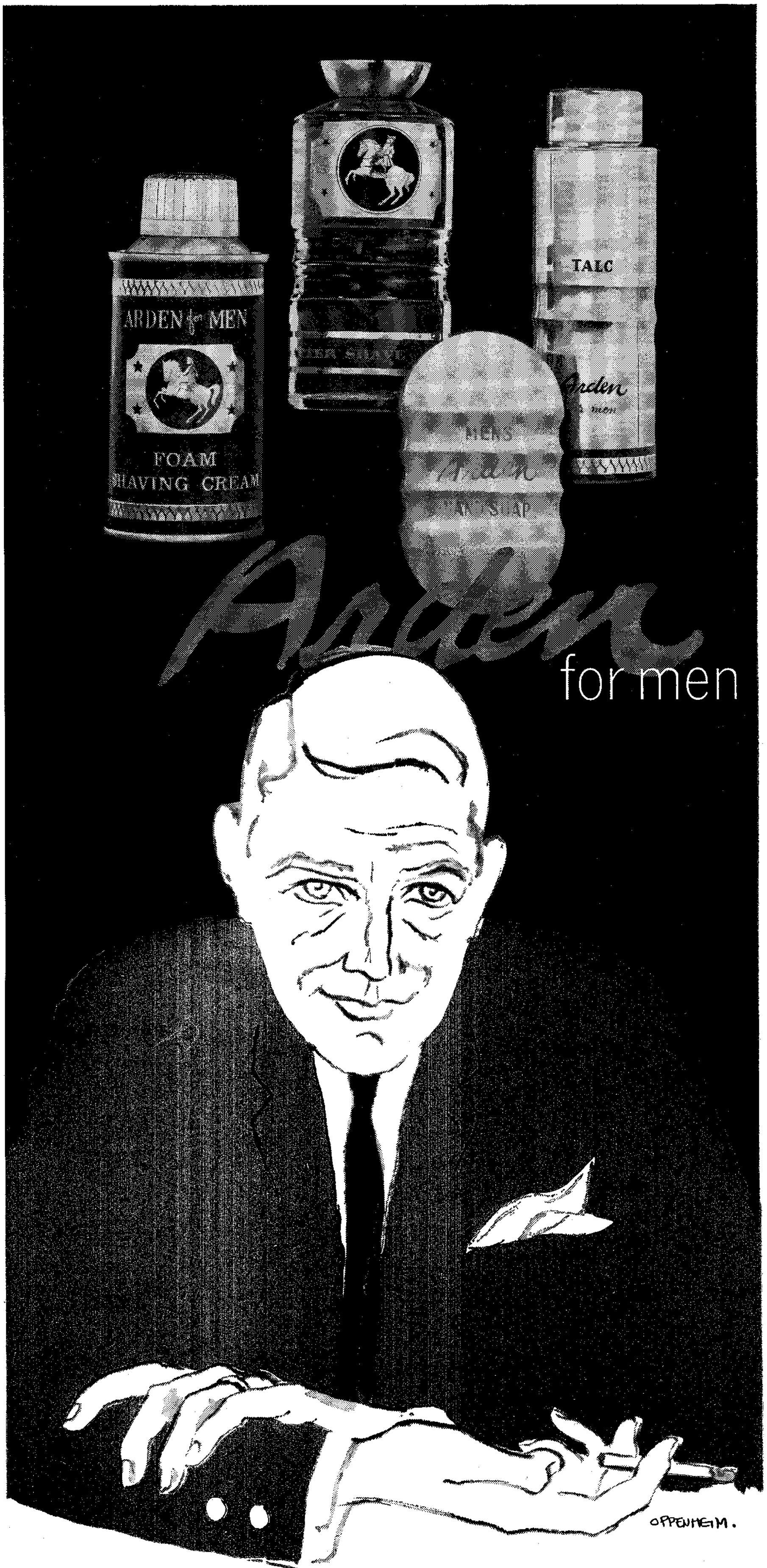
"They wouldn't tell us."

This was a serious matter to my friend, since Kamau was his head boy. Kamau alone was able to manage the milking machine; he knew every animal on the place, every acre of ground under cultivation. The farm could hardly function without him. So my friend put in an urgent call to the police, and they explained the matter in a moment. "Your head boy turns out to be a liban," he was told.

"But he can't be," my friend said. "He's been with me for years."

"We have the evidence."

The liban, or seer, is a vital part of the whole African pattern of witchcraft and ancestor worship. The word itself is borrowed from the Masai tribe, and has different applications among the various other tribes, but in general libans are members of a very small caste that embraces only a handful of families; no



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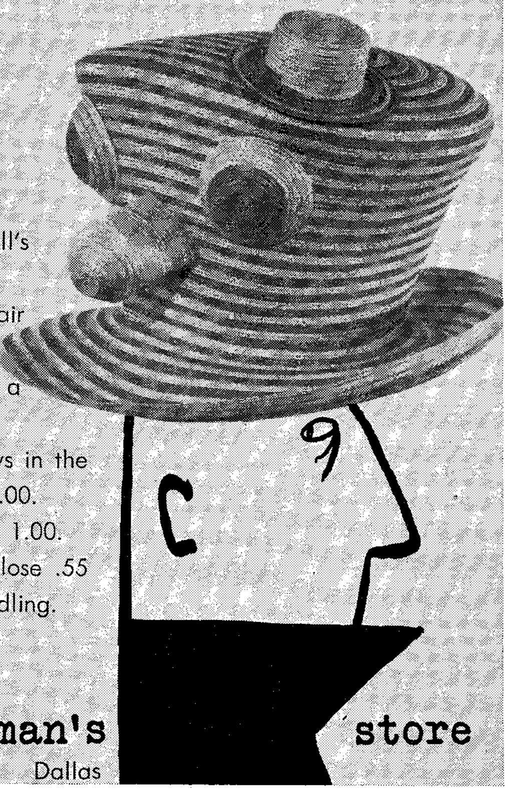

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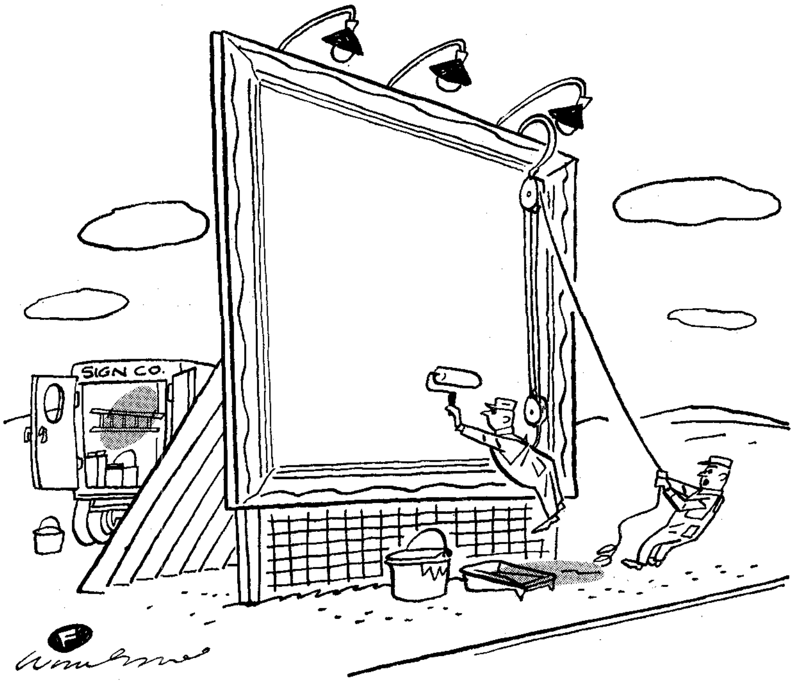

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person not born a liban can become one, nor can any liban ever divest himself of the title. A liban is not precisely a witch doctor, although he often acts like one. He is the *éminence grise* of his tribe. He cannot overrule the chief; on the other hand, it is most unlikely that the chief would ever act against his advice. Before a decision is made to attack another tribe, or to go on a cattle-stealing raid, or to embark upon any other major undertaking, the liban is asked for an opinion. He then dreams dreams and consults the nebulous divine being that constantly lurks among the instinctive fears of the African mind, after which he pronounces his yes or no. He gives the tribe's warriors little bags of sacred dust, which they tie to their daggers to ward off harm. If the attack or raid is a success, the liban gets the pick of the spoils; if it fails, he is sure to say that the warriors have not followed his instructions correctly. Whether or not libans are frauds depends to some extent on how one interprets the word—and to some extent on the individual liban. The chances are that most of them sincerely believe they possess supernatural powers. Nearly always, the liban is the most intelligent member of his tribe—a specialist who has spent his life analyzing human hopes and fears. Usually, he is also a very shrewd politician. In view of all this, it is easy to understand the importance of the libans in the Mau Mau rebellion. They may not have inspired the actual atrocities, but it can be safely assumed that they did not forbid them; no white man can be sure just how far they were committed. The British rounded up all known libans in the Mau Mau country quite early in the emergency, moved them and their families to a river island in another part of Kenya, and forbade them to leave it.

The head boy Kamau's plight, as he explained it to the police, was rather pathetic. He admitted that he had been a liban but insisted that he had never wanted to be one. He had been among those interned on the island, but he had escaped and eventually found his way to my friend's farm. He had since married and become a father, and his only wish was to live a normal life, like other men.

The police's answer to this was: Once a liban, always a liban; Kamau could not escape his destiny. He might be quite innocent, but his power over his fellow-tribesmen was always there. None of them would dare to disobey him, and who knew but that one night he might order them to butcher my friend and his family in their beds? The

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other Africans on the farm had been questioned, too, and, after at first strenuously denying that they were aware of the head boy's real identity, had broken down and admitted that they knew who he was and that they would do anything he told them to. (That, indeed, was why the farm had been run so well.)

The head boy was brought back to the farm by an escort of four African policemen, so that he could attend to the milking. Very thin, very black, and taller than the other Africans working on the place, he had a remarkably intelligent face, with high cheekbones, and black eyes that were barely visible through two narrow slits. His fingers were long and delicate. Wearing shorts and a khaki sweater, he stood trembling on the lawn in front of the farmhouse—trembling perhaps with fear at the thought of imprisonment and the ruin of the new life he had been making for himself, or perhaps merely at the shock of his arrest. The four policemen escorting him were trembling, too; it was obvious that they were afraid that at any moment this rare and dangerous spirit might by some act of magic elude them. As for the other farm workers, including Kamau's wife, who held an infant in her arms, they kept their eyes averted from the prisoner; they could not help suspecting that one of their number—possibly even his wife—had given the liban away to the police, and it was an awful thing. None of them by their expressions showed any inclination to question the rightness of the police in making the arrest; they all seemed to accept it as an act of fate—terrible but unalterable. They just stood there, hardly speaking to one another, and the liban never looked at his wife and child. Finally, the farm workers all went off, murmuring in a queer, fatalistic way, and disappeared at the bottom of the garden. Then the head boy, still under guard, started up the milking machine.

As we again headed westward, flamingos appeared on the scene, providing perhaps the most colorful sight in all Africa. Tens of thousands of them were trooping about in the shallows of a lake on the outskirts of the town of Nakuru. We saw them first from about five miles away, and they formed a solid bank of the palest pink on the water. Then, as we drew nearer, driving through a stand of fever trees, the color grew stronger and we could distinguish the individual birds, each attached to its own reflection in the lake. The flamingo is a sight at once comic

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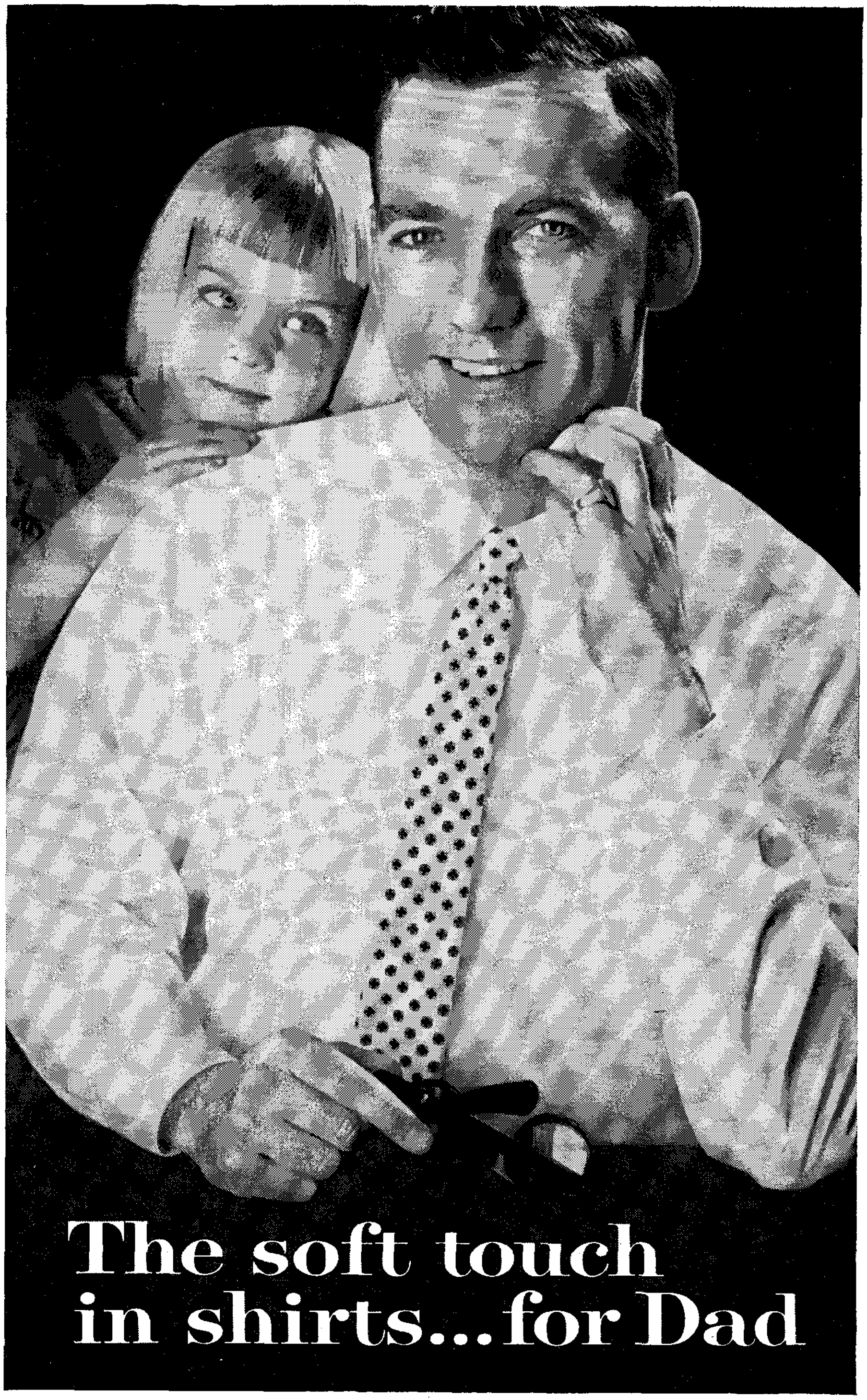

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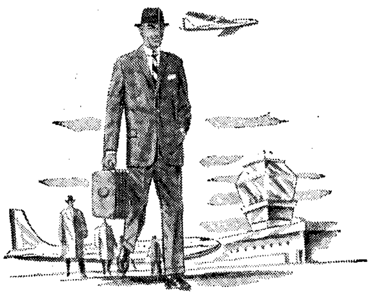

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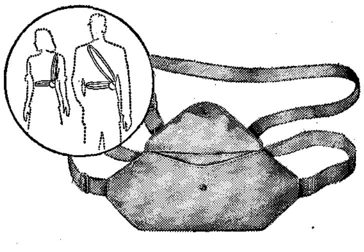

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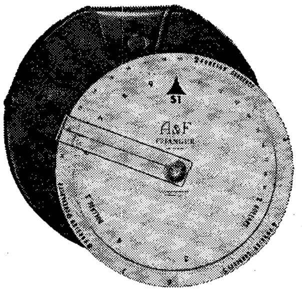

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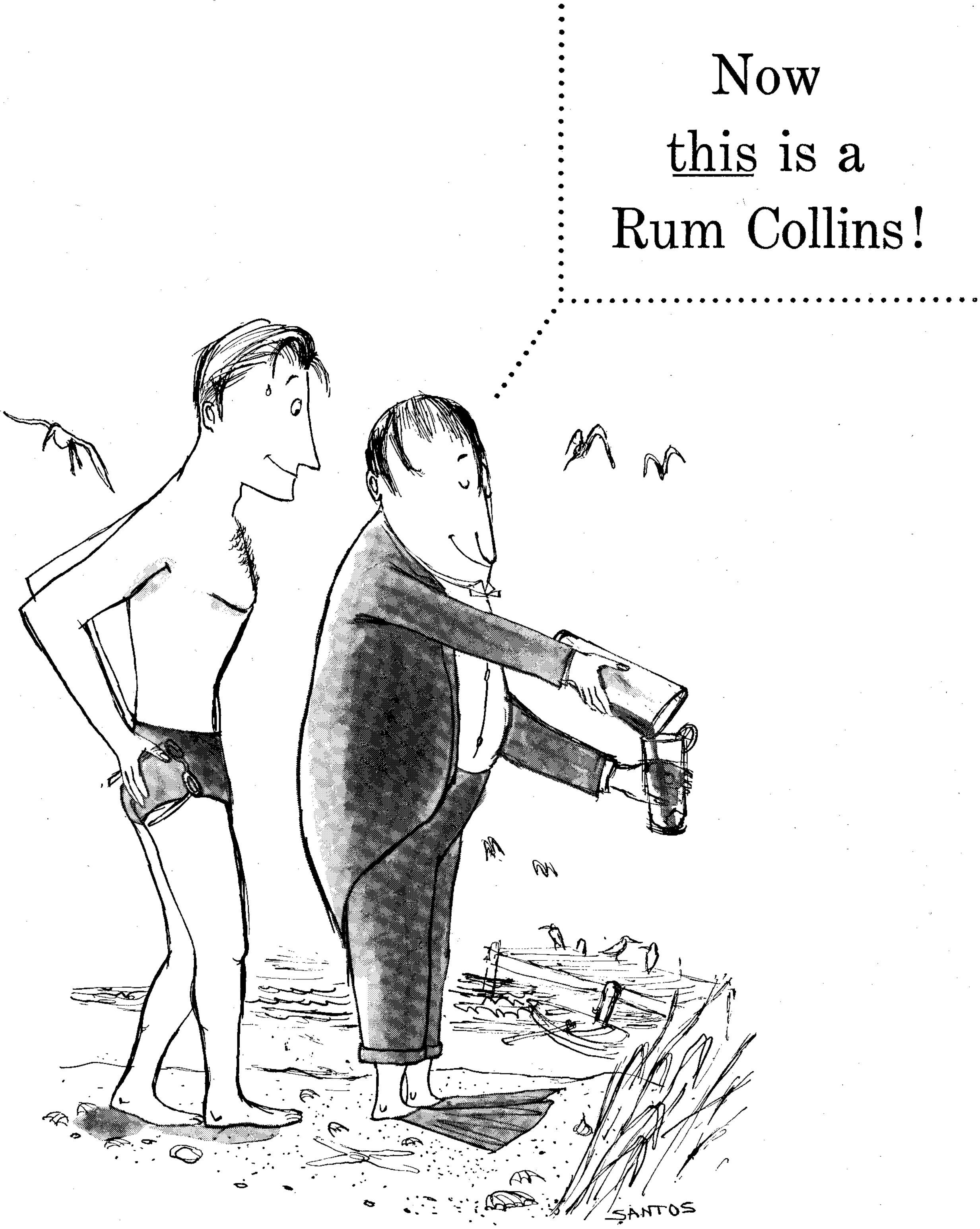
and beautiful as it goes searching for fish, with its ugly, lumpish head gliding along the surface of the water at the end of a long, writhing neck—all very reminiscent of Tenniel's drawings of the preposterous game of croquet in "Alice in Wonderland." If you shout and run toward the birds, they take off awkwardly, pacing forward on their long legs until they have sufficient momentum to use their wings. Once in the air, they fly very quietly; a dense mass of them passed over our heads at twenty feet, and there was nothing to be heard but a soft rush of air, like a summer breeze disturbing the leaves of a tree. When they want to land again, they wheel into the wind and touch down with a series of quick little trotting steps, which continue for a dozen yards or so, until the impulse of the flight is lost. When a thousand or more alight together in this way, they make a helter-skelter in the water that sounds like falling hail. Such scenes are beautiful beyond belief, and at times they fill one with an intense love of Africa.

After Nakuru, we went on to Kisumu, on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria, and there, just as we boarded a steamer that was to take us across the lake to Uganda, the rains broke. This was not yet the real thing—the storm lasted only half an hour and was succeeded by a fortnight of good weather—but it seemed at the time that nature must have gone a bit insane. The lake turned black as ink, a wild wind rushed about in circles, and the sky itself joined the waves in one solid wall of water. Then, in an instant, it was all over. Our boat got under way, and when we woke early the next morning, far out on the lake, the clouds had rolled back to the mountaintops. Towering in the east was a precipice of bright-orange light, and along the horizon was a layer of color shading from lavender to the purest apple green. Here, presently, the sun came up. A young otter was diving for fish alongside the boat, and each time its sleek head rose to the surface, its fur turned scarlet in the morning light.

OUR main purpose in visiting Uganda was to see two big-game preserves that have recently been established there, near the Belgian Congo border. The larger of these, Murchison Falls Park (named for Sir Roderick Murchison, a nineteenth-century president of the Royal Geographical Society), lies at the northern end of Lake Albert, which is one of the sources of the White Nile, and the other preserve, Queen Elizabeth Park, lies two hundred miles to the south, near Lake Edward and under the peaks of Ruwenzori and the Mountains of the Moon. We hired a car in Entebbe, where our steamer landed, and set out, making first for Queen Elizabeth Park, and there, just as we arrived late one afternoon, we saw our first wild elephants—a pair of them. We had turned a corner, and there they were, grazing not twenty yards from our car. As elephants go, there was, I am sure, nothing very remarkable about this couple. They were medium-sized beasts, their tusks were rather short, and they were doing nothing more noteworthy than feeding on a clump of bushes with that unruffled aldermanic dignity one usually associates with the species. But the intensity of the sensations that are almost bound to overtake anyone on first seeing elephants close at hand in their natural surroundings is not governed by the appearance or conduct of the animals themselves. We experienced a brief moment of panic, of course, but then we stopped the car and presently became absorbed in the simple act of watching. Elephants, when they are not being hunted or otherwise disturbed, create a curious area of calm in the bush; a kind of hush surrounds them, an air of quiet inevitability, and this, in turn, seems to have a reassuring effect not only on you, the observer, but on all the animals—the zebras, the wildebeests, and even the ordinarily flighty wart hogs—that may happen to be grazing near them. This calm is not the dull calm of a herd of munching buffaloes but, rather, one that conveys a sense of fastidiousness, of great power used very gently and deliberately. These same intangibles are present to a limited degree among the elephants in a circus or menagerie, but nothing about those animals is comparable to the delicacy with which a wild elephant selects and breaks off the exact bunch of leaves he wants and then stows it neatly away into his tricorne mouth with a rhythmical, pendulum motion of his trunk. He stands there, lording it over the open plain for everyone to see, and his perambulation to the river for his midday bath is a progress in the grand manner—not a stealthy, nervous business, as it is with the other animals. From midmorning to midafternoon, except when he is bathing, he dozes on his feet, sometimes in the shade, more often in full sunshine, gently swaying from side to side and now and then flapping his huge ears. Toward evening, he starts grazing, and dawn finds him feeding still; nor does he stop until he is ready to start his daytime siesta. In the course of a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long life of sixty or seventy years, he has his full share of the miseries as well as the grandeurs of existence—toothache and thirst, mating and fighting. He can hardly be blamed for such troubles as come his way, for if left to himself he is a genuine non-aggressor. He threatens nobody, and, apart from the rather wasteful way he knocks down trees and crops, he causes no annoyance.

Since elephants are so big, I had more or less expected to find them living in a setting of corresponding proportions—vast forests, with towering mountains in the background. But here in the park the trees were widely scattered and not very impressive, and we were told that only at certain brief seasons of the year does the grass grow as high as an elephant's eye. Although elephants may not be as decorative as giraffes or as dramatic as lions, we never tired of watching them, even on days when they appeared in hundreds and became as commonplace a sight as cattle. They were always easy to approach. That bright, alert eye turns out to be very weak; objects barely a hundred yards away are seen only in blurred outline, and it is by his acute senses of smell and hearing that the elephant is made aware of an intruder. As you drive up near a herd of elephants, every one of them will turn and face in your direction, and then, like ballet dancers in slow motion, they will execute a short series of changes in the pattern of their positions. The herd knows from experience that the big bulls are most likely to be shot at (because of their valuable tusks), so these move into the center of the group. The females, meanwhile, take up their stand on the periphery, and as they do so, they gather in the young calves and shoo them to the center among the bulls. As a rule, the calves don't like this very much—it is hot and stuffy in there—and they keep straying out between their mothers' legs. But the mothers are ready for them and, with a casual movement of their trunks, push them back in again. It is quite easy to tell when you have got too close to an elephant. His ears fan out like sails, his trunk stretches rigidly in your direction, and then, as he starts to charge, he doubles it back behind a tusk. The charge is deceptively fast—elephants can travel at about twenty miles an hour—but, provided you are prepared for it and the engine of your car does not stall, you are in no danger. The animal will not follow you very far.

Rennie Bere, the director of the Uganda National Parks, lives at the Queen Elizabeth, and he told us how the elephants there had once outsmarted

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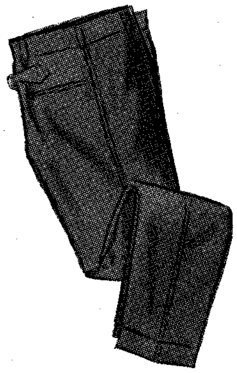

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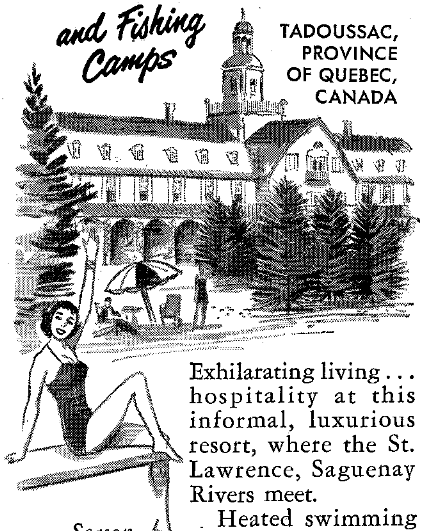

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the authorities in charge of the preserve. The animals, it seems, took to strolling through the visitors' camp at night, causing considerable alarm among the guests—usually thirty or forty of them—who happened to be sleeping there. An ordinary fence would, of course, have been useless, so a single-strand electric fence, capable of giving a smart shock, was strung up around the camp. For economy, the electric current in the camp was turned off at eleven each night, but it was thought that the elephants had enough intelligence to stay away all night once they had come up against the live wire during the evening. And for a while the elephants did stay away, but then it developed that they had too much intelligence, for they took to waiting around just outside the camp until they saw the lights go out, and then they sauntered in, stepping over the wire on their way. Recently, however, they seem to have grown bored with this sport, and have moved off to feed in other directions.

Later on, at Tsavo Park, in Kenya, we got to know two young elephants—a male and a female—fairly well. David Sheldrick, the warden there, had found them wandering about, lost, when they were babies, and had undertaken to rear them. To protect them from marauding lions, he stabled them at night. The male made constant trouble. He disliked being locked up at night, and he bullied the smaller female, grabbing all the best of the food and fetching her hard slaps across the hindquarters when she tried to get a little of it for herself. Sheldrick attempted to remedy the situation by erecting a partition to provide the animals with separate stalls, but at once there was a fearful uproar, and all night long the elephants thrashed about, complaining. The next day, Sheldrick cut a small window in the partition, and then they subsided. That night, the male put his trunk through the hole and the female laid her trunk on his. And so they slept. But the male still loathed being locked up at night, and it was not long before he discovered how to reach out with his trunk and slide back the bolt on the door of his stall. Then he went around to the female's stall and let her out, too.

Bere told us that while the elephants at the Queen Elizabeth now kept their distance from the camp, he was currently having his troubles with intrusive hippopotamuses. The lakes in Queen Elizabeth Park contain the greatest concentration of these animals

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in the world. As soon as dusk falls, thousands upon thousands of them heave their huge grayish-pink bodies out of the water, and throughout the night they graze on the grass slopes along the banks. Hippopotamuses are not dangerous as a rule, but they can move with surprising agility, and it is always unwise to get between them and the water. We dined with Bere one evening, and when it came time to leave, he insisted on driving us home, even though our hut was only a couple of hundred yards from his house. The night was so still and peaceful that I could not believe that any animal even approaching the size of a hippopotamus could be close at hand. But the instant Bere switched on his headlights a huge form reared up before us and went crashing away between the guest huts.

To see the hippopotamuses most advantageously at the Queen Elizabeth it's best to take a launch and cruise out among them. They are torpid beasts. Most of the day they appear to do nothing very much except lie close to the surface of the lake, gently submerging and rising again, and they call attention to themselves from quite a way off by their faint but penetrating odor, which is like that of a sewer. All around you, as the launch proceeds, you see pairs of watching eyes barely protruding out of the water. Each pair gazes moistly at you as you approach, then vanishes, and the hippopotamus swims off underwater, while you follow his course by a sequence of small bubbles that rise to the surface. (He can stay under for as long as six minutes.) When his head reappears, he gives his batlike ears a quick flip, and small blue geysers of water rise from his monstrous nostrils. For the most part, these animals live in colonies; it is not uncommon to see groups of fifty or more wallowing around together in muddy shallows—and a muddy hippopotamus is the muddiest thing in the world. Often they will suddenly start talking among themselves, conversing by means of short, deep, monosyllabic moos in which there is a note of protest, and it's quite a pleasant thing to have these mournful discussions follow you down the lake.

Bere assured me that hippopotamuses are not nearly as placid as they look. They fight each other ferociously, he said, and, indeed, I soon began to notice that many of them were scarred and torn about the back and shoulders, where huge chunks of flesh had been wrenched out. You notice these wounds most when the immense beasts lumber ashore. Frequently, I saw hippopota-

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muses rear up in the water in pairs and meet head on, their mouths (there are none bigger) wide open, each trying to stretch its jaws farther apart than the other's. But whether these antics were preliminaries to battle or to courtship—if, indeed, they had any significance at all—I cannot say.

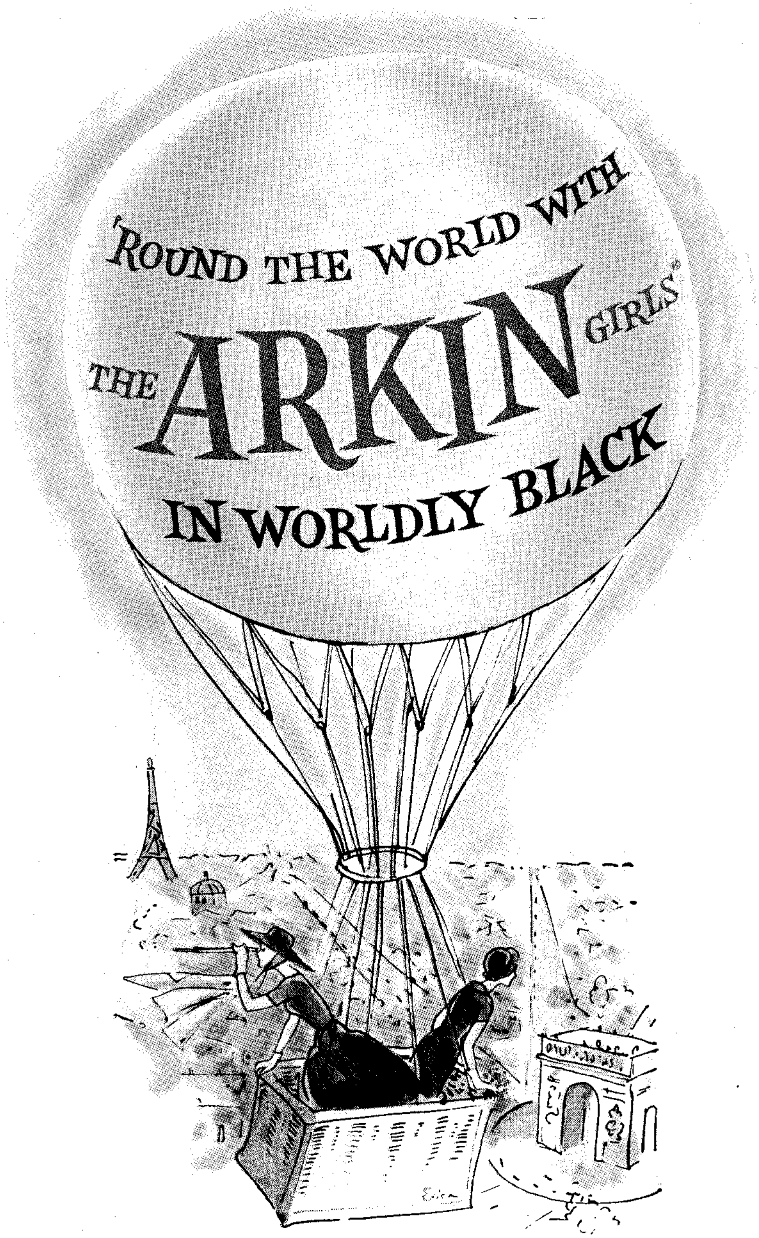
Possibly the most dangerous animal in the bush is a wounded buffalo, according to Bere; it may even charge a car, and when that great boss between its horns strikes at a certain angle, the machine is pretty well bound to tip over. But by and large, Bere said, buffaloes are extremely sluggish, and to prove it he drove us right through a herd of a couple of hundred of them one day. What really reassured us about this sally was that the car we were in was a rather grand one, which had been specially built for Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh when they visited the park, in 1952, and we felt sure that Bere wouldn't run any risk of getting it so much as scratched. And, sure enough, hardly a buffalo even moved. Of all the buffaloes we saw in the park, I remember the old bulls best, because they were so pathetic. Their beauty, their usefulness, their virility—all were gone, and they had been cast out of the herd. They wandered about alone over a particularly dreary low-lying plain—the buffalo equivalent of an old-age pensioners' home—and they stared at us rheumily and distrustfully. One by one, they would all die there, and the hyenas would eat them. They were simply waiting from day to day for the end to come.

In some ways, I liked Queen Elizabeth Park more than any other we visited. Each morning, we woke to such a fantasy of bird life that the eye at times grew dull from watching so many bright streaks of color in the air. The smaller the birds, the brighter they seemed, particularly the pygmy kingfishers, gleaming with every possible hue, the lilac-breasted rollers, the canary-yellow weaverbirds, and the green bee eaters; the wings of one species, no bigger than an inkwell, were ornamented with a batik pattern of the clearest black and white. Always, when I opened the door of our hut at dawn, a marabou stork would be standing just outside—a revolting creature to anyone except a besotted bird lover, what with its pendulous crop hanging from its scraggy neck, and a look of pure bile in its eye. White fish eagles rose above us, often with a half-eaten perch in their claws, and we had only to go down to the edge of the lake to see many hundreds of birds, of such species as the Egyptian goose (the same bird that was carved in wood in Tutankhamen's tomb), the darter (spreading out its wings to dry), the pelican, the ibis, the lily-trotter (a bird that lives up to its name, its long splay claws depressing the floating leaves as if they were the keys of a piano), and the goliath heron (a misleading name to give to a creature that has the slenderness and elegance of a Grecian vase).

THE Murchison Park is not so rich in bird life as the Queen Elizabeth, but it has the advantage of being even more remote. It is situated in a region made famous by the exploits of two of the most tenacious of African explorers—Sir Samuel Baker and his wife. It is getting on for a hundred years since the Bakers made their way down to this northwestern corner of Uganda, searching for the sources of the Nile. On March 14, 1864, they sighted Lake Albert, until then known to white men only by hearsay as an inland sea, and three weeks later they discovered Murchison Falls, on the Victoria Nile. It took them a year to get back to civilization (for months a local chieftain held them virtually captive in the arid country that is now the southern part of the park), and they very nearly died before they made it.

Mrs. Baker, especially, had an awful time. She wore long Victorian skirts throughout the ordeal, and they would become soaked with morning dew and drag her to the ground. Once, she was unconscious with fever for a week or more, and just when they got within sight of Lake Albert, the goal of their expedition, she was sucked into a quagmire. But somehow she extricated herself and, with her husband, limped on to the rim of the lake. "It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene," Baker later wrote. "My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trodden upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Caesar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile that received *every drop of water*, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa to the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!"

When it was all over and the cou-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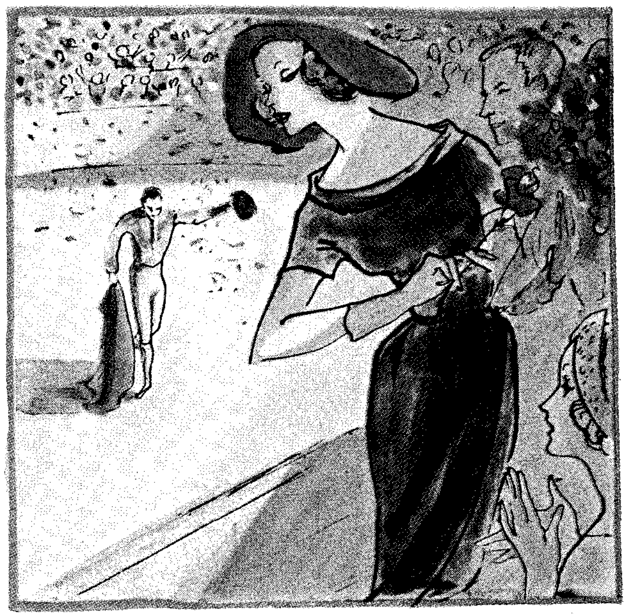

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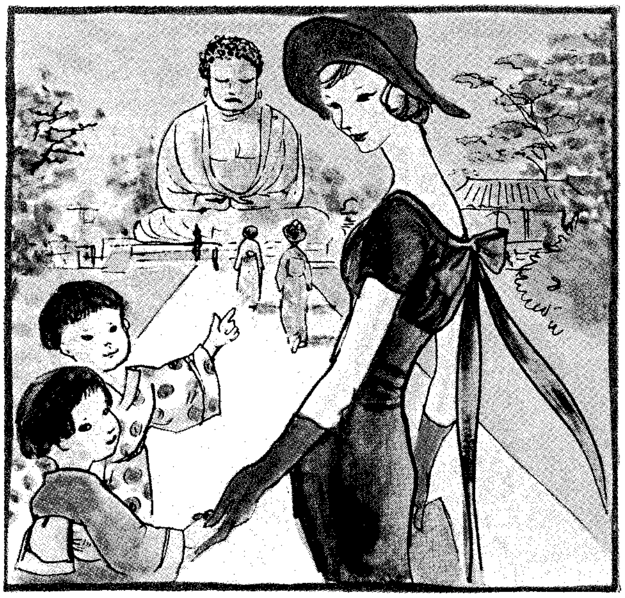

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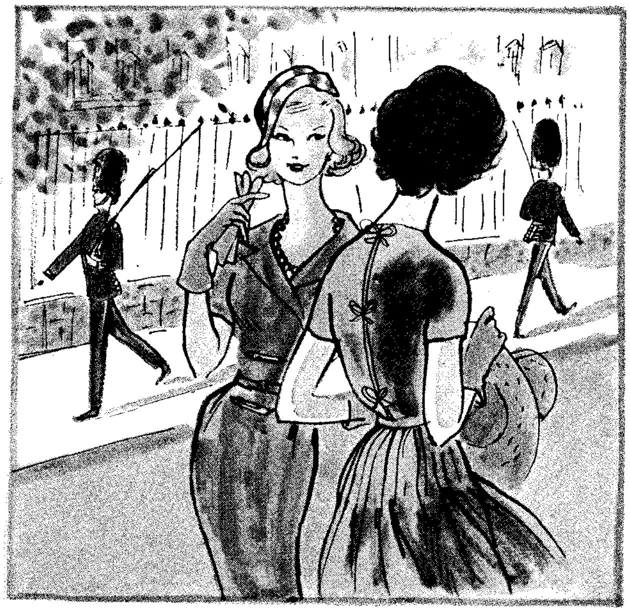

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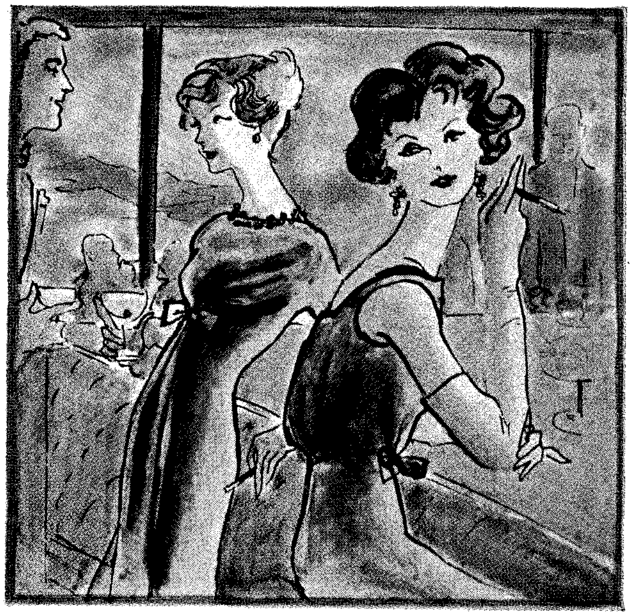

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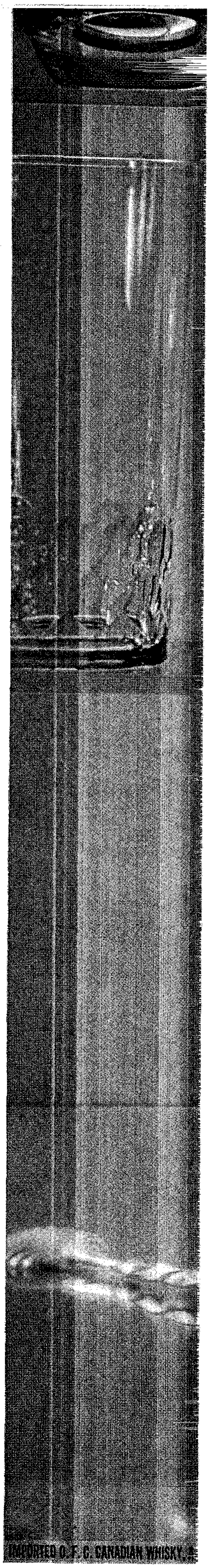
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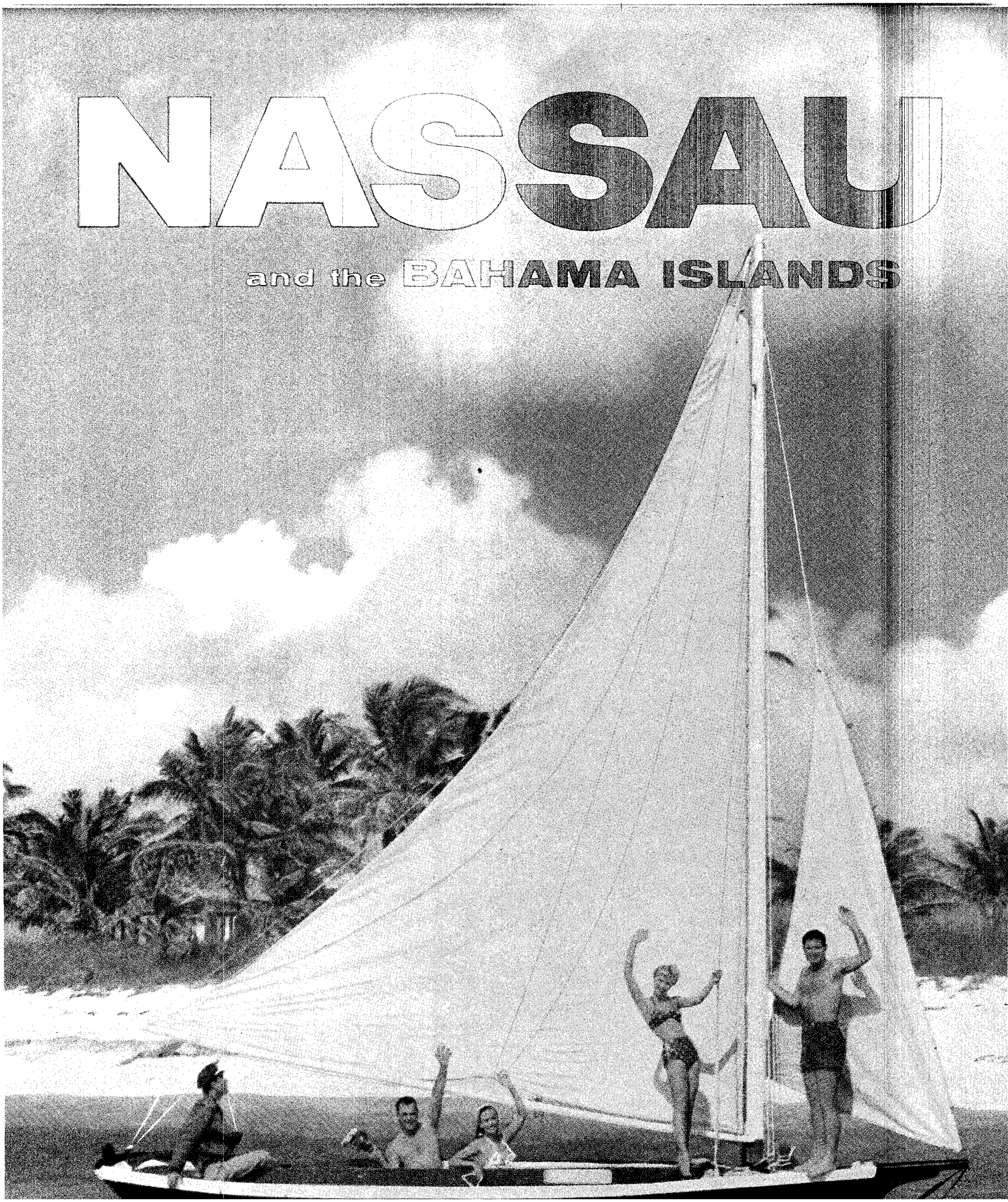
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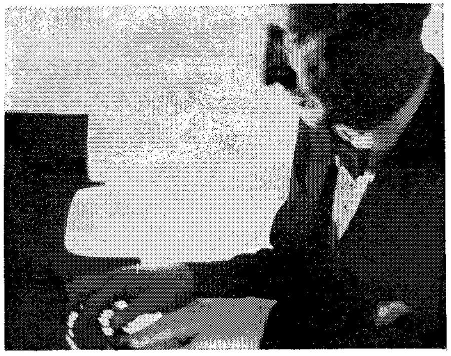

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ple were back in Egypt, Baker asked himself, "Had I really come from the Nile Sources? It was no dream. A witness sat before me; a face still young, but bronzed like an Arab by years of exposure to a burning sun; haggard and worn with toil and sickness, and shaded with cares, happily now past; the devoted companion of my pilgrimage, to whom I owed success and life—my wife." On returning to England, Baker was knighted and awarded the Royal Geographical Society's Gold Medal. Except for the rather important differences that the hostile chieftains have now been subdued and that one can get about the countryside in an automobile, nothing much has happened to change the scene that Baker found so glorious. At Murchison Falls, the Victoria Nile bursts through a ravine like water running out of a bath, precisely as it was doing in 1864. (It was just below the falls that Ernest Hemingway and his wife crashed in a small aircraft a couple of years ago, and were lucky enough to be promptly picked up by a passing launch.) The tsetse fly, with its threat of sleeping sickness, has discouraged any attempts to develop the area.

We entered the park by driving north from the town of Masindi on a single-track road that cuts through very wild terrain, and we were obliged to stop several times to allow herds of elephants to cross in front of us. Jackson's hartebeests—beautiful creatures with backward-sloping horns and bright-golden-red coats—were everywhere. Storks, on their migratory flight from the Cape to Europe, use the park as a major way station; they circled above us in such fantastic numbers that the sky turned dark, and toward nightfall, when they came spiralling down, they covered the ground like locusts for half a mile on either side of us. On reaching the Victoria Nile, we sounded our car horn to summon a ferry that would fetch us across to the visitors' camp on the opposite side, and while we were waiting for it we saw, for the first time in Africa, the wet snouts and eyes of crocodiles, floating in the placid river. Crocodiles are the principal attraction of Murchison Park. They are there in great abundance, and by taking a launch up to Murchison Falls you can observe them very closely on the sandbanks lining the river, where they lie all day with their mouths gaping open. Not until you are within thirty or forty yards of them do they rear up on their short legs and, with a waddling motion reminiscent of a clockwork toy, slither into the muddy water, disappearing at once beneath a

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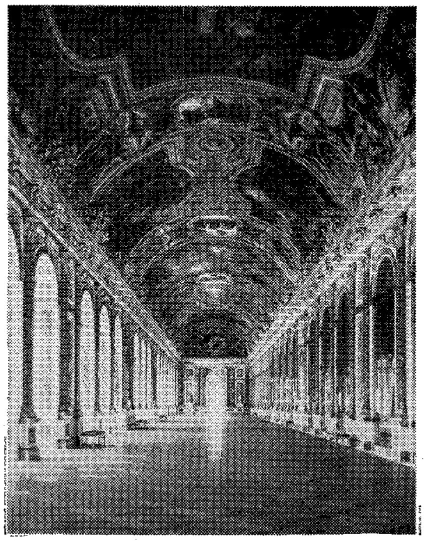

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surface covering of millions of little floating Nile lettuces.

With the possible exception of hyenas, crocodiles must be the meanest creatures in the African wilds. They never attack head on, nor do they try to defend their positions on the sandbanks, even when their eggs lie buried there; as soon as you land near them, into the water they go. It is unwise, however, to stand close to a river inhabited by them, particularly at dusk. It is not that a crocodile will lunge out at you with open jaws; instead, having scrutinized you carefully from midstream, he will swim underwater into the shallows near the shore, and then, with a sudden scythelike movement of his tail, sweep you into the water, where he can devour you at leisure. An African boy employed in the park had been taken like this a few days before we arrived, and we were told that baby elephants coming down to the river to drink frequently meet their end in just this way, while their mothers rage along the bank, quite powerless to retaliate.

The crocodile has its own mortal enemies, principally in its developmental stages. Not many of the sixty or seventy eggs—white, soft-shelled, and a little larger than those of a goose—that the female lays in a hole in a sandbank remain intact long enough to hatch. Having laid them, the mother covers them with sand, and then, as a rule, departs. This is the moment for the monitor lizard to creep out of the undergrowth, scrape the sand away, and gorge himself. Even if the nest is not discovered, the young crocodiles that emerge from it need a good deal of luck to survive. Upon hatching, they come struggling to the surface of the sand—six-inch-long, rubbery things—and hurry toward the water, hissing and snapping as they run. But, standing in the shallows beside the bank, the marabou stork, with his hard, hangman's eye, is waiting to receive them. With the speed of swordplay, his long bill flicks at them, and if you care to watch, you can descry the wriggling passage of the baby crocodiles down the bird's scrawny throat. Sometimes, however, the mother crocodile will try to defend her young at this crucial moment, and the ensuing contest is fascinating to witness. The marabou, with elaborate unconcern, stands in about six inches of water, gazing intently into it as he waits for the next tidbit to come swimming toward him, and about twenty yards away the mother crocodile glares at him—just two murderous eyes barely raised above the surface of the stream. Then, silently,

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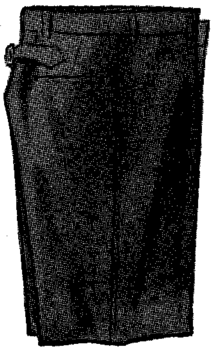

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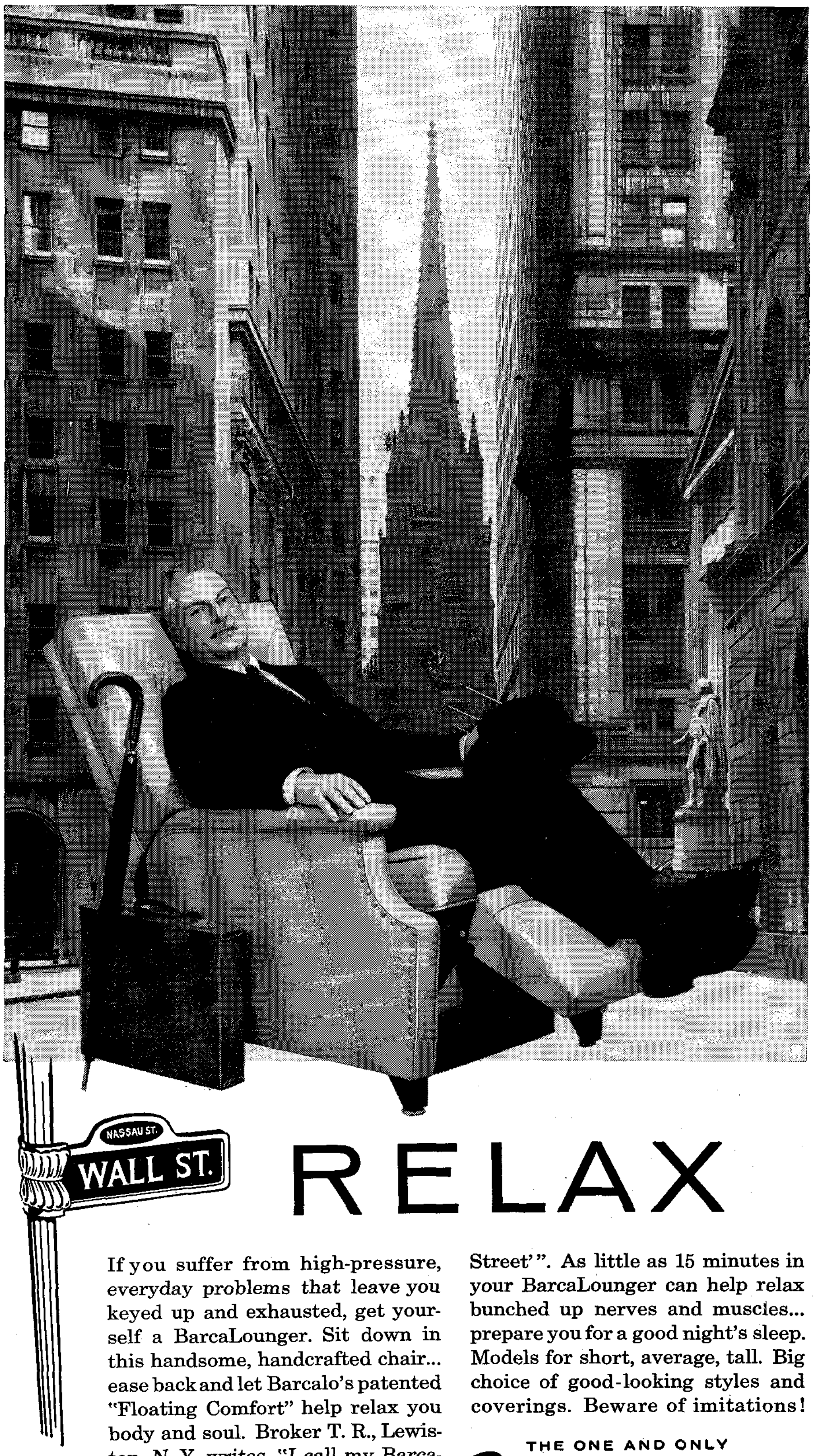
she submerges, and rises about ten yards from the marabou. The bird appears not to notice her. And, having shrewdly calculated her distance, the mother again submerges. This time, she is closing in for the kill. It is now a matter of about two seconds before the strike, but in those two seconds the marabou casually takes a backward step. At almost the same instant, the tremendous jaws of the crocodile rear up out of the river and snap together on empty air at the exact spot just vacated by the marabou. Green water streaming off her back, the crocodile subsides into the river once more, and the bird, with the same ingenuous air and without having once lifted his eyes from the water at his feet, resumes his intermittent meal.

Looking back, I cannot remember that I ever wanted to intervene in one of these encounters; I rather wanted to see a marabou get caught someday (I never did), but that was simply a desire for excitement, not motivated by any real sympathy for the crocodile. In Africa, you develop a curious indifference toward such matters, and come to dismiss even the most brutal acts by saying, "Oh, well, it's the law of nature. It's bound to happen anyway." You lie back on the deck of the launch, with grunting hippopotamuses all around you and a sky of tremendous, rolling thunderclouds overhead, and watch a family of elephants coming down to the river to bathe, or a line of hartebeests galloping against the horizon, or a fish flopping lazily in the water, and when a fellow-passenger cries out, "Look! Over there!," you follow the line of his pointing finger half hoping that something dramatic is going on—a fight between two rutting antelopes, some act of murder. On the ceiling of our hut at the Murchison there was a frightening little lizard, colored so crudely in bright gold and vermilion that he looked as if some reckless Impressionist had been at work on him. It was the preoccupation of this monster to steal up on wasps and beetles, and, with one terrifying, crunching snap, swallow them alive. Often, I could have warned the victims in time. But I never did. There is a sense of inevitability about such things, giving you the feeling that since they *do* happen it is right that they *should* happen.

With certain exceptions, we thought that the Africans in isolated places like Murchison Park seemed rather happier than those in the more settled, Europeanized areas. They were simpler people, and much readier to smile. We found this true to an even greater degree after we left the park and drove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north to the little township of Arua, which lies in an enclave of Uganda that is wedged in between the Belgian Congo and the Sudan. Here we saw that rarest of all sights in present-day Africa—people living more or less in a state of nature. To be sure, not much of the region is now very primitive, for the ubiquitous Indian traders have not overlooked Arua, and in consequence most of the men there wear the horrible uniform that civilization has bestowed on the continent—a tattered cotton shirt and a pair of derelict shorts. But in the smaller villages many of the women working in the fields still wear only a couple of clumps of leaves—one aft and the other before—attached to a thong around the waist. It is a costume that is gathered fresh from the trees each day, and it is quite astonishingly gay and chic. Nearly always, the young girls carry water gourds or brightly colored bundles on their heads as they walk, and their greeting is a wide-open, toothy smile. To my vagrant mind, the scene was like nothing so much as some of the lusher spectacles in the Folies-Bergère. There seemed to be no definite rules about the matter of clothing. In some tribes east of Arua, the women, far from going naked, dress in long, shroud-like cloaks, while the men wear next to nothing. Then again, just a few miles to the west there are villages in which both men and women have a passion for flowing robes of the most hectic hues. On every woman's back—and the word "every" is hardly an exaggeration—rides a baby secured by a sling of cotton cloth. (Even now, I find it difficult to think of that region without conjuring up a vision of innumerable little black cannon-ball heads pressed against their mothers' shoulder blades.)

JUST over the Belgian Congo border is the great Albert Game Park. Since no Africans are allowed to live in it, there is little going and coming, and the Belgian customs guard at the border leads a solitary life, surrounded by mountains that spread away tumultuously in the distance. We found him very eager to make conversation. "See that slope up there?" he said. "Fifty elephants passed that way this morning." And, again, "We had a leopard here last week." Then, at last, "Would you like to come and see my garden?" It was a splendid garden, blooming with custard apples, hibiscus, wild tulips, and bananas, and over it hung the incredibly sweet scent of Chinese lilac. But it was not enough to beguile loneliness, to keep *le cafard* at bay. As the customs man handed back my passport,

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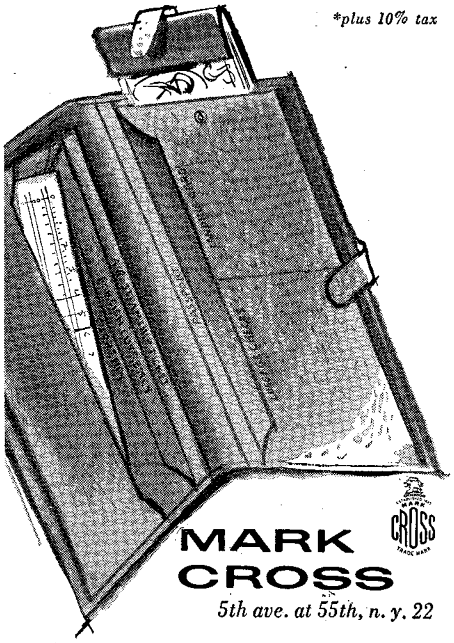

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he said, "I see you were born in Australia. That must be a wonderful country."

"Parts of it are quite like Africa in many ways," I replied.

He looked at me in dismay.

This besetting loneliness in the midst of natural abundance is a recurring theme all through Central Africa. Most of the officials of the game preserves are dedicated men who have undertaken their jobs chiefly because they are fond of wildlife, and possibly also because they are captivated by Africa itself. For days, even weeks, on end, they are out in the bush, where they see no one but their African assistants and an occasional band of tribesmen. Their houses on the preserves are likely to be lonely places, too—especially during the wet season, when no visitors arrive. These houses are generally modern single-story brick bungalows, such as you might see in any newly developed garden suburb of a Western city, and the interiors of most of them have a homey look that is quite startling in the middle of the wilderness—bright chintz curtains at the windows, books and bookcases, easy chairs and cushions, a pile of magazines of the *Good Housekeeping* and *House & Garden* variety, a shower with a plastic screen. Everything suggests a woman's touch. But often there is no woman. It is not tactful to inquire about this, because there usually lurks in the background a familiar and painful story. Sure enough, there was a young wife for a while. She came out from Europe, and for the first year or two she seemed to love the place. She was engrossed in getting the house in order, and enjoyed the advantages of being an official's wife in Africa—the car they could never have afforded at home, the extra money to spend, the domestic servants. At first, too, there may even have been a certain attraction in having elephants and antelopes for neighbors, instead of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Robinson. But presently she began to miss the shops, the cinema down the road, the pleasure of talking to another woman—not necessarily a dozen other women; just one would have been enough. There was no point in wearing a new dress, and there were no guests to invite to the large new dining table. And so eventually—driven by hopeless boredom, by a half-guilty hysteria of loneliness—she went back home. The husband remains. He remains a little unhappily, perhaps, but by now Africa has become his life.

In many ways, the Belgians in the Congo have made a better effort to meet this problem than have the neighboring British. When Africa has had

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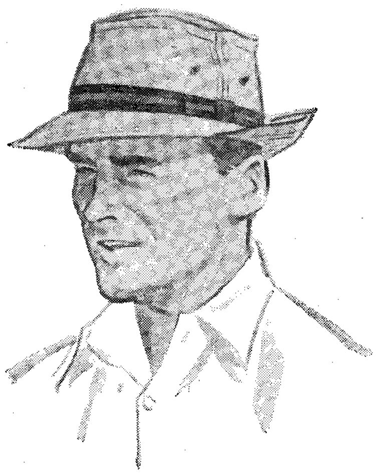
a tendency to press too heavily on the Belgians, they have resolutely shut it out—or, rather, they have taken hold of Africa and forced it to conform to their own designs. They have made a tremendous effort to approximate as closely as they can the life they left behind them in Belgium—planting flower beds and vegetable gardens, dining on excellent food served with imported wine. In a way, they convey the impression that they are engaged in a military pageant of some kind. There is a great come and go of officials, with district commissioners arriving and departing in a flurry of uniforms and salutes, and a succession of parades and official banquets, at which Madame la Colonelle appears in a smart little ensemble that would be quite equal to a day's racing at Brussels or a weekend houseparty in the Ardennes. At the first light of morning, the African staffs of the Belgian game parks and hotels are drilled like squads of soldiers, to commands given by blasts of a bugle or a whistle. This is a symptom of another difference between the Belgian and the British way of doing things in Central Africa; the Belgians have imposed a regime of discipline—almost of subservience—on the Africans that goes far beyond anything the British have attempted. In the Belgian Congo, African men stop and raise their hats, or even salute, whenever a white traveller goes by—a display of deference one rarely sees in British East Africa.

In the part of the Congo we drove through, nature favors the Belgians more than it does the British in Uganda, which, in the main, is rather a sombre place, the prevailing color of the landscape, especially during the long dry seasons, being a dusty brown. The Congo, on the other hand, is green with a frantic greenness, and one's first impression on entering it from Uganda is of a certain lightening of the atmosphere—a sense of plenty and well-being. As might be expected in view of the Belgian tendency to make Africa seem as much like home as possible, the main road leading south from the lonely customs station on the Uganda border to the Ruwenzori area of the Congo is a modern boulevard, lined with neatly spaced palm trees and with plantations laid out in orderly fashion; if it weren't for the elephant grass, the occasional mud huts on either side, and the place names on the otherwise conventional road signs, you might think you were in Europe.

We stayed at one quite staggering hotel in the Belgian Congo. In addition to a bar of the French *bistro* type on its



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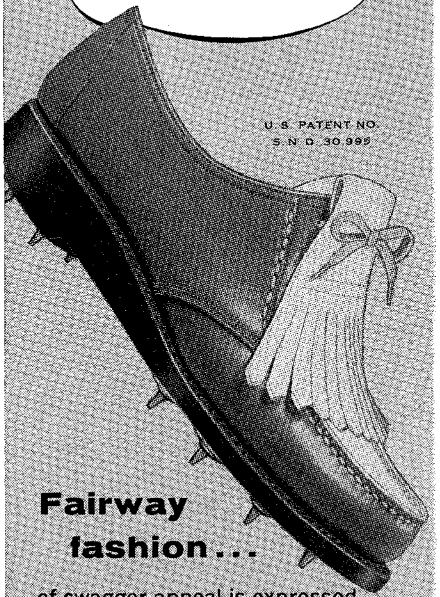

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veranda, it had a swimming pool and tennis court from which we could look straight up through driving mists at the perpetually snow-capped heights of the Ruwenzori range, some twelve thousand feet above, while waiters with drinks padded about among the guests. It was like being in tourist Europe—Lausanne, perhaps, with Mont Blanc looming overhead.

I remember all this luxury with particular clarity because on the next day we went to see the pygmies, and to my mind the pygmies are just about the most primitive sight in Africa. There was no difficulty in finding them. We simply drove a few miles down the road to a place called Beni, and at the sound of our car horn they came running out of the forest—dozens of them, men, women, and toy-size children. They were quite naked, and, being used to tourists, they came crowding around the car asking for money. There is, I suppose, a certain fascination about the *idea* of pygmies, but nobody in Africa—not even a much-travelled Englishwoman whom I had consulted in Johannesburg at the outset of our trip—had warned me what it would be like to meet them face to face. It is not so much their smallness that strikes you as it is their shape, and by no indulgence can this be called anything but repulsive. With their swollen stomachs, their spindly little legs, and their clutching hands, they remind you somewhat of the gnomes and gargoyles on medieval cathedrals in Europe. In all fairness, it must be admitted that the pygmies are friendly and cheerful people, and that they have the reputation of being able to move like shadows through the jungle. But I don't think I am curious about pygmies any more.

After this, we headed south just inside the Congo border, and a long day's drive brought us to Lake Kivu, where we stayed for a while before heading back to Nairobi. Kivu is a lovely body of green water, set among some of the most splendid forests and mountains of all Africa. Many of the mountains are active volcanoes, and you can see where the streams of lava have flowed down from them, burning up everything in their path and disappearing at last, hissing and steaming, into the lake. Tropical flowers bloom in this region with a special luxuriance, and the market places of the villages are ablaze with highly colored fruit. These, however, are not the chief things to catch your attention when you arrive at one of the lakeside tourist towns, such as Kisenyi; instead, it is the astonishing metamorphosis of Africa into Europe that has

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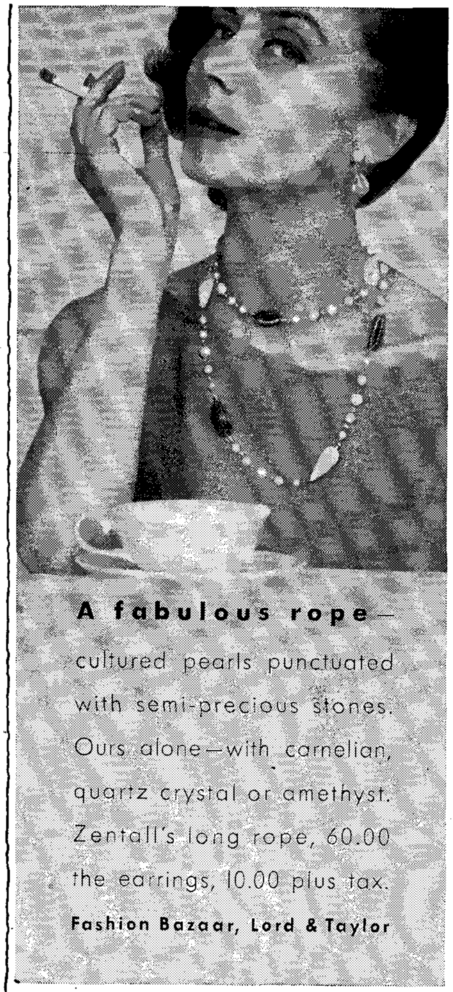
been brilliantly brought about. At Kisenyi, a boulevard flanked by flowering gardens has been built along the lake front, with a line of hotels and villas on one side and, on the other, a *plage* that is dotted during the day with bright-hued parasols, while out on the lake people may be seen diving from rafts and riding around in motorboats. A miniature-golf course has been laid out on the beach, and near it is a clubhouse from which the low moan of rock 'n' roll comes softly through the trees.

Lake Kivu, to be sure, is only a tiny dot in this immense landscape, and the rest of the Congo, a country one-third the size of the United States, is for the most part extremely wild and savage. Yet the place does give you a startling glimpse of the headlong pace at which things are happening in Africa now. Eighty years ago, no white man had so much as seen this lake, and the local chieftains might have been residing on the moon for all they knew about the outside world. Within living memory, Henry Morton Stanley, probably the greatest of all African explorers, very nearly died of starvation and exposure in these forests, and as recently as 1926 Carl Akeley, the American naturalist, led an expedition here in search of the mountain gorilla. (He died of fever, and was buried among the volcanoes above the lake.) All this sounds like the most improbable fantasy now. The change has been so abrupt that it has left the Africans a little dazed. They still, of course, dominate the scene, and yet they do not seem to be exactly of it any more; somewhere along the way they have become lost between the old world of the ritual dance and the new one of water-skiing tourists on the lake, and wherever the Belgians have encouraged them to cling to their ancient habits, a weird kind of Surrealism sets in.

The Watusi tribe, on the shores of Lake Kivu, is a case in point. The Watusi are celebrated hunters—very tall and lithe and energetic. Nowadays, for a sum roughly equivalent to seventy-five dollars, they can be induced to perform their war dance. One afternoon, my wife and I joined a tourist party at Kisenyi and drove a few miles out of town to see them dance. It was an odd experience. The setting for the dance was a grove of young trees that looked absurdly like a part of the Bois de Boulogne in the spring, and we sat on wooden benches, cameras in hand. Presently, the warriors arrived in their war paint, a drummer at their head, and for the next half hour they waved their assagais, or spears, and, moving in formation,



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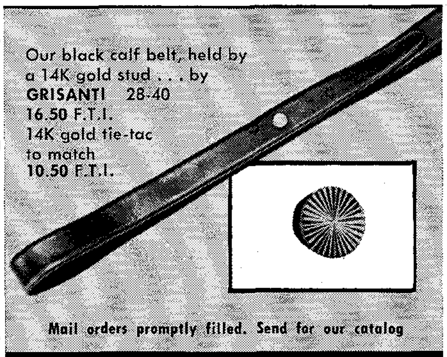

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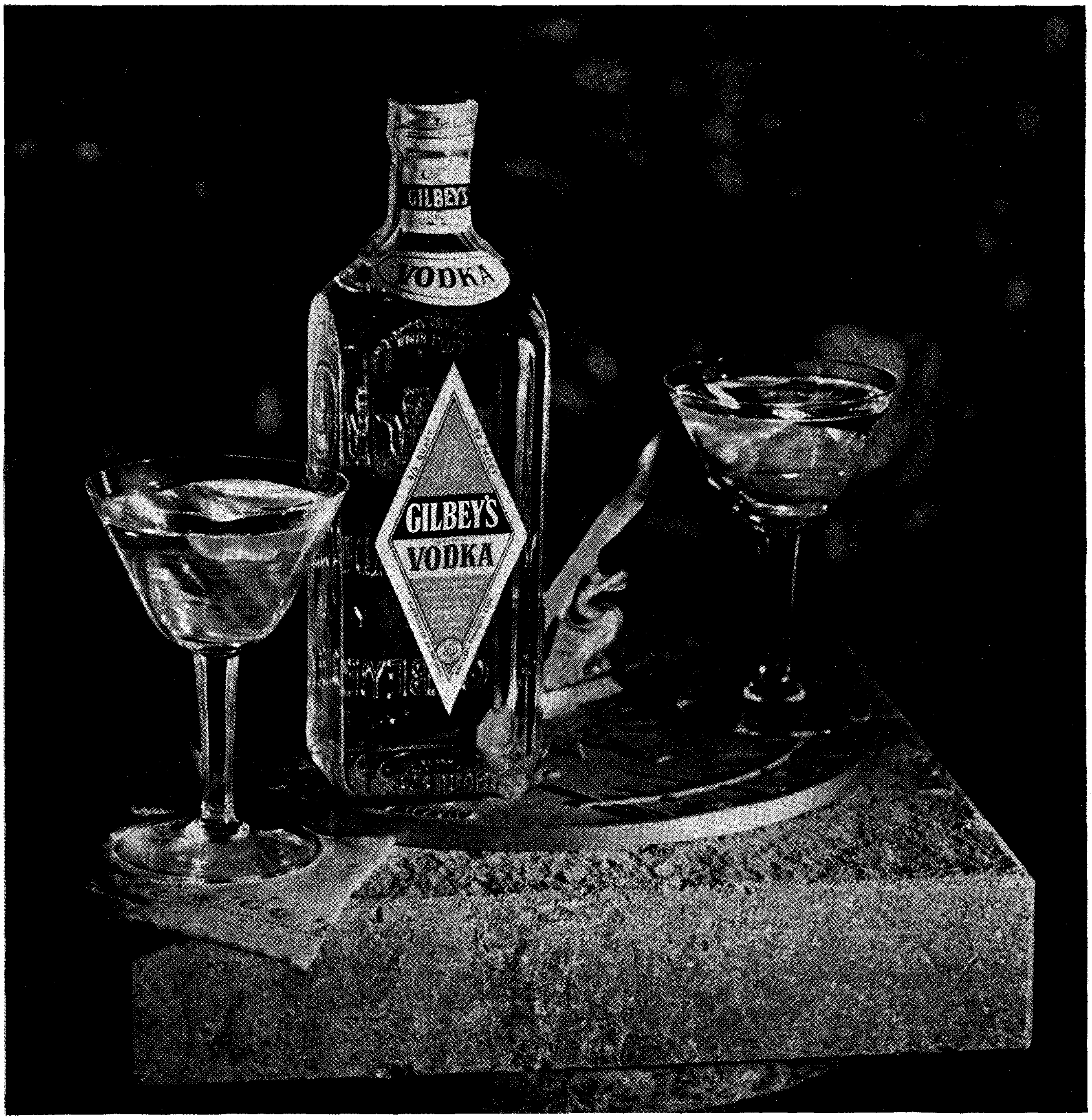

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thumped their feet on the ground. Their sense of timing was wonderful, and the rhythmic movement of their feathered headdresses was a remarkable thing to see. And yet it was in no sense real. It had neither the vicarious reality of the theatre nor the actual reality of life. There had been no war to justify the war dance, nothing to inspire the dancers except perhaps the thought of the seventy-five dollars. And so the warriors were a little self-conscious, in the way children sometimes are when, against their instincts, they have been persuaded to dress up and perform at a party. After a while, the dancers drifted away rather abjectly among the trees.

On the way back to town, we passed another group of Watusi. These had been playing football that afternoon, and in their white shorts and striped sweaters they looked, I thought, as if they, at least, were beginning to find their way out of the limbo between the old world and the new. At any rate, they seemed a good deal more at ease than their painted and befeathered fellow-tribesmen in the nearby woods.

—Alan Moorehead

(*This is the second of three articles on the interior of present-day Africa.*)

•

THE PARABLE OF THE CONTENDING MOTHERS BEFORE SOLOMON

First Mother:—I beseech thee, my lord, give her the child alive, and do not kill it.

Second Mother:—Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it.

From the Third Book of Kings, the Judgment of Solomon, Chapter 3, Verse 26—The Holy Bible, Douay Version.

To Shareholders of Alleghany Corporation:

The purpose of this letter is to bring you up to date on the new 6% Convertible Preferred stock of your Company which has been traded by the public in good faith.

—*Adv. in the Times.*

Then let's get started.

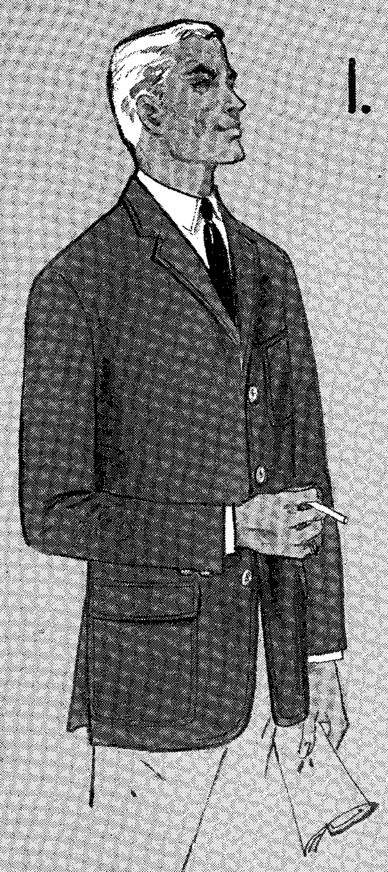
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Toronto Star*]

San Bernardino, Calif., May 3—(AP)—At San Bernardino Valley Junior college as Arthur Harmeyer, physics instructor, was demonstrating a radiation counter to his class, the device registered 4,500 units instead of a normal 60.

There followed a suspenseful period of waiting while the reading increased to an alarming 113,411. At length, Capt. Alfred L. Luce, San Bernardino's civil defence chief, arrived.



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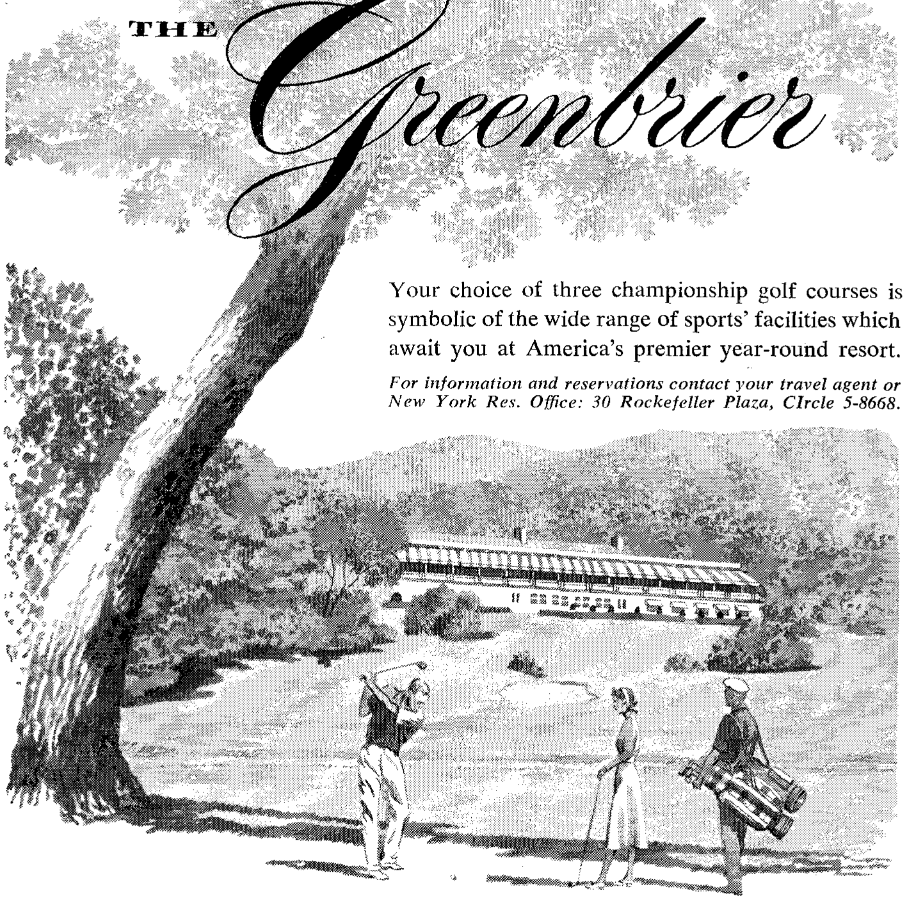

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS • WEST VIRGINIA

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

The wines you loved in Paris are here!

That wonderful Burgundy you drank with dinner at Fouquet's . . . the delicious Sauternes, Chablis and Clarets that made so many Paris meals memorable . . .

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Ask your wine merchant to show you his *B&G* selections from Bordeaux and Burgundy. You owe them to your memories—and your guests.

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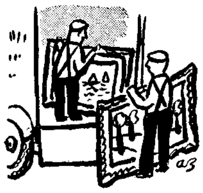
THE ART GALLERIES

Italian and American



THERE is always an element of the haphazard in the process by which a European artist attains representation over here. It depends primarily, of course, on the dealers' choices. But these depend, in turn, on a number of more or less accidental circumstances—beginning, perhaps, with what the artist happens to have on hand when the dealer comes to his studio, and including the dealer's own perceptions—and the result is that frequently the less well known, and even the less accomplished, achieve international status while better men are passed over. Mirko Basaldella, whose bronzes are now on view at the Viviano, is a case in point. Almost any European critic, I'm sure, would rate him with Berto Lardera, Luciano Minguzzi, Marino Marini, and the other top Italian sculptors. Yet, at forty-seven, he is still little known here, and the exhibition is only his second solo one in this country.

It is a handsome one, and a considerable advance, in both technical dexterity and sculptural feeling, over his previous production. In his first show here, in 1950, and again when I saw some pieces of his in Rome two years ago, his work had vast style and finish, and it indicated the ability to see things naturally in the round that is one of the prime requisites of the really great sculptor. This last quality is the one that leads to true monumentality. But he had a tendency in the past to let it carry him into the merely grandiose, and his principal achievement, it seems to me, is his success in controlling that tendency—keeping it in scale with his primary concepts—while retaining and even accentuating his technical adroitness.

Mirko (he uses only his first name, to avoid confusion with his brother, the painter Afro Basaldella) still bases his work on primitive or archaic sources, mainly Eastern, but the references now are less overt and their evidences more closely integrated into the work. There are exceptions, of course. I thought that in "Leone Urlante," or "Roaring Lion," for instance, the addition of calligraphic inscriptions on the animal's body, somewhat after the manner of the Assyrians, has complicated and actually diminished the effect of the piece, instead of enhancing it. But "Personaggio Stele," or "Pillar Figure," in which the same device is used—yet with more delicacy and in a manner that suggests the Chinese style of surface decoration—is completely successful, as is the smaller "Personaggio Ancestrale."

Those works are primarily archaic in their motivation. But in others, while he does not entirely abandon the same influences, his treatment is simplified almost to the point of abstraction, and I found these more appealing, since in them Mirko's feeling for the masses and rhythms of pure sculpture is more directly apparent. For this reason, I enjoyed especially "Motivo a Rocchi," or "Rook Image"—though I must say the reference to the chess piece in its title is farfetched. It looks, instead, like a tall cairn built up of flat, irregularly shaped discs, incised in faint decorative patterns; and—without insistence and yet with power—it carries all the strange natural commandingness, the mystery and majesty almost accidentally arrived at, often found in rude ritual monuments. I liked almost equally "La Grande Maschera," or "Large Mask," with its wildly ribboning forms, and the more compact "Idolo Cupo," or "Dark Idol," while the smaller "Personaggio d'Oriente," graceful and sinuous in design, introduces a pleasantly lyrical note. It's a genuinely impressive assemblage.

THOUGH the end of the season is nearing, things are still brisk in the galleries. The Janis, for example, has a new show of oils and collages by Robert Motherwell. Here we find this occasionally rather solemn artist in an unusually gay mood, and since his feeling for bold, broadly handled, but unfailingly precise design is as sure as ever, the result is an extremely engaging collection. Motherwell, I've always held, is one of the most intelligent of our contemporary American artists, and one of the most literate. His researches have led him through most of the modern movements, including the Dadaist, and he has written about many of them with acute perception. I've sometimes felt, though, that his very scholarliness hampered him a bit when he turned to his own canvases, and that there appeared at times a certain doggedness, as of a too self-conscious approach, in his work. He seemed to be taking things too hard, and I therefore welcomed the touches of lightness, almost of levity, in the new pieces. "Je T'Aime" is the collective title of a series of paintings (one, which seems to have slipped in as an afterthought, is numbered IIa), each with the amorous message scrawled over a different background—a loaf of bread, a vase of flowers, and so on—while another series, of collages, culminates in a specimen entitled "The Tearingness of Collaging," which, considering that it's made up of scraps of old envelopes, shreds of wrapping paper, and random notes, is a commentary in itself. His color remains a bit monotonous, tending to dull ochres and blacks. But even here he has perked up, and his large "Je T'Aime, No. II," with its broad double band of reds partitioning the composition, has all the weight, yet none of the weightiness (if I may put it that way), of some of his earlier paintings. I liked, too, "Wall Painting, No. IV," with its repercussive blacks looking like a series of sound waves, and the allusive "Mallarmé's Swan: Homage to Philip Guston."

Jimmy Ernst, at the Borgenicht, has also changed a little, though the fundamental tendencies of his art remain the same. The simplest way of describing it is to say that whereas he once based his work on musical themes (he was one of the few painters who could do it successfully), he has turned to the reverse of the coin and celebrates their opposite, silence. "A Silent Bridge," "Sounds Within," "Landscape of a Thought" are some of the titles, and the first-named is a thoroughly charming performance, with its dimly towering forms set against a pale, misty suggestion of a phantom city. "Tomorrow Morning"—soft blues and roses beyond spidery white tree shapes—is delightful, too, both as a picture and as a concept, and the whole show is a nice blending of poetic thought and painterly accomplishment. —Robert M. Coates

•

WATER LILIES

Early, the stroke of dipping oars
disturbs the surface of my sleep
and breaks the darkness of the lake.

A rower up before the dawn
to fish among the lily pads
moves dimly on my consciousness,

where, one by one, out of the drowned
indifference in which they float,
the water lilies open up,

each like the dazzled thought of light
in that pure moment when the white
of day breaks open in the mind.
—Luke E. Zilles

Hail Brittania
for Baracuta

This is Britain's best. The ubiquitous Baracuta clipped to a new shorter length. Made of the silkiest Egyptian cotton gabardine in an oyster white that's quite as rare as pearls. Weatherproofed for wear in any clime, any time. Fully plaid lined. $37.50. There are 20 other single and double-breasted styles to choose from starting at $29.95. At finer stores or write for store nearest you. Slightly higher in the West.
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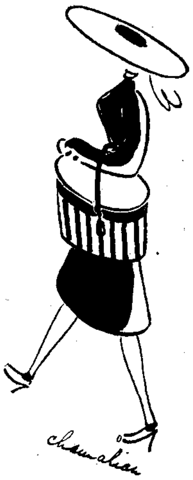
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

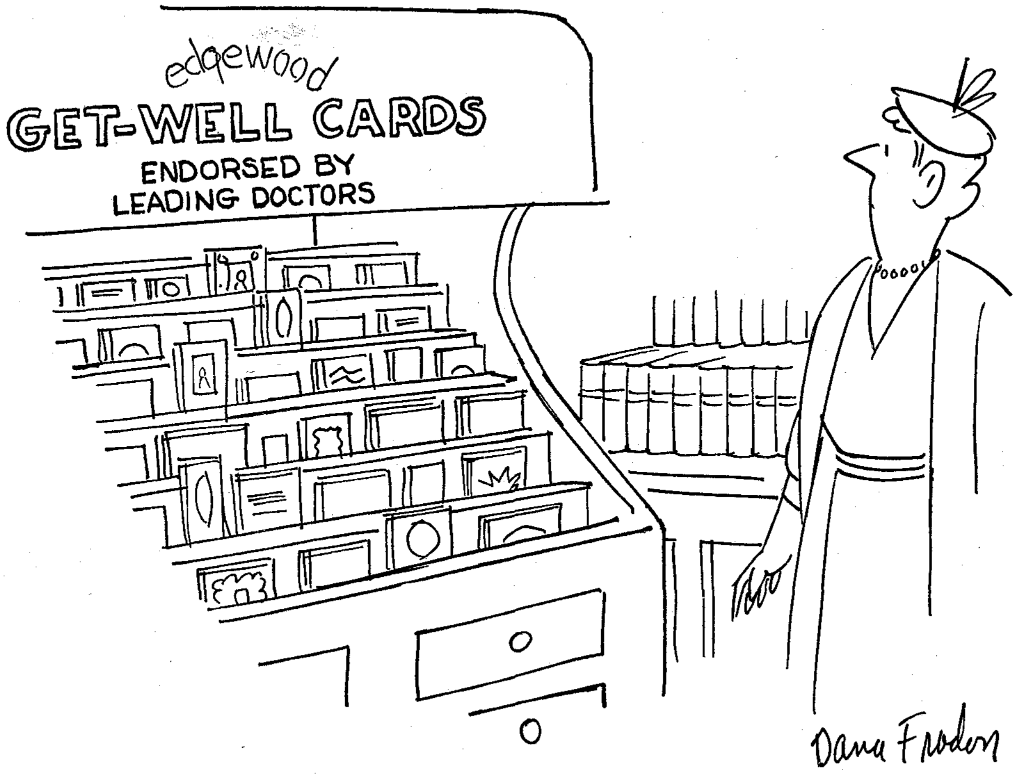


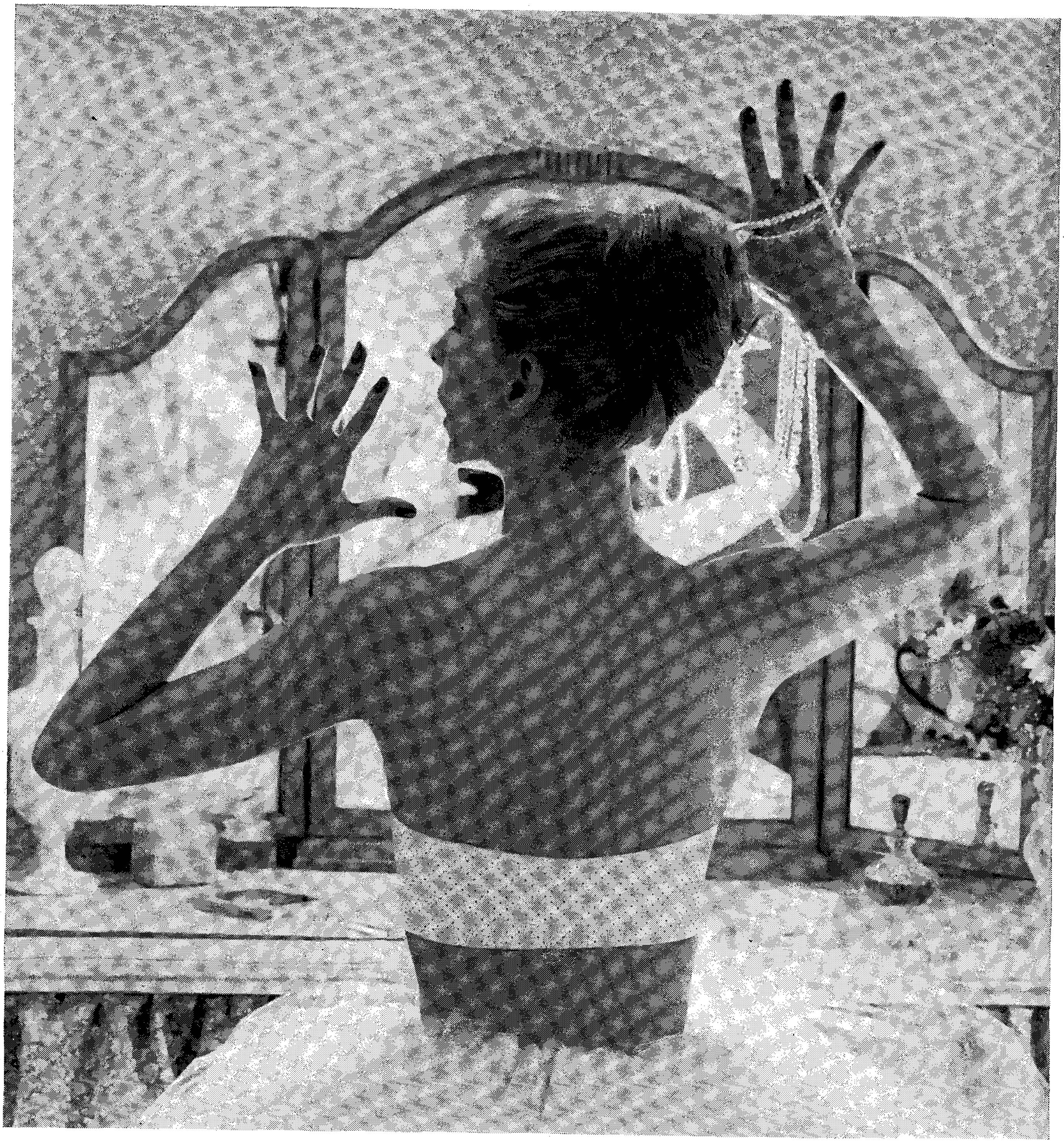
William J., who functions at 44 West 54th Street, isn't solely a designer of custom hats. Some of his ready-to-wear ones might even convert those young women who like to go bareheaded. His present penchant for vegetables and fruit has had its effect on a group of beach hats that are simply overgrown pears, oranges, carrots, cabbages, tomatoes, and whatnot, made of Italian straw that is painted the appropriate colors. The green felt leaves of the cabbages are as big as elephants' ears; the oranges are Sunkist offspring, and plainly so labelled. If you'd like a slice of watermelon instead, that's possible, too; it's a couple of feet across and is strewn with seeds of black jet. This flora comes to $25 a throw, and Wm. J. will add a giant grasshopper or a small butterfly, if anyone likes. For town as well as the seashore, there are hats the size of beach umbrellas—sailors of white pearlized straw with straight brims, and sailors of white starched straw curled up at the edges, supporting a shower of grosgrain streamers that go down as far as the knees; $16.95 to $22.95. One of them, a posh sombrero of nasturtium straw, has a band of narrow grosgrain ribbon that ends in a neat bow at one side of the crown.

Lord & Taylor's Sports Department is presenting clothes made for it in Europe and the Far East, delivered fresh every day by private camel. From Simonetta's Boutique, in Italy, comes a shirtwaist dress of white cotton poplin daubed with black-and-gray brush strokes that turn out to be donkeys' heads. The back, gathered on a high yoke, hangs as straight as a nightshirt, and the front of the skirt, which is indented at the waist, falls in soft, unpressed pleats. The white cotton batiste of a shirtwaist dress by Emilio, also in Italy, is aflame with the medieval banners carried in present-day Siena festivals. Three sack dresses, all of them Emilio, are of cotton gabardine. One, in bright blue, has a V décolletage and elbow kimono sleeves. Another, in lime green, fastens down the back to well below the nonexistent waistline, and curving seaming suggests a deep panel in front. Five rows of heavy cotton stitching surround the last dress, which is geranium red. Ten batiste handkerchiefs with flowery print centers and pastel borders are appliquéd around the full skirt of a dress of yellow sailcloth. This comes from Myricae of Rome. A slinky sheath from France—it's almost a sarong—appears in bright-blue cotton sprinkled with maroon clover blossoms and jade and turquoise flowers. Some ventures into Jacquard brocade come from Hong Kong. A couple are shirtwaist dresses. One, of banker's-blue silk-and-cotton with twisted brocade buttons down the bodice and a pleated skirt, has a self contour belt; the other, of silk in lotus-blossom pink, is distinguished by a slender skirt, frogs down the front, and a narrow sash. The band collar of a platinum-gray or red silk sheath is outlined by piping no wider than a thread. The prices here run from $39.95 to $69.95.

L. & T.'s Household Bazaar can supply a white plastic beach mat, striped in blue, red, or yellow, that (properly folded) becomes a carryall; $15. To it are attached a pillow and beach bag of matching striped plastic, a Turkish towel, a canvas back rest on an aluminum frame, and a striped beach umbrella.

Flowered cotton is the prevailing mood of the separates and sun dresses that Peck & Peck has collected. Flaming-red embroidery tulips follow the décolletage of a little-boy bathing suit and the bosom of a camisole sun dress, both of which are constructed of white orlon-and-cotton that is delicately striped with red and pink. White cotton livened up with pink rambler roses makes a halter-neck bathing suit, a short-sleeved shirt that tucks into Bermuda shorts of pink cotton, and a reversible poncho, with hood, that is white duck on the reverse side. White daisy chains wind across a cotton ensemble—black shirt and a black-panelled red skirt. Sun dresses and waist-length sleeveless jackets are of mulberry-and-blue batik cotton overlaid with green cacti and medallions in stained-glass hues. The most recent cardigan sweater put forth by Hadley is of downy Icelandic wool in any of several solid colors. And there are sweater sets, from Braemar of Scotland, of silk in a fine honeycomb knit—a sleeveless pullover and a long-sleeved cardigan in





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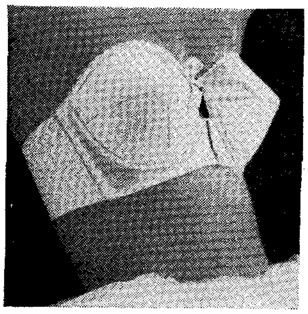

Only thing criminal about this holdup is that nobody ever committed it before! But here it is at last (from Warner's®, famous bearers of all the best news in foundations) —a strapless that can't twist, slip or turn, can't ever be anything but beautifully comfortable. Its secret? A latex back, lined with comfy cotton, that hugs you gently, so you can be active as you like.

In two styles; either, in an elegant gold and black package. #P1031, deep plunge-front style, hook-and-eye front closing, delicate scalloped trim. #P1041 (not shown), front zipper closing, with heart-shaped dip. Either, in white embroidered cotton; lightly foam-lined cups... $6.50.

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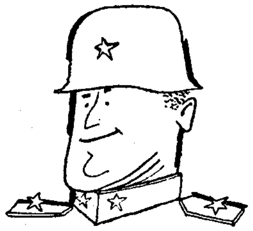
sea-foam green or white. None of this stuff is awesomely expensive.

ALTMAN is taking more than a passing interest in preparing people for life at sea and thereabouts. Children's T shirts of white cotton with a woven-in red-and-navy rope design are the running mates of navy cotton poplin trunks. Horizontally striped (red, white, and blue) shorts of cotton jersey are a perfect match for the attached dickeys of the accompanying middy blouses, which are of navy cotton twill. Sizes range from 3 to 14. Altman is also willing for adults to be all at sea and thereabouts. Nautical, or at least aquatical, blue-and-white striped denim jackets have red cotton yokes that end in narrow points on the three-quarter sleeves; calf-length slacks, likewise of red cotton, tie around the waist with white rope. Multicolored schooners skim over the ice-blue cotton ocean of a sleeveless tailored dress; a sailor collar is one aspect of a dress of navy cotton knit ribbing, which is nipped in by elastic at the waist, but the white tie, of rayon chiffon, is certainly non-issue. Lined duffelbags of blue canvas make room for an eight-inch mirror at the bottom; beach bags of blue-and-white mattress ticking are grand enough to be town bags. French sunglasses may be imprinted in gold with a name and address (men have to ask for the phone number, though) inside the white or dark plastic frames; $6.95 complete. Again, sweet reason, as the just-quoted figure indicates, prevails in the price list.

GUNTHER JAECKEL is introducing a rival of the leopardskin and zebraskin cotton prints in a tan-and-brown giraffeskin print, which comes to you as shirts or Bermuda shorts. There are other shirts and Bermuda shorts, of yellow-and-white striped denim embroidered with little orange flowers, not to mention a skirt whose patch pockets hide beneath unpressed pleats. The skirt shows up once more in a group of beige duck separates, which includes slender slacks and a beach jacket. For contrast, there's a blouse of a cotton that is a mosaic of yellow, terra cotta, amber, and brown. The most frivolous and summery of all, though, are the blouses and billowy skirts of sheer white cotton on which pink and orange pompon chrysanthemums thrive. No price here, either, is back- or bank-breaking.

MARGARET PENNINGTON, down at 150 East 19th Street, specializes in hand-knit custom clothes, which are



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two to three weeks in the making. Bulky wool cocoon jackets with balloon sleeves are broadly striped in turquoise, beige, and white. Bulky waist- or hip-length wool cardigans have standaway, shawl, or pointed collars; $30 to $35, which are average prices here. White wool pullovers with a border of black-and-white garter stitching go hand in hand with matching knit shorts. Made-to-measure (but not hand-knit) bathing suits of nylon-and-wool stretchable yarn are done in three versions—brassière-and-shorts, maillot, and draw-string tank suit; the solid colors or the striping are up to you. Take note that the shop has Greenwich Village hours—from eleven to seven every day but Sunday.

INEXPENSIVE and enhancing mother-and-daughter sets hold the floor (i.e., the third) at Bendel. To take a few of the many: pale-yellow oilskin slickers and sou'westers with red or blue rosebuds; white blouses of a dacron-and-cotton mix with ruffles of white nylon lace in which pale-blue rosebuds and green leaves are embedded, and shorts of a pale-blue dacron-and-cotton mix; one-piece chambray dresses whose bodices are one part pale-blue tucking and one part deep blue to coincide with the full, gathered skirt. Sizes for children range from 3 to 14, for adults from 8 to 16.

THE Elder Craftsmen Shop, at 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), never runs out of ideas. Among the luggage are some cases (they look like elongated pyramids) of white-and-gold flowered plastic that can hold several crinoline petticoats—rolled, of course. They're only $1.50. Attaché cases of waterproof cocoa rayon twill piped with black semi-leather weigh nothing and cost next to nothing; $7.25, and no federal tax. For infants, there are hand-knit Argyle wool socks; for bigger little girls, there are cheerful red or yellow denim pinafores that tie down the back with contrasting bows. Muslin pages

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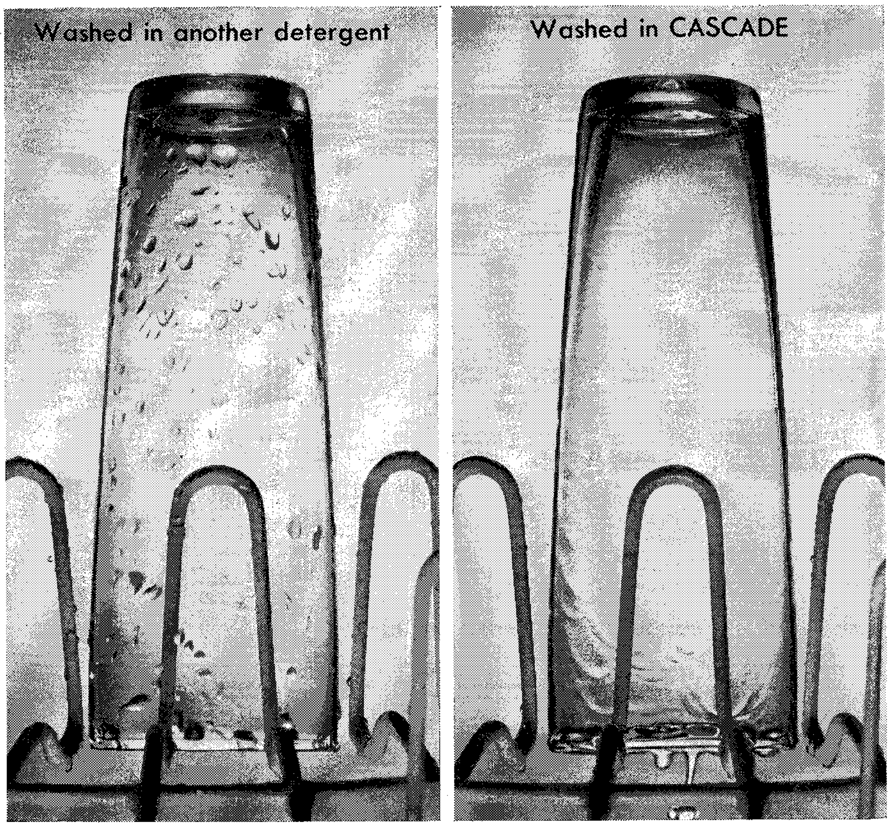

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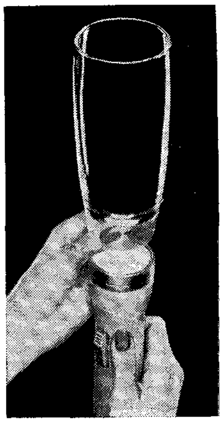

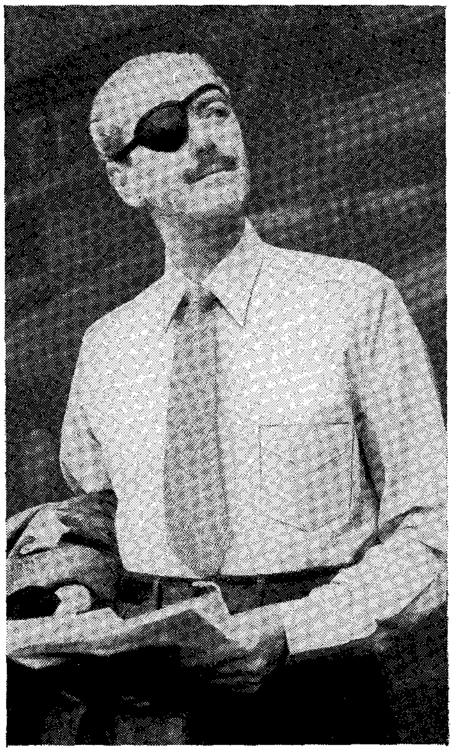

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**See Story on Page 10*

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clipped from illustrated storybooks make the pockets.

T. ANTHONY, whose shop is at 751 Madison Avenue (65th), is being tempting with thirty pieces (no duplications) of handsome, lightweight tan-and-white or black-and-white canvas luggage bound with tan or black cowhide. The most memorable pieces are a car sack, which, they say, was the only baggage one customer took on a four-month trip to Europe, and a Flying Trunk—a two-piece, dovetailing wardrobe case that you just slide apart to open. This one has twelve hangers, as well as shelves for shoes; $129.80, including the luxury tax. Carryalls that fold and fit into matching envelopes can take care of any overflow collected along the way.

WERNER & CHARLES OF SWITZERLAND, who are not to be confused with Werner & Charles of New South Wales or Werner & Charles of the Indian Territory, look after the hair of anyone who will ride up to the second floor of 16 West 57th Street. Their scheme for protecting hair from the summer sun is simplicity itself. First, it is washed and dried by hand. A stimulating amber lotion (Swiss) is sponged onto the thatch, *not* the scalp, as a restorative and left to its own devices for ten minutes. Then it is rinsed off with tepid water. The treatment ($5) takes half an hour and makes your locks tractable, shining, and full of life. It is also a good reconditioner before a permanent wave. —M. M.

•

Police Chief A. O. Lower, who also was in the courtroom, offered to cooperate 10 per cent in battling prostitution and said he would issue orders accordingly to the police department.—*Canton (Ohio) Repository.*

Knows his own mind, anyway.

•

The audience companioned Miss Stader with assurance. On its own it gave a virile and sparkling performance of the "Marriage of Figaro" overture and played "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" with buoyancy. —*The Times.*

Got a little out of hand?

•

WINKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT WINKED

[*From the World-Telegram & Sun*]

"I suppose people around here think I'm a perfect, frivolous fool," winked the big, husky retired parson prior to a luncheon in his honor.

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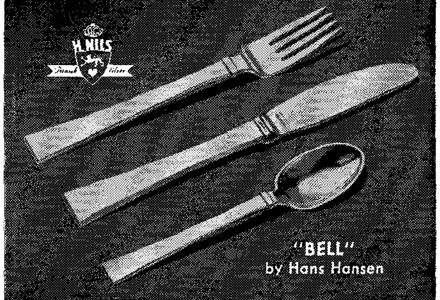

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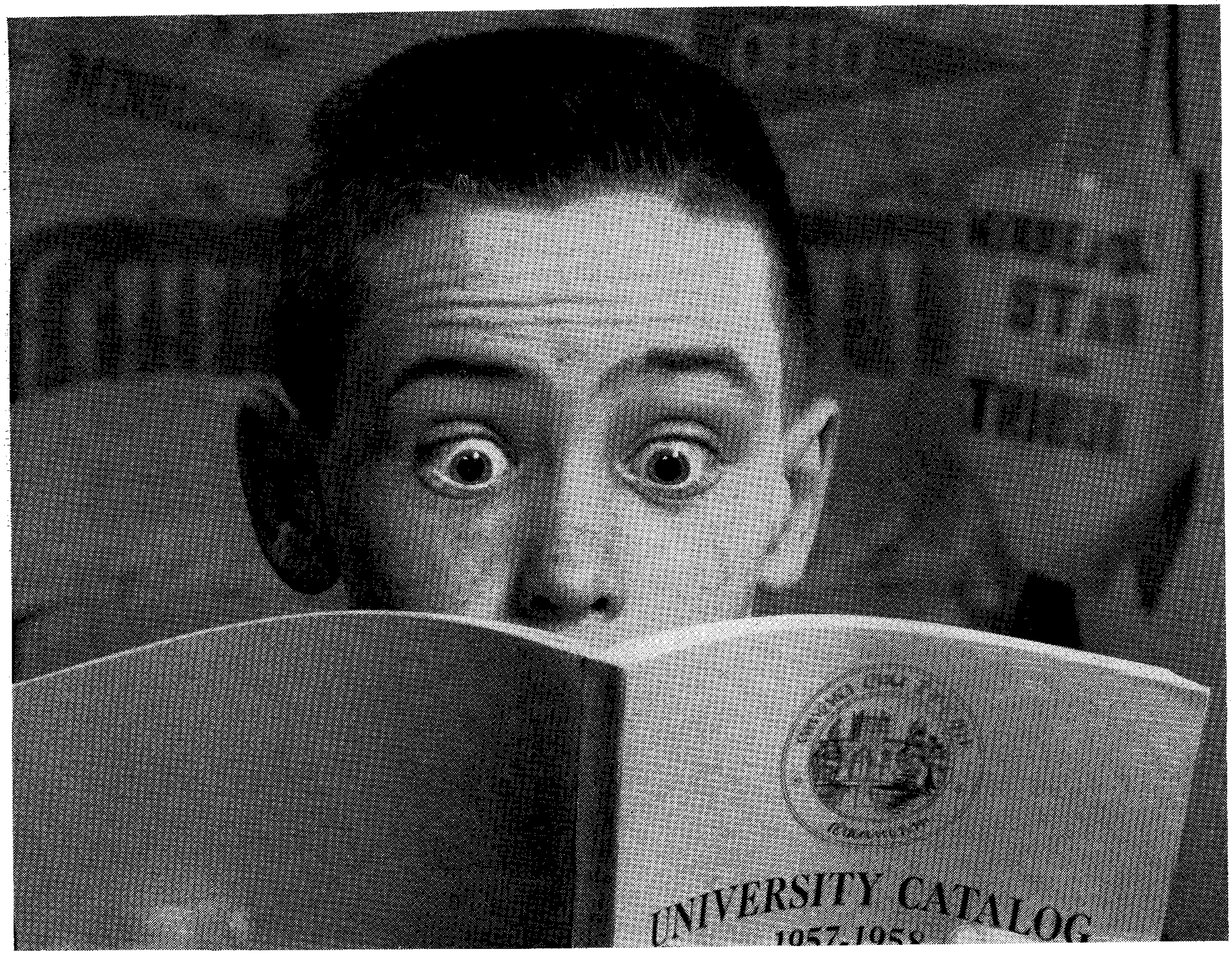
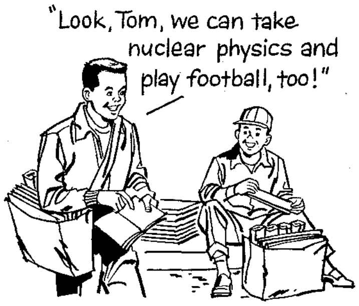


What makes a newspaper great?


"Look, Tom, we can take nuclear physics and play football, too!"

All across the Upper Midwest these days, young men's fancies are less-than-lightly turning to thoughts of higher education.

Between bouts with sundaes and backyard baseball, boys in some 1,200 towns of a 3⅓-state area are studying college catalogs and private prep school bulletins; putting aside comic books and "rock" records to wrestle the relative merits of Harvard, Yale and Carleton, or to compare the advantages of Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire and Minnesota's Blake School.

Cause of this unusual yen for advanced book learnin' is the Minneapolis Star and Tribune's International Scholarship Program, which offers a remarkable assortment of educational opportunities to these two newspapers' 11,000-plus carrier salesmen. Last year a total of 61 scholarships, worth more than $50,000, was awarded, the list of prizes including sixteen $250 educational trust funds, two all-expense trips to Europe through the American Field Service, and 43 tuition awards from participating schools and colleges. Winners were selected from the more than 3,000 carrier boy hopefuls who deluged the desk of circulation director M. E. Fisher with their applications.

Fisher, foster-father to this world's largest family of newspaper boys, takes personal charge of the Scholarship Program, working long and hard to expand and improve it. He travels thousands of miles each year to discuss the program with deans, professors, admissions officers and students, is unshakeably convinced that newspaper route training plus a good education make the best possible stepping-stones to adult success. Through his efforts, the Minneapolis Star and Tribune's International Scholarship Program has become not only the most extensive newspaper-sponsored plan in the country, but one of the most highly respected, as well.

Is all this good business for the newspapers? Definitely yes—for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune's honest concern with the welfare and future of every carrier boy in their 223 county, 240,000-square-mile circulation area is just one more reason why these newspapers earn and keep the warm regard and continuing loyalty of the largest newspaper audience in the Upper Midwest.

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THE BISHOP'S SUITE

I HAD arrived with some misgivings, one day last October, in Des Moines, from the Midwestern Catholic university where I teach, to lecture at St. Monica's, a college for girls, and, being without my wife and not wishing to spend the eve of my lecture alone in an alien town, I had called friends and got myself invited to dinner. The chicken had been tough—they confessed they were ignorant of how to roast one, and furthermore they had laid the burden of carving on me—but the salad had been good and the gossip savory; they had hid their screaming children and had fed me wine. I felt almost affable as, rather late at night, the husband drove me to the college, where I was to sleep before my (doubtless triumphant) discourse on "Some Catholic Men of Letters Today."

The place turned out to be nearby, and after a ten-minute drive we arrived at the arched, open gate of the fence around the school, which was properly clad in a negligee of fog. We followed the signs around a winding drive to a building marked "Convent," where I knew I would receive instruction about my accommodation. I thanked my friend and waved him back to the kids and the chicken, and, with some anxiety, tried the imposing brass front door, my bags of books and clothes sitting on the convent's curb. The great door opened easily enough, but once I was inside with my bags, it refused to close, and leaves swept in and out again. Alarmed, I would have fled, but Sister Porter—or Sister Cerberus, as she seemed to me—appeared.

I was expected, and, having properly upstaged me by showing me how to shut the door (an inconspicuous knob controlled it from the inside), Sister headed down some halls, with me following, trailing my doffed coat like the tail of a reluctant dog brought in from the whirling leaves and the fog. I had impressions of paintings and parlors, and of the order of women and the sweet odor of young girls, and was glad to have Sister Cerberus stop at last, in a ground-floor corridor, and announce that here were the rooms set aside for me: The Bishop's suite. Sister said His Excellency always stayed here when he visited the college.

She went in ahead of me, switching on lights in a study, a bedroom, and the bath. I felt flushes of pride at the height of the ceilings, the fineness of the furnishings, and the fact that the number of rooms was more than one. Then she left, with the surprising remark that The Bishop's suite had twin beds. True, she smiled in an innocent fashion possible to nuns, but I saw that The Bishop on the study wall, heavily framed and elegant in red and lace against a false-Rembrandt gold-and-ebony background, did not.

Alone, I inspected the suite more carefully—the wing-fragile fair linen (under glass) on the elaborately carved dresser, the deep pile on carpet of a quality I had seldom seen outside church sanctuaries. In the empty closets, the space was invigorating, and the bed lamp—a kind of golden sphere, or Ptolemaic star, with a shade that (hence) seemed intellectual—was perfect.

In the study, The Bishop's desk was fine. The drawers, which I opened slowly and in turn, held small black-and-white copies of the portrait on the wall, engraved stationery, stamps, and typed instructions for the priest conducting a retreat long concluded. On the desk top stood a paradisiacal vase of clear blue glass; there was no trace of ash in the brass trays. Trying the overmohaired winged chair (a sort of lugubrious angel), I found it impervious to bodies; it bore one gently, scarcely creaking a mathematical spring and certainly withholding the vulgar noises of plastic-covered pieces. I found that I felt unreal, and that my books, which I had spread out on the desk, seemed scholarly.

INSPECTION done, impressions formed, I returned to the bedroom. My spirits were high as I hung up my suit in the huge closet, put on clean and innocent-seeming pajamas, and made a tight bundle—neat as possible, though it was still offensive—of my soiled shirt, socks, and underwear, which I tucked away in a drawer of the dresser. Laying out clean clothes for the next day, I was struck by the T shirt as a kind of Christian symbol. I picked up the phone to ask about Mass in the morning. It was Sister Cerberus who answered. She said that if I wished to attend, Sister President would call for me at seven-forty. Then I took a single nip from my brandy bottle and buried it in the bottom of my bag, which I put at the back of the closet.

I already knew exactly what I wanted to say in my lecture in the morning, and whom I would quote, but I puttered around for a while with my books and notes in The Bishop's study. At last, I sat in the winged chair, smoking a cigar and looking The Bishop in his badly painted eye.

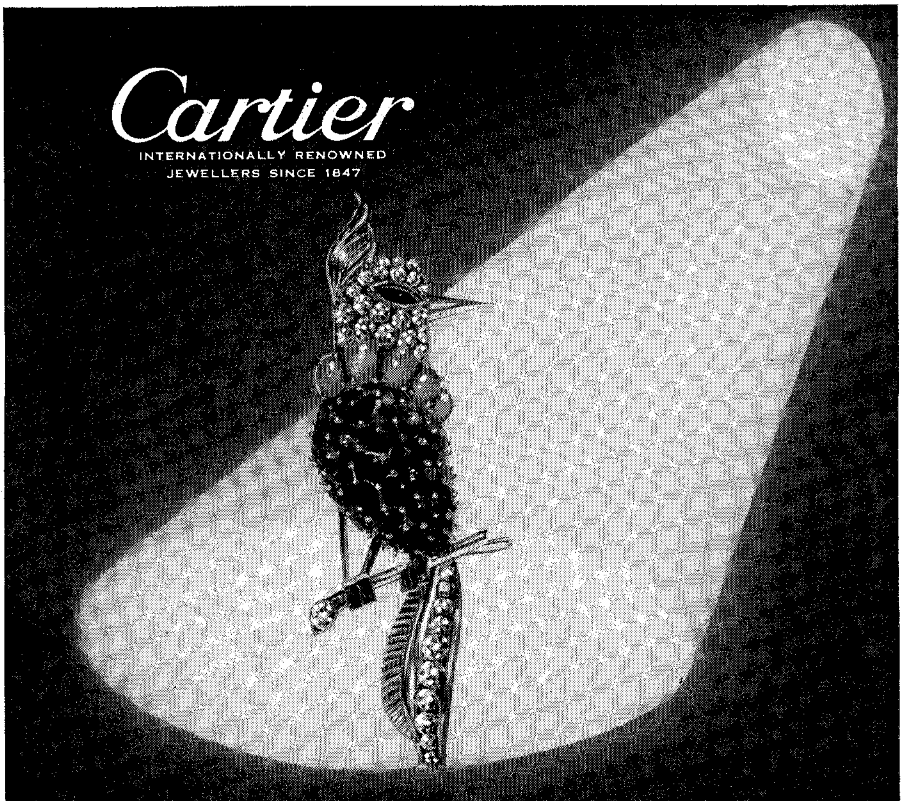
Suddenly a group of girls came in from outdoors. I could hear the big door shut and their steps in the hall and on the stairs. Their voices, the laughter indistinguishable from the talk, pulled a bit at the sacerdotal atmosphere of the suite, and though I smoked at His Excellency a while longer, it was not with precisely the same spirit as before. There seemed shortly to be inordinate rushings of water in the pipes from above as the girls got ready for bed, and I even thought that I could hear their little shoes drop to the floor. Not I or The Bishop or our suite, I felt, could stand much of this, so I turned out the light nearest his picture and went to perform before bed my own final ablutions; never in my whole life, I thought, had the word seemed so right as it did that night.

The bathroom was sterile and shiny, and had mosaic tile on the wall and a cathedral floor. There were two sets of towels and washcloths, which puzzled me. It would be impious, I knew, to think of "His" and "Hers," and I found myself wondering if one set might be for the Augustinian body and one for the Thomistic—the latter set perhaps (I realized I was smiling) for the more universal operations? The soap was still in its box, as though it were needed only in an extremity—after some kind of failure. The tub and the porcelain bowls of the lavatory and toilet were a terrible shade of white and made me feel small and insecure—made me consider for a minute not using them. But something in their nature—in their substantiality, perhaps—and in the designed, teleologic texture of the towels told me my attitude, besides being completely impractical, was close to heresy. Suddenly I laughed. I was awed by the sound as it echoed in the vault of the shower, and stopped almost immediately. I noticed that wastes were rushed from the bowls and out of the suite with a shocking and primordial force.

I got into bed. (It had been turned down, I reflected, by a nun.) Wrapped in The Bishop's bed robes of good linen and good wool, borne on the levitating inner springs, I waited the official sleep.

As a matter of fact, my rest was fretful, interrupted by girls, books, roaring water, breast of chicken, and cigars (which have always made me slightly sick). I woke before the alarm, somewhat refreshed, refusing responsibility for my dreams and thinking that The Bishop must do no less.

A perfectly Olympian day leaked



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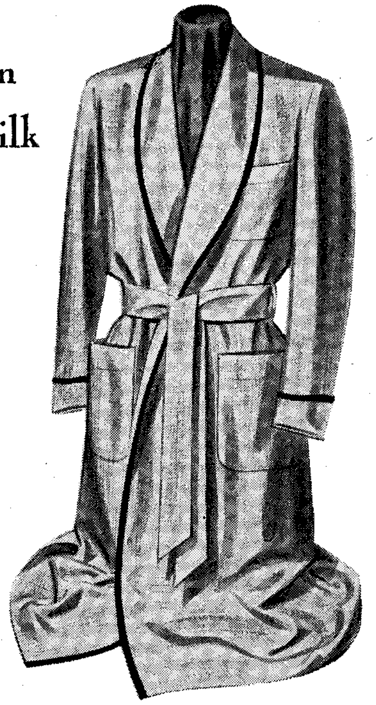

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by
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The new school marm asked us one day whether we Kentuckians said—"A hen *lays* or a hen *lies?*"

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And as to Kentucky's favorite beverage, *proof in the bottle* carries more conviction than the cackle of the distiller no matter how grammatically he phrases his claims.

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Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

(*Advertisement*)

through the Venetian blinds and across the sill of the window. I was roused to morning prayer. As I pulled up one blind, I saw the beautiful October campus, which seemed to slope away directly from The Bishop's suite. But I noted also, in another wing, the windows of rooms that I realized must be occupied by girls or nuns, and shut the blind again until I, and they, should be dressed.

I wondered if The Bishop made his bed, out of asceticism, or did not make it, out of a sense of hierarchy. Unwilling to be wrong, I decided to nearly make it. Pulling the sheets and the red, costly coverlet up over the mahogany frame, I wished I could have slept in the other bed, too.

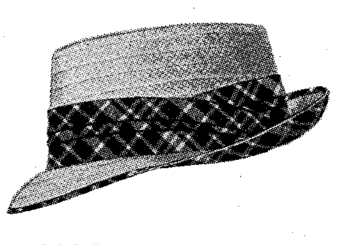
THE encounter with Sister President occurred on the dot of seven-forty and went well. She conducted me to the chapel, where the Mass was perfectly celebrated, as though it had been rehearsed for visiting dignitaries. The altar boys moved gracefully and dropped their heads beautifully together over their poised hands. Their surplices were askew in a balanced way.

I waited to go to the rail until the girls had preceded me. The only space remaining was on the center rug that ran from the sanctuary steps to the foot of the altar. Kneeling there, I felt that I was symbolically married to the girl kneeling beside me, and I was moved very tenderly toward her. I thought with a deep sadness how painful it would be if love had to remain at this.

Breakfast was extraordinary—a full glass of orange juice, buns and jam, my choice of cereals, a plate of eggs and bacon, and toast and coffee. It was served to me all alone except for a courteous Sister Companion, who made angelic smiles and small talk. After I had been brought a fluted finger bowl, she returned me to Sister President for a tour of the college.

We went first to the classrooms, where I marvelled at the order; they were clean and empty, and seemed wholly for demonstration. Even the chemistry lab was dustless and odorless, its flasks bright as stemware and its bottles hygienic as a drug cabinet. After that, the museums. It took a good while to admire them; I was especially impressed by an exquisite medieval *prie-dieu* with little drawers, where, Sister said, the old monks had stored their snuff.

We visited the model apartment, where, Sister explained, the girls learned how to receive and cook for their friends and betters, and how to



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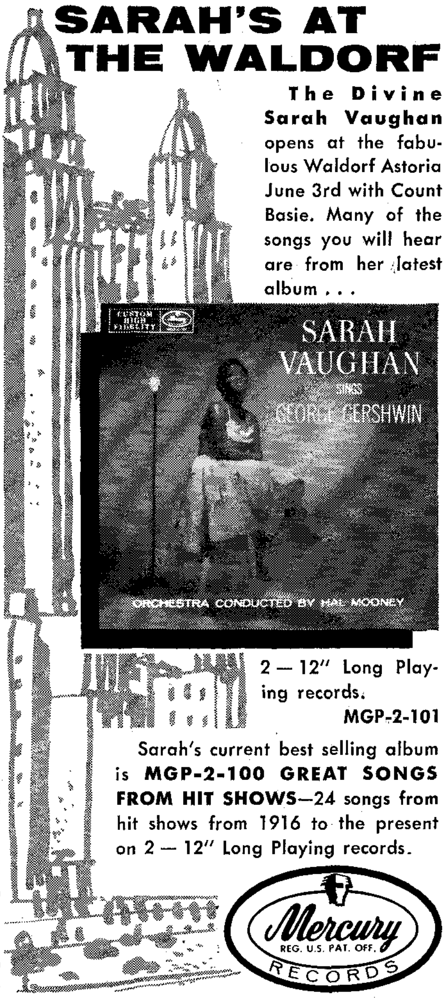

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clean. Then I was introduced to the faculty of sisters; they seemed all to look so alike and to be so near the same height that I wondered about requirements for joining the order, and I was aware as I wondered that my concern was vaguely administrative—vaguely episcopal. All the sisters, including their deans and heads, were respectful. I responded graciously but from a distance.

Visiting Sister President's office, I found plants on a table, in a silver jardiniere that she told me had cost three thousand dollars—a gift over which she expressed anxiety, because of the possible reaction of visitors. She spoke in confidence about both the cost and her worry, and it occurred to me that she realized there was no danger from *me*. Next, we viewed the campus from a tower, saw where weaving was done, and found, in Other Arts and Crafts, a single miss stencilling a leaf pattern in ink down a long cloth. In the basement, we saw the tanks for teaching hydrotherapy, and the woodworking room, hung with power tools, like trophies of the young Diana. In another place, a young editress pressed into my hand a copy of her first publication; she seemed about to kiss my fingers when Sister President led me away toward the "funeral parlor," as she said the girls called the room where they received their dates and their dads. In a lower hall, suddenly, we caught a glimpse of a dozen girls, some in shorts for soccer or golf, packed and chattering behind the steaming glass of the "room for smoking."

At last, I pleaded for a brief rest and meditation (I needed to catch my breath, and I thought of a shot of brandy) under The Bishop's picture before my lecture, and I was graciously restored to the suite, possessed of certain new sympathies and renewed knowledges.

THREE-QUARTERS of an hour later, at eleven-fifteen, I was in the lecture hall. After a long introduction, I walked to the rostrum slowly, my robes burgeoning in my imagination, my great ring heavy on my finger, and delivered to President, deans, other sisters, daughters, and some male visitors from neighboring dioceses a fine, moderate homily.

—JOHN LOGAN

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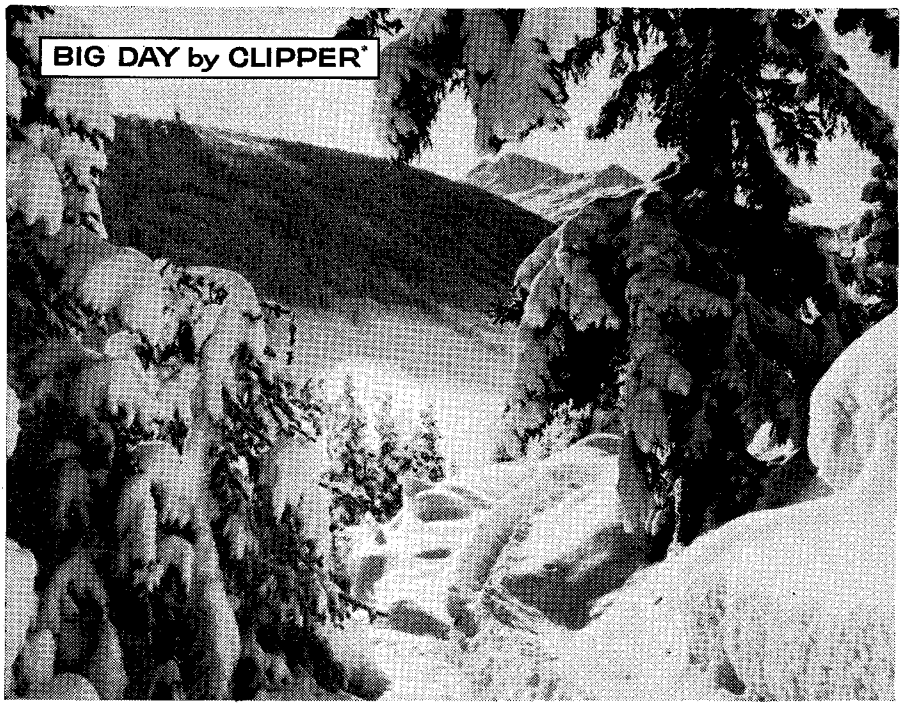
NON-FICTION

"The Hearst Has Its Reason," by Duchess of Windsor.—*Los Angeles Herald Express.*

The *Herald Express* ought to know.



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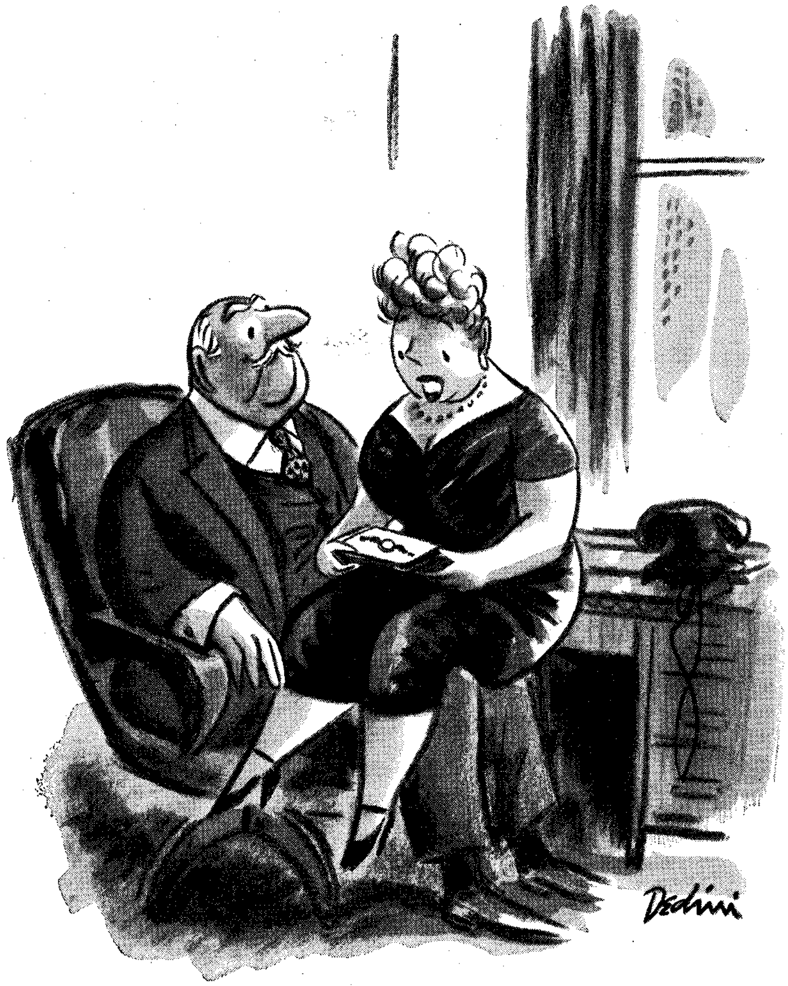
TROUBLE ON THE FIRST CHICANE

ON the afternoon of Sunday, May 12th, during the running of the Mille Miglia, a sports-car race over a thousand miles of narrow, mountainous roads in Italy, a powerful Ferrari went out of control and crashed into a crowd, killing not only its driver, the seventeenth Marquis de Portago, of Spain, but ten other people. Disastrous as this accident was, however, it was far from being a novelty in the rather gory annals of sports-car racing—a diversion, long popular in Europe, that has now become an increasingly fashionable outlet for the New Leisure in this rich, restless country. Back in June, 1955, during a race in Le Mans, France, known simply as the Twenty-four Hours, eighty-three people died when a Mercedes-Benz crashed and exploded, and while the United States has so far remained free from such large-scale massacres, the sport has often proved to be lethal over here, too. Although parliaments, press, and public have grown upset about all this, the drivers are working at their perilous hobby as coolly as ever, and their admirers are egging them on with as much fervor, or so it seemed to me several weeks ago, not long before the catastrophic Mille Miglia, when, along with some thirty thousand other people, I attended the seventh annual running of America's most celebrated sports-car race—the International Twelve-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance, held in the normally drowsy little community of Sebring, in central Florida. Compared to the world's other great sports-car races—in addition to the Mille Miglia and the Twenty-four Hours, major events are held each year in Sweden, West Germany, Northern Ireland, and Argentina—the Sebring meet has had a relatively unsanguinary history, but I must say that this year's running was wild enough for me, what with the ill-fated Marquis de Portago competing in his customary furious style and another driver crashing, to become the first fatality in the Grand Prix since it was founded.

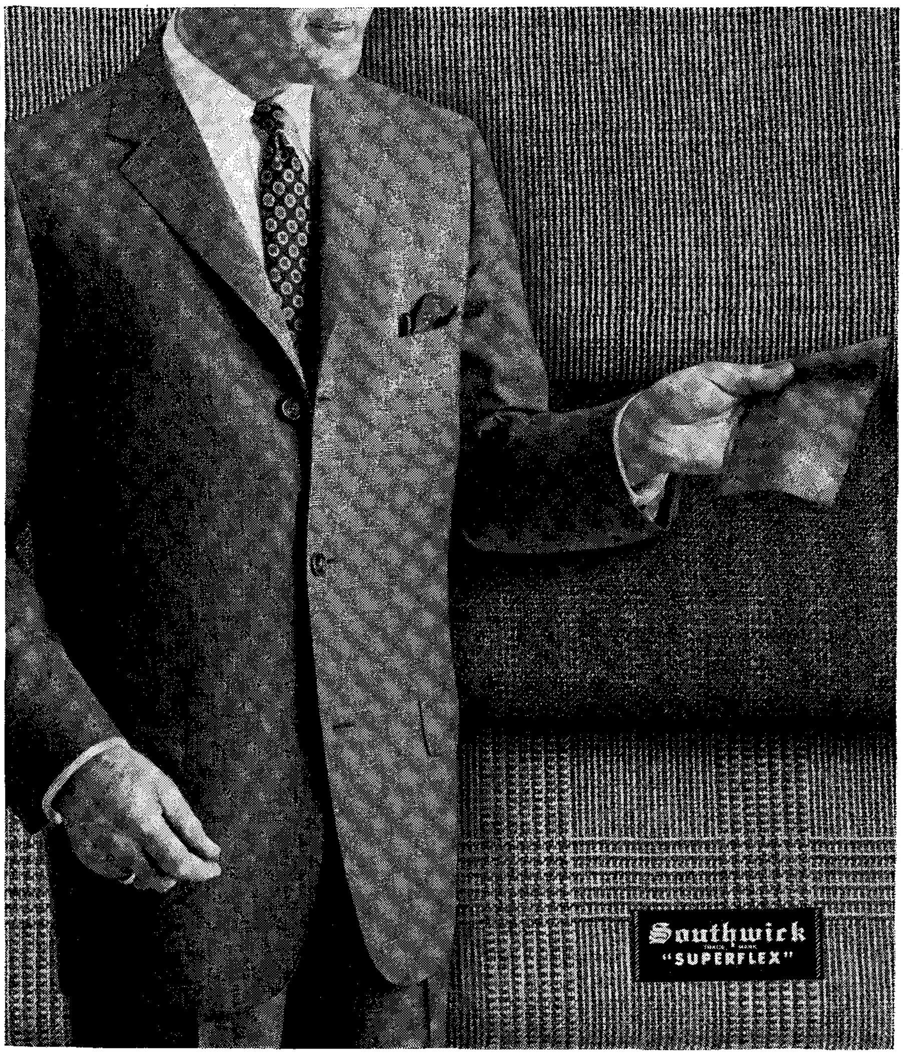
Until I went to Sebring, my acquaintance with big-time automobile racing had been limited to newsreel shots of the Indianapolis Five Hundred Miles, the Memorial Day classic for out-and-out racing cars. As for my acquaintance with sports cars in particular, it had been limited to awed glances at the sleek, underslung, and stylishly occupied specimens that have been zipping along the highways in increasing numbers. So, before setting out for Florida, I boned up a little on the subject, primarily by dropping in at two retreats—the Sports Car Room at Sardi's, and Le Chanteclair, an East Forty-ninth Street restaurant owned by René Dreyfus, a former international racing luminary—where local devotees frequently gather to discuss such abstruse matters as the cornering capacities of the Ferrari, the petrol-injection system of the Jaguar, and the roadability of the Maserati. At these powwows, I learned, among other things, that about ninety thousand sports cars, or sports-type cars, most of them foreign-made, were sold in this country last year, and that there are now about a dozen sports-car clubs in and around New York, which engage mostly in the relatively innocuous pastime of competing in "rallies," or time-and-distance runs, held, with at least theoretical regard for stop lights and speed limits, over back roads in the neighboring countryside. On a grander scale, but still on the amateur, or avocational, level, a body known as the Sports Car Club of America sponsors a number of events on raceways scattered about the country, including one at Lime Rock, Connecticut, and soon to include a big new one at Bridgehampton, Long Island, a hundred miles or so from Times Square as the M.G. flies. Since the Sebring race is open to amateurs and professionals alike, it is not sanctioned by the Sports Car Club, but it has the perhaps greater glory of being the only American sports-car race recognized by the Fédération International de l'Automobile—the chief governing body of world motor sports, with headquarters in Paris—and its special attraction is that it provides the only opportunity in North America for observing the storied professional sports-car drivers in action with the world's most thoroughbred automotive equipment. At Sardi's and Le Chanteclair, I heard a good deal of speculation about how these drivers would fare at Sebring, and among those who were most often mentioned—in terms that the devotees, as I later discovered, had generally borrowed from the sports-car-racing press, a colorful, not to say hyperthyroid, segment of American journalism—were the Marquis de Portago ("feverish"), the Argentine Juan Manuel Fangio ("*fantástico*"), the Englishman Mike Hawthorn ("savage"), and the Italian Piero



"After twenty-five years of faithful service, I somehow expected a little more than a wristwatch."

Taruffi ("dauntless"). Calling on one of the Chanteclair enthusiasts at his home, I had the pleasure of listening to an album of long-playing high-fidelity records, made at last year's Grand Prix and called "Sounds of Sebring," that presented an unnerving succession of engine, exhaust, and brake noises. All in all, I gathered that sports-car racing combines the grim fascination of the Circus Maximus, the panoply of the medieval joust, the ritualism of bullfighting, and the chanciness of Russian roulette. While some of its more sober-minded adherents are given to high-flown arguments about its role in "improving the automotive breed," I got the feeling that the noblest goal envisaged by the younger zealots is offering oneself up in a glorious *auto-da-auto*, so to speak—in the manner of the late movie actor James Dean, who, as any rabid sports-car fan will tell you, "got his" in a Porsche, or of the post-adolescent French novelist Françoise Sagan, who nearly got hers in an Aston-Martin. Fortified with all these facts and impressions, I arrived in Sebring a couple of days before the race, right in the middle of the period of practice workouts, high anticipation, and actual racing known as Race Week, and I was not surprised to find a rare and glittering collection of foreign and domestic daredevils, playboys, sports writers, and decorative ladies already there, along with a large number of dedicated sports-car owners, who had driven down—hellbent, to judge by some of the lifts I got between my hotel and the raceway—from such distant points as Quebec and San Francisco.

SEBRING (pop. about 8,000) is a curious site for so flamboyant an event as the Twelve-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance. Situated in the sun-baked heart of a rolling orange-grove-and-scrub-cattle region wistfully called the Highlands, the village, which towers a good ten feet over Lake Jackson, a small body of water that forms its western boundary, is a cluster of modest stucco houses built around a tiny, circular tree-dotted park. This shady haven is well supplied with benches, and these are usually occupied by elderly residents of the town—"the old dears," as I heard a kindly young British mechanic call them. A great many of the old dears, I was told, are retired ministers, and, indeed, in Sebring the devotional influence is quite evident. The town offers a choice of no fewer than nineteen churches, and cards bearing Protestant,



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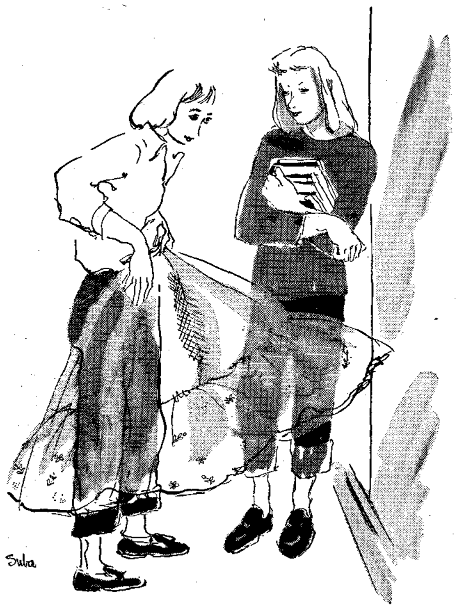
Catholic, and Jewish prayers are thoughtfully placed on the tables in the local restaurants, courtesy of the Warren Funeral Home. Stopping in for a sandwich at one restaurant, which at first glance appeared to be jammed entirely with gaudy sports-car types, I managed to find room at a table occupied by two wide-eyed Salvation Army ladies in full uniform.

While there always seemed to be at least a few bemused elders in the park during Race Week, I gathered that most of Sebring's ancients prudently keep to their homes while the sports-car crowd is in town, leaving it to the Chamber of Commerce element to brave the careering traffic and do the welcoming honors, which consist chiefly of breaking out the flags of the participating nations and jacking up prices. At my hotel, a three-story yellow stucco building that I suspect was erected and furnished at about the time of the Seminole War, rooms that normally went for four dollars a day had been hiked to twenty for Race Week. Nevertheless, Sebring businessmen are apparently not quite as cold-blooded a bunch of predators as their brethren in some other Florida resorts; the manager of my hotel seemed to be genuinely apologetic about the Race Week squeeze, and attempted to justify it by explaining that the arrival of the sports-car people gave the town its only chance to turn a boom-time dollar. "It's just something we-all *got* to do," he said, and added that the rates at Sebring's two other sizable hotels—both fancy relics of Florida's real-estate boom back in the twenties—were running as high as seventy dollars a room. Pondering my narrow escape from this exorbitance, and discovering that some of the Race Week throng were unable to get accommodations any nearer than Lake Wales, forty miles away, I decided I was pretty lucky after all. In any case, I didn't spend much time in my hotel, for I was lured out of it by a stirring round of social activities connected with Race Week. Every night, there were at least a couple of Race Week parties, given by such diverse hosts as Rolls-Royce and the Sebring Elks, in one of the town's clubs or hotels or in a pavilion on a pier over Lake Jackson, and I managed to look in on most of them.

On the morning before the running of the Grand Prix, I went out to see the course, which occupies part of an abandoned Army Air Force base called Hendricks Field, about six miles east of the village. (The rest of it is occupied by the Sebring Air Terminal.) This out-of-the-way piece of real estate happens to be the site of America's leading sports-car race because a co-founder of the race, a New York aeronautical engineer named Alec Ulmann, rents a warehouse there and one day, back in 1949, it struck him that the old runways would lend themselves admirably to automobile racing. The course is a meandering circuit five and a fifth miles long, laid out partly over the wide runways and partly over connecting stretches of narrower road. The race starts on a three-thousand-foot runway, bordered by well-spaced bales of hay—a standard but not completely reassuring safety device. On one side of the runway are bleachers for the general public and on the other is a row of service pits—small wooden stalls, smelling strongly of castor oil, which mechanics often use as a lubricant, and in some cases topped by observation towers. Beyond the pits is a grassy enclave called the paddock, which during Race Week was reserved for officials, drivers, mechanics, and journalists, and was crowded with huge mobile machine shops, festively striped refreshment tents, and trailers serving as headquarters for the officials and the press. Most of the time, it also contained a profusion of Bentleys, Cadillacs, station wagons, noncompetitive sports cars, and other expensive forms of locomotion. (Some of the participants were living in the paddock for the duration, in sumptuous split-level house-trailers.) But I was chiefly interested in the entries and their drivers. Vehicles competing at Sebring are entered by car manufacturers and distributors as well as by private owners, and officially the competition is not between drivers or individual cars but



between makes of car, with top honors going to the make that compiles the best over-all record, and special honors going to the makes that do best in various classes. (The drivers, who operate in teams of two, each taking the wheel for three hours at a stretch, are eligible for certain incidental awards.) The Sebring equivalent of the morning line, I discovered, had the race nip and tuck between the Maseratis and the Ferraris—two Italian cars that have dominated road racing since October, 1955, four months after the Le Mans catastrophe, when Mercedes-Benz, till then the hands-down champion, dropped out of competition—but the British Jaguars were expected to make their usual staunch bid. (Maseratis are often called Masers by the knowledgeable, and sports-racing, or D-type, Jaguars are called D-Jags, but Ferraris are never called anything but Ferraris.) A much heralded new Chevrolet entry—an experimental Corvette known as the Super Sport, or SS—was being discussed with varying degrees of seriousness. Detroit, which has so far made only a couple of tentative passes (with Corvettes and Ford Thunderbirds) at the sports-car market, is looked upon by some purists as a wealthy lummox who might very well stomp in and buy up the whole game any time he took a notion to. As if to support such a view, a paddock rumor had it that Chevrolet had made an attempt the previous day to inveigle Maserati's two best drivers—the fantastic Fangio, from Argentina, and Stirling Moss, the champion of Great Britain—into switching to its team, which, consisting of about forty drivers, mechanics, drum-beaters, and private cops, was the largest at Sebring.

Determined to find out whether there was any truth to the report of this plot, I strolled over to the Chevrolet pits and, after passing a security check, instituted to fend off snoopers from the camps of competitors, had a talk with Chevrolet's head driver and *chef d'équipe* for the Sebring event—John Fitch, a slim, calm veteran of thirty-nine, who is one of the very few American drivers with professional status in Europe. He is also an unusually articulate representative of his strange calling, and on several occasions has shown himself to be one of the more literate writers on sports-car racing. (An article of his in the April, 1954, *Atlantic Monthly*, describing his sensations before, during, and after an accident that befell his car while he was leading in an important road race at Reims some years ago, impressed me as an extraordinarily pene-

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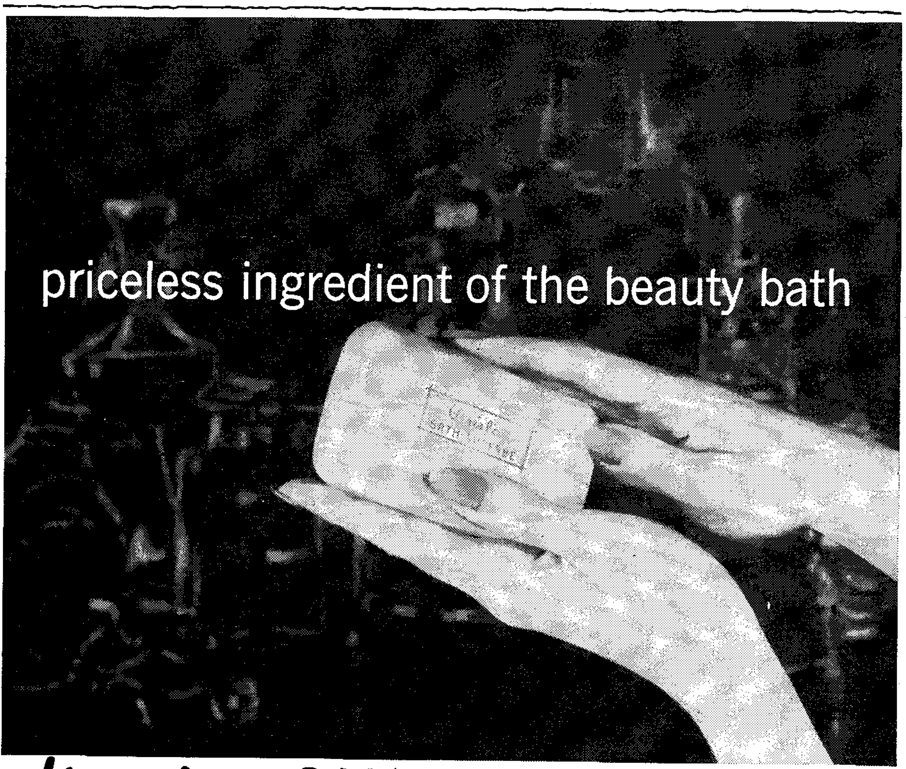

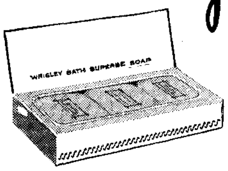

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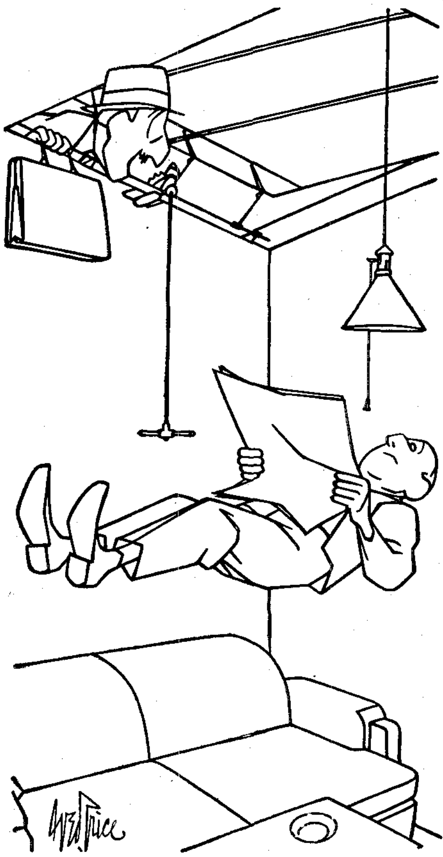

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trating study of the dubious pleasures of the dangerous life.) When I asked Fitch about the rumor, he replied flatly that it was a canard. "All we did was let Fangio and Moss test-run the SS, as a matter of courtesy," he explained, and added dryly, "Besides, they have a firm contract with Maserati." He went on to say that he would be driving the SS himself, as scheduled, alternating with Taruffi—a white-haired man of fifty, often referred to as the Silver Fox—who was flying in from Rome and was due to arrive that afternoon. There were two Super Sports on hand, Fitch told me, and the one he and Taruffi would drive in the race was still under wraps in a nearby airplane hangar. He had been practicing in a mechanically identical twin, known as the Mule, and it was in this car that Fangio and Moss had made their test runs. Fitch had just completed a test run himself—the marks of his eyeshield were still visible on his cheekbones, and his coveralls were coated with dust—and he led me over to the Mule. A battered-looking job, it was just then being thoroughly probed by a swarm of white-jacketed mechanics. I remarked that some observers apparently figured the SS as the car to beat, but Fitch, a realistic chap, refused to be stampeded. "Frankly, merely to *finish* the race in an untried model would be a tremendous showing," he said. "Twelve hours of braking, turning, and accelerating is a lot of punishment for any car. Just wait and see how many of them have to drop out tomorrow."

Fitch, who now lives in Stamford, Connecticut, was born and brought up in Indianapolis, but his early proximity to the celebrated Speedway was not what drew him into racing for a living. (Though he has a license to perform at the Speedway, he rarely shows up there, because he considers oval-track racing, in which all the turns are predictable and there is no braking to speak of, something of a bore.) He piloted an Air Force fighter plane in Europe during the Second World War, and his fondness for speed and danger, he thinks, dates from those days. As for his interest in sporty cars, he attributes it to the fact that his stepfather was once a Stutz dealer. Anyhow, after the war he drifted into amateur sports-car competition at Bridgehampton and then into driving as a professional on European car-factory teams. Before signing on for his present job, he spent some time as chief driver for Briggs Cunningham, of Greens Farms, Connecticut—a millionaire race driver who a few years ago

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put a respectable piece of his fortune into turning out a racing model called the Cunningham. After Cunningham and his men made several gallant but never quite adequate attempts to win one of the big races—it was a Cunningham that Fitch was driving when he had his accident at Reims—the model was withdrawn from competition. Fitch joined Chevrolet early in 1956, heading the Corvette team in last year's Sebring.

I asked Fitch what had impelled a sensible fellow like him to take up such an apparently foolhardy pursuit as auto racing. After mulling the question over, he said, "Well, of course, just being concerned with prime events like death and victory has its fascination. But even aside from that there's nothing I know of that can compare to the sheer joy of putting a racing machine through a difficult maneuver and bringing it off perfectly. All the components of the car—the engine, the wheels, the suspension—become an extension of the driver's personality. It's as though he and the car had a common nervous system. Then, too, there's the sense of challenge. The sight of a car ahead can have the same effect on a driver that a red rag has on a bull." He paused reflectively, and then added, with a smile, "The truth is, I guess, that racing is as hard to give up as dope."

Fitch told me that he has a wife and three young sons, and that occasionally, in a tight spot during a race, the thought of them has given him a queasy moment or two; at such times, he said, he has regretted not having retired from the sport and devoted himself exclusively to automotive-consultant work, which is the way he occupies himself when he is not busy driving fast cars. "On the whole, though, I'm glad I've stayed in racing," he said. "It's enabled my family to live surprisingly well. We've been able to travel all over Europe and make friends with a lot of interesting people we'd probably never have met otherwise." After another pause, he concluded quietly, "I can't say the life has required anything of me that I haven't been prepared to give."

THE Corvette mechanics pronounced the Mule ready for action once more, and Fitch put on his eyeshield and crash helmet and took the car back out on the course. I had brought along a copy of the Sebring newspaper, in which the editors had helpfully published a rundown of drivers, owners, and paddock guests who either were or very soon would be in

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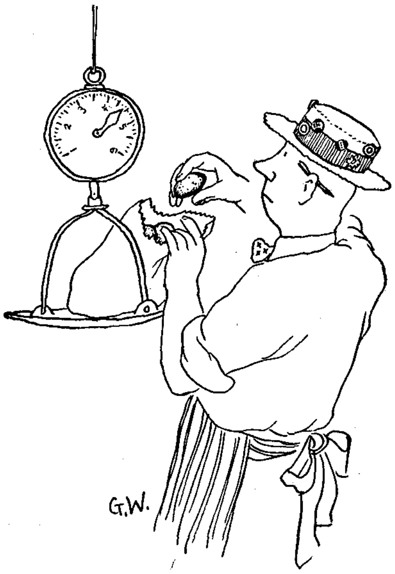
town, and as I wandered on past some of the other pits, I skimmed over the list. At first glance, it seemed as though a few stray paragraphs by Cholly Knickerbocker had found their way into it by mistake. Sir Sydney and Lady Greta Oakes, of the Bahamas, owners of an Alfa Romeo entry, were on hand, and there were at least two titled drivers in addition to the Marquis de Portago—Count von Trips and Baron von Hanstein, both of Germany. George Schrafft, of the Schrafft-candy Schraffts, was down as a guest, and James Kimberly, of the Kimberly-Clark-paper Kimberlys, was slated to drive his own Maserati. So was Lance Reventlow, Barbara Hutton's son, while one of her former husbands, Porfirio Rubirosa, was slated to drive a Ferrari.

When I looked up from my paper, I found I was near the pits occupied by the Ferrari *scuderia*, or stable, and the atmosphere there at once struck me as rather *doloroso*. Inquiry revealed that Rubirosa, winner of second place in the 1954 Sebring race, had decided not to show up after all—a blow that was the more serious because Eugenio Castellotti, the twenty-six-year-old champion of Italy, co-winner of last year's Sebring race, and Ferrari's star driver, had recently been killed in a driving accident back home. The Ferrari reputation, therefore, would rest largely on the shoulders of the volatile Marquis de Portago. These, I noticed as the grandee zoomed in from the course in one of his employer's cars—low, beetle-mouthed red vehicles—were slightly stooped, possibly because he had spent a good part of the past several years hunched over the steering wheels not only of racing cars but of bobsleds, and over the necks of steeplechase horses and polo ponies as well. A considerable body of admiring adventure literature had been building up around the Marquis, who was apparently a reckless and violent competitor in any sport he undertook. According to legend, which constitutes much of what one hears at sports-car turnouts, he once slugged an ambulance driver who was carting him off a course after a wreck, and, leaving the good Samaritan dazed, ran back to finish the race.

At the moment, the Marquis, looking docile enough, was being held prisoner in the cockpit of his car by a battery of photographers, so I went along to the pits of Ferrari's strongest rival, Maserati, where a little crowd of admirers had collected—with good reason, I soon discovered. The Maserati plant at Modena, in northern Italy, had shipped over four of its most formidable sports racers—a new 4.5-litre model, two 3-litre models, and a new 2.5-litre model (sports cars are designated by the amount of space, expressed in litres, that is displaced by their pistons)—and to drive them the company had rounded up the most awesome squad of luminaries at the race, including Jean Behra, the champion of France; Carroll Shelby, a Texan and, according to *Sports Illustrated*, this country's Driver of the Year; and, of course, Moss and Fangio, tethered by their firm contracts.

This cosmopolitan band of men and their satellites were chatting in a rich mixture of tongues and drawls, punctuated now and then by an "O.K." or a "Good show!" and accompanied by a din of hammering and clanking, to say nothing of the rasping sound of engines. (I use the adjective "rasping" advisedly, having been informed by a sharp-eared connoisseur that Maseratis rasp, while other sports cars make a blasting sound, but I confess that I myself could detect no difference; to me the noise made by all the Sebring entries was pretty much the same—loud and menacing.) Lounging imperturbably on a camp chair in the midst of the hubbub was Fangio, a stocky, almost bald patriarch of forty-five, who used to drive a cab in Buenos Aires and is now lionized in his country as the first Argentine sports figure of international calibre since the thirties, when Luis Angel Firpo hung up his gloves. The Eddie Arcaro of sports-car racing, Fangio has been world champion for four of the past six years and was co-winner, with the late Castellotti, of the 1956 Grand Prix. Fangio's imperturbability probably stemmed not only from this record but from the fact that he was to



drive the 4.5-litre Maser, which many people considered the hottest car in the race (unless Chevrolet should produce a miracle), and was therefore the odds-on favorite to win—an old habit with him, which helps him take in about a hundred thousand dollars a year from racing. Not that he needs the money, a trackside biographer informed me; during the Perón regime he became a millionaire through car dealerships and assorted windfalls that were the perquisites of a national hero in Argentina. Fangio was being reverently interviewed by several racing reporters—a journalistic exercise that was complicated by the fact that he speaks practically no English. Finally, somebody scared up an interpreter, and among the first questions that Fangio—a good-natured subject, despite a slightly defensive deadpan stare, reminiscent of Chico Marx's—was asked was why he had not bothered to learn any English during his twenty years of international competition. His reply was eminently sensible, I thought: "Who needs English to talk to a car?"

MOVING on again, I came to the pits occupied by the Arnolt-Bristols—little white 1.9-litre models—and had a talk with S. H. Arnolt, of Warsaw, Indiana, a husky extrovert in his middle forties and a driver himself, who had three cars entered in the race. Most of the drivers, and even many of the mechanics, wore trim, colorful coveralls and sports outfits, but not Arnolt; he was got up in faded Air Force flight fatigues and an old striped woollen skating cap. He told me that he designed his cars himself and had them built and assembled in Italy and England, and added that while he did not expect his entries to pull an upset and beat the more powerful vehicles in the race, he did figure to win in the 2-litre class, for the third straight year. He then went on to extoll the Arnolt-Bristol's merits, and to express the opinion that the big advantage that his cars, like all sports makes, have over the Detroit models, with their automatic transmissions and other self-operating mechanisms, is driver control. "Our car does what *you* want it to, instead of you doing what *it* wants you to," he said, with conviction.

It was a few minutes before noon, and Arnolt, explaining that practice runs were not permitted during the lunch hour, invited me to have a bite with him and his crew at a nearby barracks that he had taken over for Race Week, and to go for a spin around the

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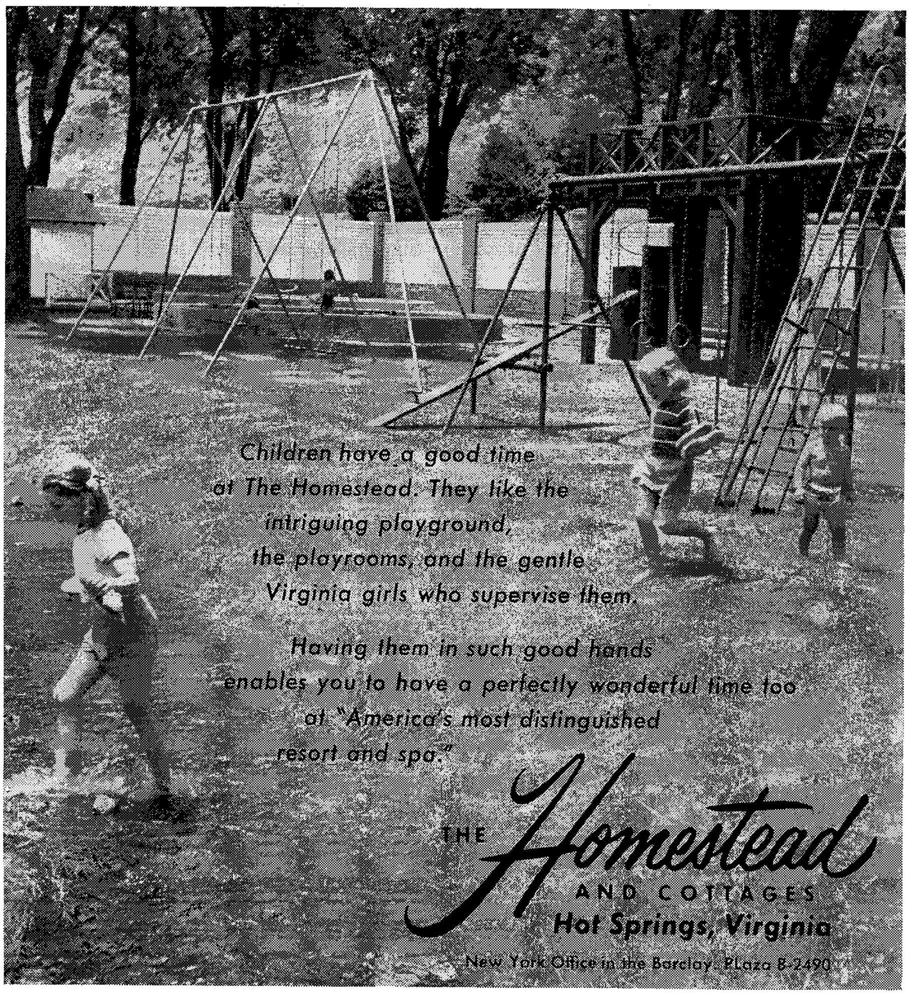
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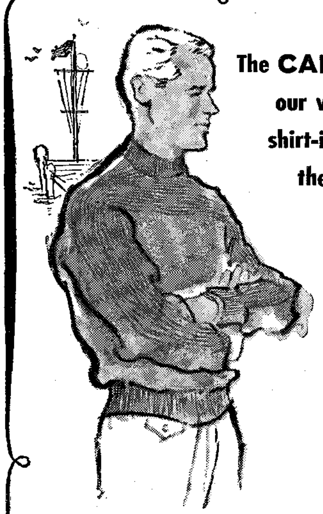
course with him afterward. At lunch, which was served family-style at a long table, he dutifully introduced me to each member of his crew, including his co-driver, a young man from Chicago named Robert Goldich, who had formerly been a midget-car racer. There were about twenty crew members—a high-spirited, fresh-faced lot, practically all of them from the Middle West. "I like to keep my boys together down here," Arnolt told me, by way of accounting for the barracks, and continued loudly, "Otherwise they'd be helling around all over the place and never even show up for the race." As he had intended, this statement was greeted with hoots of laughter from the squad.

After the meal, Arnolt and I went for our spin—not in an Arnolt-Bristol, since the lunch-hour ban was still in effect, but on a two-seater Vespa scooter. Sitting behind him and hanging on to a handgrip, I found the trip exhilarating, but the course itself did not appear to be particularly difficult. Though it had eleven turns, all of them except a couple of *chicanes*, or S turns, struck me as quite easily negotiable. I remarked on this to Arnolt as we whipped along, and, shouting back over his shoulder, he assured me that, in view of the relatively long duration of the race, the course presented as stiff a challenge as any in the world. Taking me back to the first *chicane*, which started just after the course narrowed from a broad runway to a two-lane black-top road, he slowed up to show me one of the many hazards. At this *chicane*, he pointed out, passing at racing speeds was impossible. He added that during the 1956 Grand Prix, he was just approaching that turn when an Argentine named Carlos de Mendetiguy tried to squeeze his car in ahead, went off the road, and was seriously injured. "Don't let this course fool you," Arnolt concluded. "It's plenty tricky."

ON the morning of the race, a brilliantly sunny one, I had some difficulty getting out to the course. The race started at ten o'clock, and at nine-thirty the traffic along the only road—a two-lane highway—from Sebring to the track was barely moving. (This state of affairs was not at all congenial to the sports cars in the pack, many of whose radiators were steaming—something that is apt to happen when the little fellows' engines idle at a standstill for any length of time.) Like everybody else, I suppose, I was distressed by this delay—particularly because I was eager to catch the beginning of the race,



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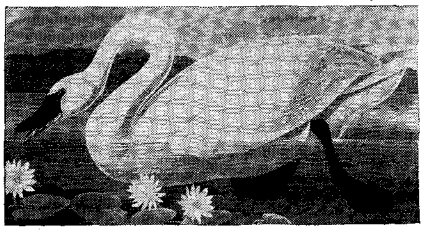

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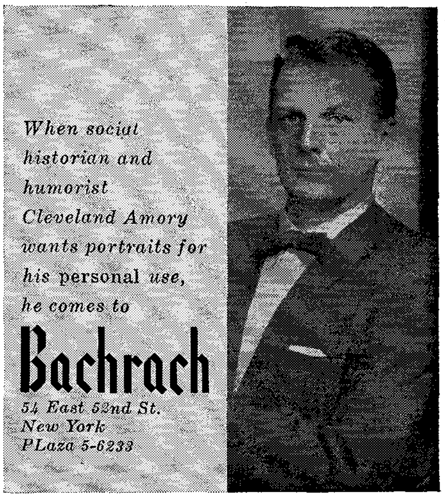

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which had been billed in advertisements as "the famous Le Mans start." But the traffic soon picked up, and I arrived at the raceway just as the Sebring High School band burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner," to mark the official opening of the big day. All in all, I found the atmosphere much like that of a Fourth of July picnic, for Sebring's volunteer firemen and several local civic bodies had assembled a small midway behind the bleachers, complete with games of chance, refreshment counters, and even a Ferris wheel, which provided a quaintly anachronistic contrast to the flashy cars that were being revved up in front of the pits and to the swarms of private and chartered planes that were constantly flying in to unload additional spectators and then park wherever there was space around the field.

The Le Mans start, which I watched from the press-observation platform in the paddock, was an intricate bit of pageantry. The drivers lined up in front of the bleachers, facing their vehicles, which were themselves lined up alongside the pits, each at a slight angle to the runway. There were sixty-five cars—forty-three of them entered by distributors and private owners, and the rest by factories—representing nineteen makes, with the automotively exciting names of A.C., Alfa Romeo, Arnolt-Bristol, Austin Healey, Cooper, Corvette, D.-B., Ferrari, Jaguar, Lotus, Maserati, Mercedes-Benz (two of them, both privately owned), M.G., Morgan, O.S.C.A., Porsche, Renault, Stanguellini, and Triumph, to list them in impartial, alphabetical order. They made a dazzling display, with their streamlined bodies finished in a variety of colors, but, of them all, the

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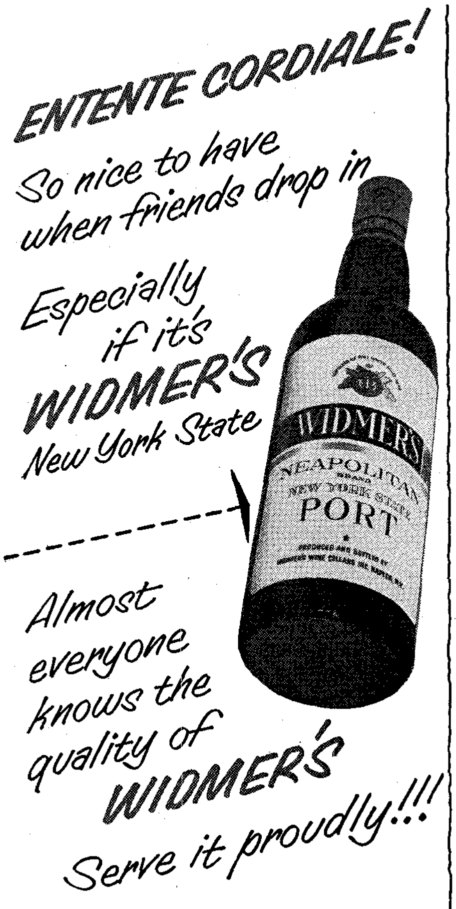
Corvette SS, at last unveiled, was certainly the show-stopper—a spotlessly gleaming metallic-blue beauty that made most of its battle-worn rivals look old and tired. Starting at exactly 9:59:45 A.M., a fifteen-second countdown was bellowed out over a loudspeaker, and then the drivers dashed across the runway, jumped into their cars, switched on their ignitions, and poured out onto the course. For all its pageantry, though, the famous Le Mans start did not have much bearing on the outcome, and at Sebring the car that got away most effectively—a Ferrari, which built up a 9.8-second lead in the first lap—eventually came in sixth.

On a course like the one at Sebring, I soon perceived, automobile racing is not precisely a first-rate spectator sport—not, at least, if the spectator likes to see the action whole. Even from my perch on the platform, only two segments of the course were easily visible—the runway in front of the paddock and another runway behind it—and as the ground-hugging racers rocketed down these, I couldn't decide whether they reminded me more of fast-moving insects or of bullets. The rest of the course was obscured by hangars, parked airplanes, trees, and just plain distance, and much of the time I felt as if I were occupying a seat behind a post at a ball game. But, moving from one unsheltered vantage point to another, I doggedly stayed with it long enough to acquire not only a sunburn but some idea of how things were going. The earliest news of any consequence was that the SS had developed a wobbly wheel after two fast laps, obliging Fitch to stop at his pit; this information was received by most of the paddock onlookers with what I considered unseemly glee. From then on, the sleek beauty grew increasingly temperamental, until, two hours and a quarter and several repair stops later, it gave up entirely. By that time, the race had started to shape up inexorably in accordance with the form charts. After the first two hours, the 4.5-litre Maser, having established a new course record by completing a single lap in three minutes twenty-four and five-tenths seconds, had overtaken the leading Ferrari, and an hour later Behra, the champion of France, who was driving the car, handed it over to Fangio with a three-minute lead. At the end of Fangio's three hours, the Maser had a three-*lap* lead, and the race was as much in the bag as an automobile race still in progress ever can be.

It did not take me long to decide that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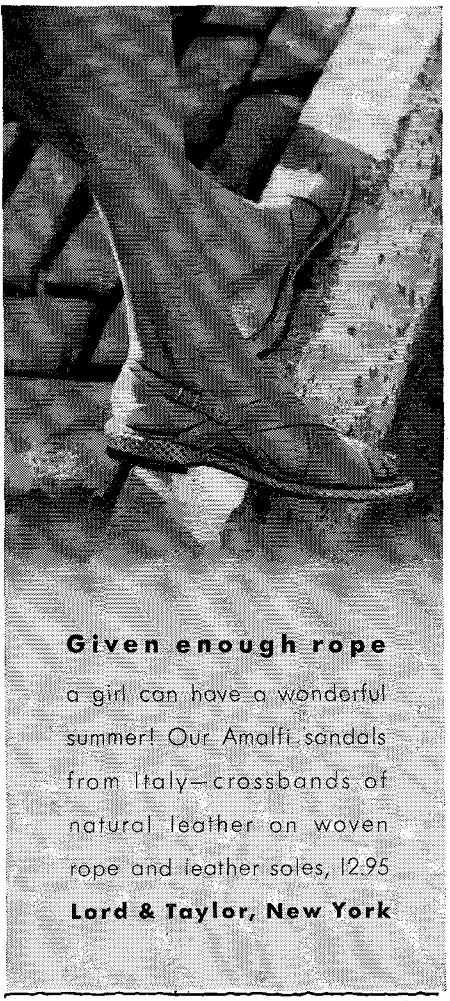
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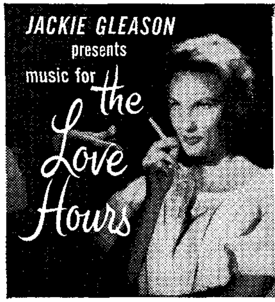
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the Grand Prix is an endurance contest not only for cars and drivers but for the onlookers, who must fight off heat prostration, wrestle with jangled nerves, and find some way to relieve the tedium. The paddock was swarming with people—a good many of them, I gathered, friends of the management or friends of the drivers—and not long after the race started I noticed that quite a few of these privileged spectators, lacking a pitch-penny game and a Ferris wheel, were doing their best to divert themselves, between glances at the track, by circulating festively from trailer to trailer, tent to tent, and pit to pit. After a while, I set out to do a little circulating, too; as I strolled about, I struck up acquaintance—visual or social, or both—with some of the less automotive-minded specimens of the paddock fauna, including a capuchin monkey, a borzoi hound, and an impressive array of tanned and handsome women, whose outfits ran largely to bright, stylish summer shirts or blouses, tight-fitting pants, and Capezios. Except for a scattering of women drivers and a dedicated and hard-working group of girl racing reporters, the ladies in the paddock seemed resigned to playing an ornamental role; certainly I did not get the impression that many of them were much concerned with the finer points of the race. "Truesfully, dolleeng, I could not care less," a Central European charmer, to whom I was introduced over an al-fresco midday cocktail, replied when I asked her whom she was rooting for. "I just know I am having a *pair*-fectly splendid time."

Shortly after one o'clock, while I was still engaged in my pleasant peregrinations, I noticed a stir around the press trailers, and, making for them, stopped to ask a race official what was up. "A little trouble on the first *chicane*," he said in an offhand way, and went on about his business. Word of the trouble soon spread around the paddock. An Arnolt-Bristol, driven by Goldich, one of my cheerful companions at lunch, had gone into a drift—a sliding broadside skid—while heading into the same *chicane* that Arnolt had pointed out to me as we rode on the Vespa. The car had flipped over three times, and Goldich was dead.

The matter was disposed of with great dispatch. A helicopter hopped to the scene of the accident, and a few minutes later I saw it settle down near the backstretch runway, where an ambulance was waiting. Arnolt immediately withdrew his other cars—a conventional gesture of mourning on the part of an owner after such a dis-

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aster. The gaiety in the paddock diminished temporarily, but I sensed no general feeling of shock, and, indeed, the idea of death under such casual, carefree circumstances was something that I could not grasp with any feeling of reality myself.

THE afternoon and the race wore on, with the crowd continuing to show no more than a desultory interest in the proceedings (the Ferris wheel, I could see, was doing a brisk business), but at nightfall the whole affair seemed to get its second wind, and the excitement normally associated with sporting events began to build up. The lights of the cars were turned on, and could be seen streaking through the distant darkness like jet-propelled fireflies, and lights went on in the pits, the bleachers, and the trailers. As Fitch had predicted, breakdowns had taken a heavy toll; besides his SS, twenty-six other vehicles had been forced out of the race, mostly because of mechanical failure, and it was easier to get a clear picture of how things stood. Since it was obvious that nothing less than a crackup or the collapse of a major organ in the big Maser's insides could offset its lead, the drivers of the other cars were concentrating on second place, and among those running well were two Jaguars, the only survivors among the six that had started the race. One of the two was sponsored by the Jaguar people, of Coventry, England, and the other was one of two Jaguars entered by Briggs Cunningham. Expecting to find some lively activity in the Jaguar pits, I walked down to have a look at them, but all was quiet there except for a certain display of nervousness on the part of Cunningham's contingent—among them Cunningham himself, a jut-jawed, bushy-haired, distraught-looking chap, who had driven one of the now sidetracked Jaguars. The British contingent, though, seemed anything but nervous; I was particularly struck by two impassive mechanics, engaged in a conversation having to do with " 'igher haxle rytios," and by an unruffled giant of a man, who turned out to be the service director and competition manager of the Coventry firm—F. R. W. England.

As I stood there, the Cunningham entry rolled in for a tricky piece of repair work. This was the signal for the Americans in attendance to begin yelling and scurrying about—to no great effect that I could see. Presently, the tranquil England sent one of his tranquil British lads over, and he fixed the trouble in jig time. Then the

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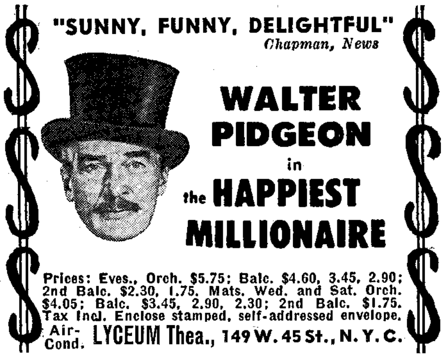

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factory Jaguar veered in from the course, smoke pouring from its brakes, and the British crew went to work on it with equal dispatch. The driver, Hawthorn, who was a tall, baby-faced, downy-haired youth, wearing what looked like a permanent expression of elegant contempt around his mouth, hopped out and leaned against the side of the pit, shaking his head nervously. He was in second place just then, and clearly under massive tension as he waited out the delay. A willowy blond American girl in slacks, sweater, and a white cowboy hat walked over to him and stroked his arm soothingly. Hawthorn smiled briefly through his expression of contempt.

In exactly six minutes, the two British mechanics changed the brake linings on all four wheels—a job that would have taken my neighborhood service station a day or two—and refuelled the car. But those six minutes cost Hawthorn his second-place position; he made a savage bid to recapture it, but at 10 P.M., when a galaxy of fireworks went up, heralding the end of the race, he was still third, behind Fangio and Moss. Moss, a cocky, somewhat bald twenty-six-year-old, had been merrily cruising along behind the leaders in one of the 3-litre Maseratis, waving to girl friends and biding his time—and, by no means incidentally, conserving the resources of his car—until close to the end, when he settled down to business. With first and second places, Maserati easily came off with the top honors. Ferrari had had a bad day. Only one of its cars was in the first five—an American-driven entry that came in fourth. (The Marquis de Portago—giving his Ferrari a merciless mechanical beating, as usual—was seventh.) The Jaguars, with third and fifth places, had done a trifle better, and took second honors. Still, hardly any manufacturer failed to pick up something at Sebring to boast about in his advertising; of the nineteen makes entered, seventeen received awards or official recognition of one kind or another.

SHORTLY after the end of the race, a fried-chicken-and-highball party was held at the pavilion on the pier—the sports-car crowd's traditional farewell to Sebring. At about midnight, I wandered over there, and a large number of drivers, mechanics, and spectators—including many of the ladies of the paddock, now looking more ornamental than ever in summer party dresses—were on hand. Despite the rigors of the day, they all managed to

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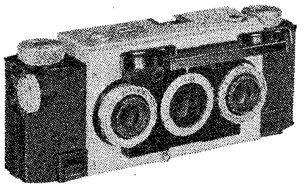

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—J. M. FLAGLER

•

THE NEW AIR FORCE

[*ADC letter No. 146-7, Headquarters, Air Defense Command, United States Air Force, Ent Air Force Base, Colorado Springs, Colo.*]

21 February 1957
(Expires 14 February 1958)

SUBJECT: Eliminating the Use of the Word "Mess" in Reference to Air Force Dining Halls
To: Commander, Each ADC Unit

1. Letter MCTSF, Headquarters AMC, 31 January 1957, subject as above, is quoted for your information and compliance:

"1. Surveys in industry have revealed that a great deal of adverse effect is the direct result of referring to people or facilities by a name or title which denotes unpleasant connotation. An example of this is represented by leading restaurants refraining from the use of the word 'waitress' and using in its place a more agreeable title of 'hostess.' The Stouffer Corporation refers to their girls as 'Stouffer Girls.'

"2. In the Air Force an attempt has been made to avoid the use of the word 'mess' when referring to food service dining halls. As pointed out by the recent Task Force on Subsistence Service, quote, 'With full realization that the words "mess" and "mess hall" have a long historical background, such words in present day minds conjure up the most undesirable visions of what is served therein. It is, therefore, believed that the word "mess" should be eliminated from military use with reference to kitchen, galleys, dining halls, or other facilities used for preparing and serving food to our Armed Forces.'

"3. Therefore, it is requested that every effort be made to promote favorable titles to food service and to raise the prestige of this occupation comparable to that of other recognized professional occupations, and wherever possible we must avoid referring to our Air Force dining halls as 'mess' halls. In keeping with accepted trade practices let's refer to our Air Force food service establishments as 'Dining Halls,' and to our operating personnel as 'Food Service Personnel' or 'Food Service Supervisors,' as appropriate."

BY ORDER OF THE COMMANDER:
(Signed) WALTER W. ROBINSON
COLONEL, USAF
COMMAND ADJUTANT

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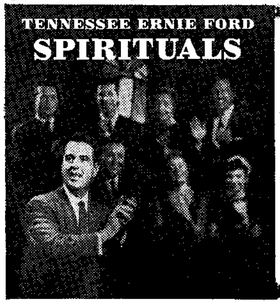

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sim as Assassin

"THE GREEN MAN" is a jolly English film whose hero is an ingenious gentleman dedicated to the proposition that all bores and bounders should be blown up. Since he is a capable hand at putting together any kind of bomb, he has little difficulty in translating this notion into explosive reality, and when we first encounter him, he is reminiscing happily over some of the nuisances he has vaporized, beginning with an obnoxious headmaster who bothered him in his youth and continuing with overweening businessmen and puffed-up dictators. During the war, when killing became too vulgar for a true artist, he quit his lethal work, but now, posing as a master clock-repairer, he is back on the job. His prey during most of "The Green Man" is Sir Gregory Upshott (Raymond Huntley), who not only is a painfully windy orator but is muddying the waters of Middle Eastern affairs. That's as much as I can coherently tell you about the dishevelled plot, except to say that it affords all hands some fine opportunities to cut loose in very comic style.

As the philosophic bomber, Alastair Sim goes about his work with a wonderfully mad dignity, and as his technical assistant, John Chandos creates a neat parody of a hardheaded Scot. There are also all kinds of diverting incidental characters—a determined vacuum-cleaner salesman (George Cole), an impressionable young bride-to-be (Jill Adams), a chilly B.B.C. announcer (Colin Gordon), and a nervous philanderer (Terry-Thomas). The dialogue is uniformly lively, the satire on British customs is acute, and the slapstick is not spared. Altogether, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, who wrote and produced the movie, deserve our thanks.

BY way of contrast with the merriment in "The Green Man," we have "Torero!" a Mexican picture done in documentary style, and probably the best exposition of bullfighting that has ever been put on film. In this one, Luis Procuna, a celebrated bullfighter, reënacts his life story, and he turns out to be as competent on the screen as he is in the ring. Written by Hugo Mozo and Carlos Velo, and directed by Señor Velo, the picture begins in 1953, as Señor Procuna is preparing to resume bullfighting in Mexico City after a period of retirement. As he proceeds to the arena, he recalls the events of his life, from his impoverished boyhood, through his training period, and on to his triumphs as a famous toreador. The film uses newsreels to show Señor Procuna in action—and they are intensely exciting—but it is not engaged simply in displaying the drama of the ring. It is also trying to reveal the psychology of a toreador—his fear of the bull, of the crowd, and of himself. Señor Procuna does a solid job of explaining how these various fears are conquered, and in the process he demonstrates that he is an actor to be reckoned with.

IN adapting Pierre Daninos' "The Notebooks of Major Thompson" for the screen, where it has the abominable title "The French They Are a Funny Race," Preston Sturges, who also directed the film, has strung out some superficial observations about the French—their driving habits, their adoration of Napoleon, their insistence on shaking hands at every opportunity, and the like—into a loose-knit picture that has none of the enormous bounce of such creations of his as "The Great McGinty," "The Palm Beach Story," and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." In "The Notebooks of Major Thompson," M. Daninos had the idea of looking at the French through an Englishman's eyes and satirizing not only the observed but the observer. In Mr. Sturges' case, however, it is not until he gets around to spoofing the Major's courtship of a horsy Englishwoman that he really shifts into high gear. The rest is only tepidly entertaining. Among those participating are Jack Buchanan, Noel-Noel, Catherine Boyl, Martine Carol, and Totti Truman Taylor. Like the picture, they are intermittently amusing. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

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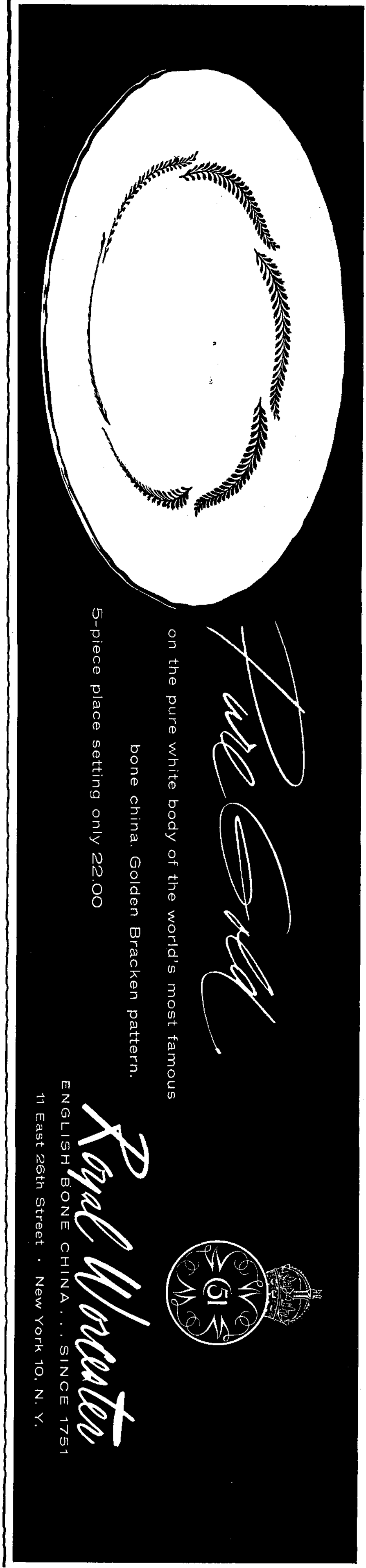
P. 5, line 11—should be "jig" instead of "jug."

—*Memo circulated at the University of Rochester Atomic Energy Project.*

Just what's going on here?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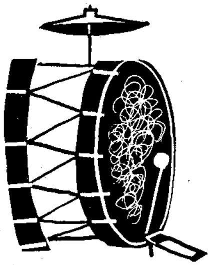
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records



ROY ELDRIDGE, a fiery and indefatigable trumpeter, makes it plain in a new recording, "Swing Goes Dixie" (American Recording Society G-420A), that he has lost none of the crackling excitement that has distinguished his work for the past twenty years. Few jazz trumpeters—even the young Louis Armstrong—have achieved Eldridge's pure, graceful hotness. Yet he is often academically dismissed as being merely the connecting link between Armstrong, who unwittingly formed the style of almost every trumpeter (Eldridge included) of the twenties and thirties, and Dizzy Gillespie, who, in turn, influenced (after a brief period as an admirer of Eldridge) almost every trumpeter of the forties and fifties. Eldridge is, however, far more than a transitional agent, for he is a highly original musician whose dignity and intense inventiveness are, at times, peerless. His style is wild and dancing and nervous; he seems to bite at, instead of merely blow, his notes, which rise in sudden, breathtaking swoops to the upper registers of his instrument or plummet to the low registers, where he often achieves a bleary, guttural sound. Eldridge also possesses a gift that is rare among jazz musicians; at his best—his unruly imagination now and then outruns his sizable technique—his solos are marvels of spontaneous construction, which march with a steady, unbreakable logic from oblique, studied beginnings to soaring, hats-off climaxes. When this happens, one gets the impression that Eldridge has exhausted for all time the melodic potential of the material at hand.

The congenial group he works with on this recording includes Benny Morton, trombone; Eddie Barefield, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Walter Page, bass; and Jo Jones, drums. The title of the album is misleading, for, rather than being Dixieland—a clanging, head-on, small-band jazz played in the late twenties and the early thirties—this is an informal, unclassifiable type of jazz that was audible before and during the Second World War at occasional recording dates and at legendary after-hours jam sessions. There are eight selections, all of them Dixieland tunes. Eldridge is most eloquent in "Tin Roof Blues" and "Jada," in which he solos with a majesty that one expects not in jazz but in opera. Morton, Barefield, and Page, who are of Eldridge's generation and style, are competent, and so is Wellstood, but Jo Jones is superb, for he performs with a stomping exhilaration he has never before revealed on records. His work behind Eldridge's first solo chorus in "Royal Garden Blues" is a classic bit of rocketing jazz drumming.

JIMMY RUSHING, who is a suave, blimp-sized blues shouter, has always sounded as if he were wearing spats and morning coat and had just had a good laugh. His supple, rich voice and his elegant, almost Harvard accent have the curious effect of making the typical roughhouse blues lyric seem like a song by Noel Coward. In his most recent recording, "The Jazz Odyssey of James Rushing Esq." (Columbia CL-963), he is accompanied, with varying effectiveness, by four groups, all headed by Buck Clayton, a trumpeter who worked with Rushing for many years in the Count Basie band. The personnel also includes Vic Dickenson and Dickie Wells, trombones; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; and, again, Jo Jones. Four of the twelve numbers, among them "Rosetta" and the infectious " 'Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do," are blues, and it is on these that Rushing, who pauses frequently for wonderful solos by Clayton, Tate, and Dickenson, is in his gracious, and occasionally mournful, prime. There is also a rare and ingratiating piece of authentic Americana, "Tricks Ain't Walkin' No More," in which Rushing, accompanying himself on the piano, delivers a mischievous monologue on the waywardness of urban low life. The album cover, done in tempera by Thomas Allen, showing Rushing, in a red shirt, black suit, and battered panama, hustling off to New York, is a thorough delight.

LIKE Eldridge and Rushing, Ben Webster, whose instrument is the tenor saxophone, belongs to a small and diminishing group of musicians who were prominent during the swing era and have now—for a number of reasons, including the collapse of the big-band business and the peculiar cult of progress-for-progress's-sake that guides many musicians and listeners—become as unfashionable as the boater. Nevertheless, Webster, who has a generous, soft tone and a lilting, slanting manner of approaching a melody, is a master saxophonist, who ranks alongside Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and Charlie Parker. On a record made by another Basie alumnus, Harry Edison, called "Sweets: Harry Edison and His Orchestra" (Clef MG C-717), he solos on each of its nine slight, Basie-like tunes with all of the compelling, moving warmth he exhibited fifteen years ago when he was with Duke Ellington. Edison, a clear, ringing trumpeter in the Armstrong tradition, is in superior form, and the rhythm section—Jimmy Rowles, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums—glides like a swan.

THE baritone saxophone is an obtuse instrument. But both Harry Carney, who has been the granitic center of the Ellington band since the Coolidge administration, and Gerry Mulligan have mastered its thick, lumpish sonorities, and Serge Chaloff, a contemporary of Mulligan's, handles the instrument with an equal and almost alarming agility. He exudes an unashamedly broad lyricism, based on a rich tone and an astonishing vibrato that beats even the celebrated vibrations of Sidney Bechet, the New Orleans clarinettist and soprano saxophonist. A ceaselessly restless player, Chaloff darts from frank, bumptious bass notes to soft, breathy high ones that barely get out of the loudspeaker. "Blue Serge" (Capitol T-742), a fresh, relaxed recording with an inspired accompaniment—Sonny Clark, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums—is, all in all, probably the most satisfying one Chaloff has done. Clark and Jones are particularly stimulating, and a refreshing structural device is used here and there in the four-bar breaks (in this case, a series of short, alternating solo exchanges) that adds a light, surprised air to the proceedings: each man, in his turn, plays *a cappella*. There are seven selections, ranging from a sprightly blues to "Thanks for the Memory," "Stairway to the Stars," and "I've Got the World on a String," all of which Chaloff converts into a series of fervent arabesques that would edify their composers.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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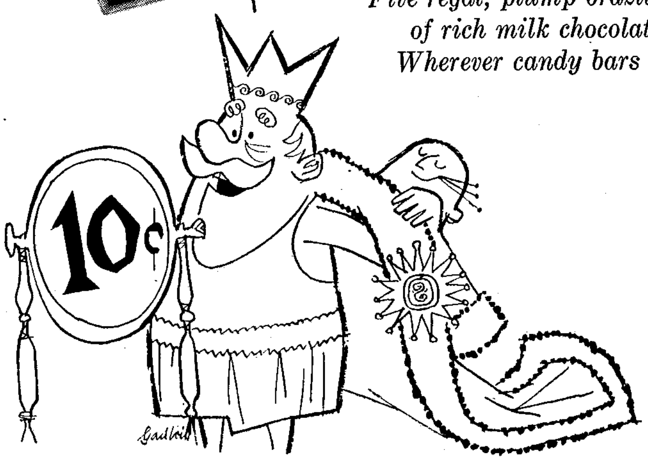

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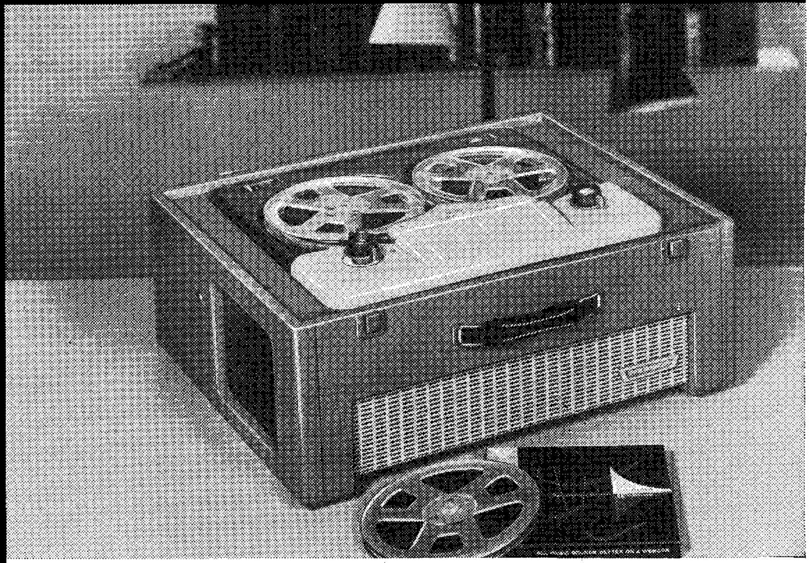

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THE RACE TRACK

Beautiful Belmont

THOUGH racing on Long Island ostensibly begins at Jamaica, it doesn't really get started for a lot of us until the Belmont Park meeting. Well, they're off and running at Belmont this week, and you are going to find changes all around the spacious old place. The main track hasn't been shortened (there had been talk that it would be), and the straight Widener Course hasn't been plowed under (as I'm sorry to say some horseplayers would like it to be), but the grandstand now has escalators, there is a new railroad station and a new bus terminal, there are more and larger parking lots, and it is easier to enter and leave the grounds than it was last year. Also, those who watch the races from the lawn can now stand near the rail and see horses running on the backstretch—not merely the tops of the jockeys' caps. Countless cubic feet of earth had to be removed from the infield to make that possible. All this has cost a bit of money—three million to date, and they're not through yet.

And Belmont is brighter, too. The grandstand has had a complete paint job, and fluorescent lighting has been installed in the betting ring. Incidentally, a special shade of something between white and yellow—Belmont buff, you might call it—was invented to blend with the fluorescent lighting, and it creates a warm, pleasing effect. The décor of the clubhouse section, and especially the mezzanine, is most attractive—nothing of the golden-oak era about it. The escalators are similar to those in the New York Coliseum. One is at the west end of the grandstand, near the trains and buses; another is in the middle of the stand; and a third is in the clubhouse. This last one goes up over the main line of betting windows, and you can see the ticket sellers and the cashiers at work as you ride. Perhaps the fanciest addition of all is a Bridge of Sighs leading from the railroad station to the stands. It's a long walk from the trains to the clubhouse—at least five furlongs, I'd say. As for the parking problem, Belmont has more places to put cars this year—on the grounds where the Manice mansion used to be; on the lot formerly occupied by the railroad station and its yards; and on the site of the old steeplechase schooling course on the backstretch. Furthermore, there are new entrances and exits, and traffic cloverleafs, all of it to the good. The meeting, which is to continue through August 3rd, will be the longest ever held at Belmont.

ALTHOUGH Poly Hi hadn't been out since she galloped off with the Rosedale Stakes at Jamaica a month ago, almost everybody was sure that she would take the Fashion Stakes there the other afternoon, and so she did, but her backers (at odds-on) had a few things to worry about before the "Official" sign was flashed. She won by only half a length from Oil Rich and Lady Lyric, who were heads apart behind her, and the race was such a cross-and-jostle affair that two claims of foul were made. Both were dismissed, however. I fancy that Poly Hi is the best two-year-old filly we've seen. Since she came out, in Florida, she has won five of her seven starts and $33,350 in prize money for her owner, Mrs. S. G. Zauderer, who bought her for $5,500 at the Saratoga Sales last August.

Somehow, the two-year-olds from the big stables seem to be unusually slow getting under way this season—or perhaps it's just that their trainers didn't care to run them at Jamaica.

THE latest reports are that Gen. Duke, who went lame shortly before the Preakness, will be idle for some time, but Calumet Farm is not shutting up shop. The other day, its Barbizon returned to the races at Garden State Park, the scene of his great triumph in the Garden State Stakes last year, and won with consummate ease—a good example of horses for courses. . . . An even better example is Boston Doge (the railbirds all call him Boston Doggie) at Suffolk Downs, where he's never been defeated. When he won the Paul Revere Handicap up there last week, he was 1–10 in the betting. They never forget. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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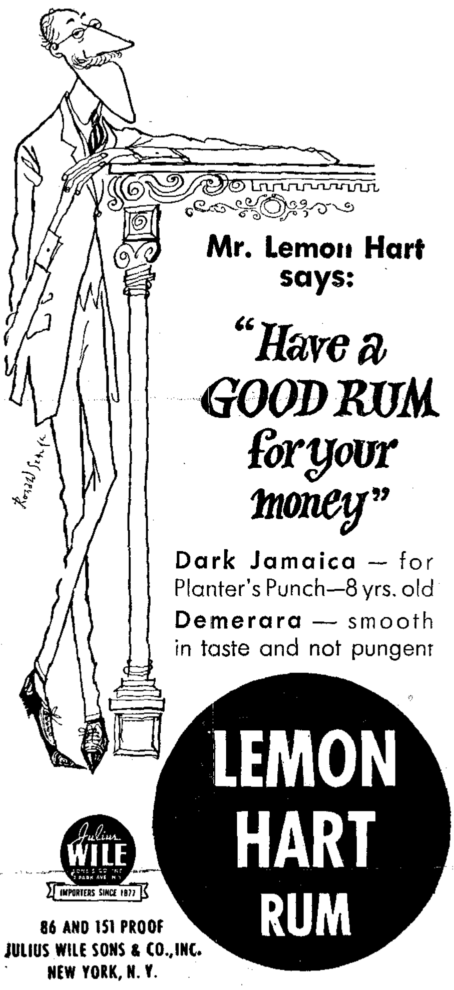
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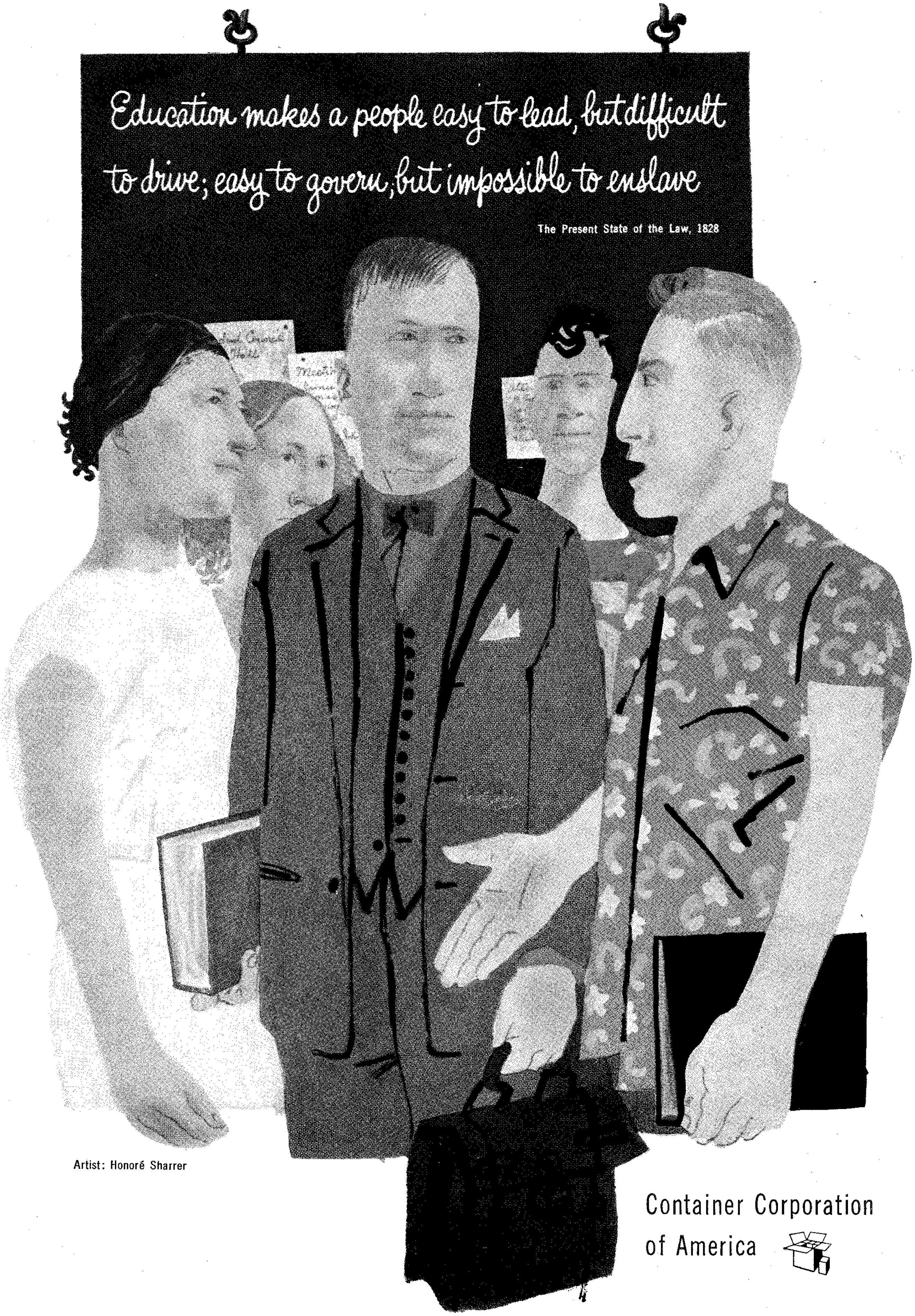
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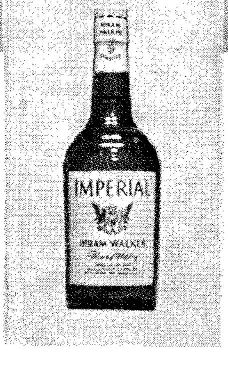
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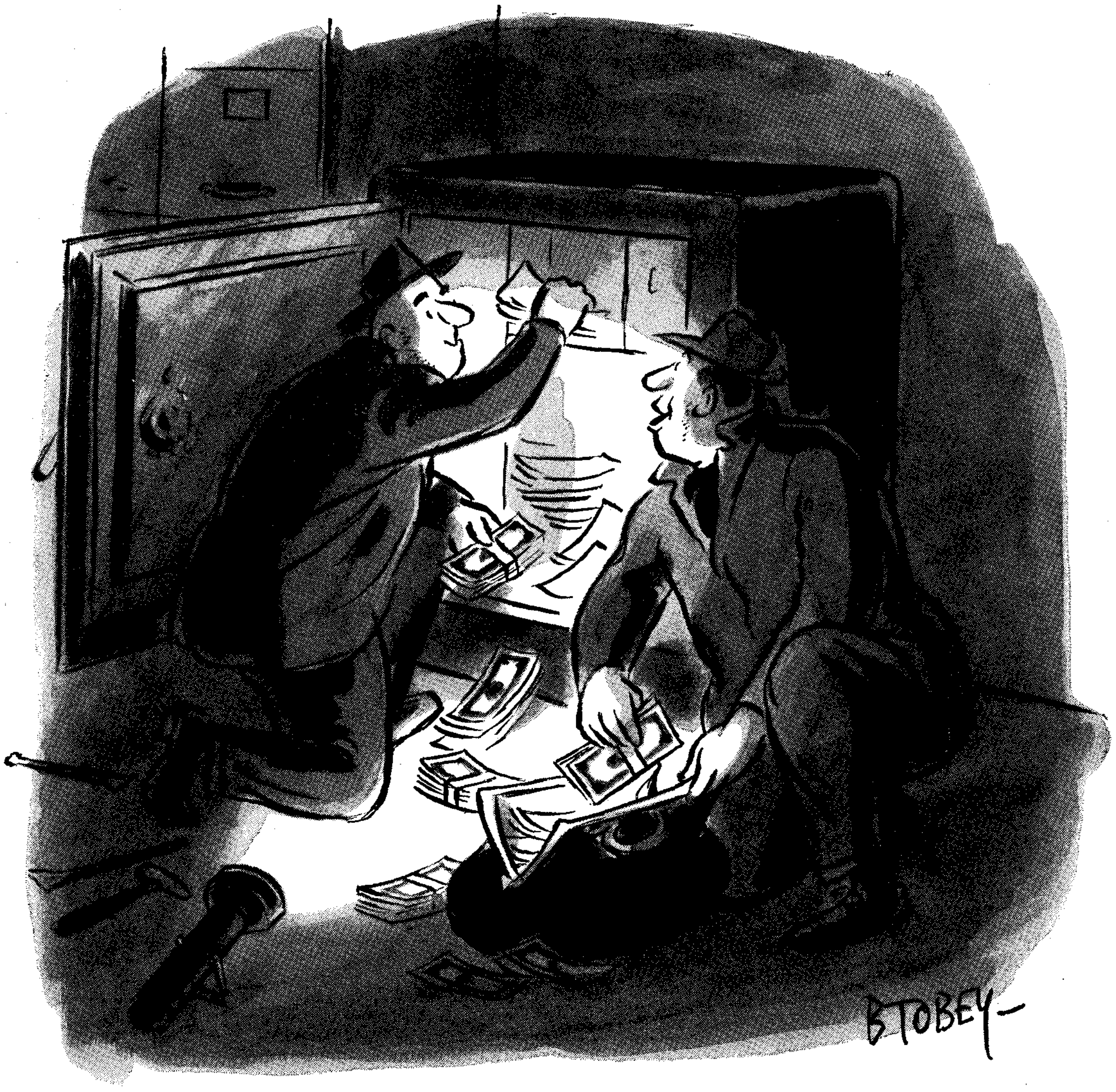
BOOKS

Snopesishness and Faulknerishness

William Faulkner's new novel, "The Town" (Random House), is easier to read and more entertaining than anything else he has written in a long time. Compared with his recent "A Fable," that tortured attempt to escape from the dullness of contemporary political problems into a climate of high-minded religiosity, it is a model of lucidity and of modest storytelling. But "The Town" differs less from "A Fable" than it seems to on the surface. Both books suffer from a profound discrepancy between what they present dramatically and concretely and what the presentation is supposed to mean. In each one, Faulkner is trying to say something that is in direct conflict with the realities he himself transcribes, and in each one this effort to force an irrelevant meaning out of his material leads to a distortion of the material and to the triumph of oratory over poetry.

"The Town" is mainly concerned with the further doings of the Snopes family, and particularly of their leading member, Flem, almost all of whom Faulkner first portrayed at length seventeen years ago, in "The Hamlet." In the historical legend that runs through Faulkner's stories and novels about the imaginary Mississippi county of Yoknapatawpha, the Snopeses represent the class of poor whites who, after the Civil War, began ruthlessly using their talent for making money to take over social and economic power in the South. "The Hamlet" deals with the beginning of this process—the rise of Flem Snopes from "less than nowhere" to a position of prominence in rural Frenchman's Bend. By the end of the book, Flem has outsmarted nearly everyone—including Will Varner, the richest and most powerful man in the area, and V. K. Ratliff, the cleverest—in business deals, and has established relatives in jobs all over the village. He has also married Will Varner's daughter, Eula, a gloriously beautiful creature who happens to be pregnant with another man's child, and, of course, he has profited financially by the transaction. Having gone as far as he can in Frenchman's Bend, Flem sets out for nearby Jefferson in the last chapter of "The Hamlet." "The Town," picking up his story at that point, early in the twentieth century, follows his progress from a partnership in a grubby little restaurant to the presidency of a Jefferson bank.

But if there are similarities in the two novels, there is also an immense difference. In "The Hamlet," Faulkner defines the Snopeses in opposition to a world that is concretely characterized by the full-blooded virility of Will Varner, by the extravagantly lush, indolent beauty of Eula Varner, by the innocence and camaraderie of the farmers who sit around the village store, and especially by the rich personality of the itinerant sewing-machine agent, V. K. Ratliff. Ratliff is a superbly realized representative of the best and most valuable qualities the Old South has to offer, and because he has no formal education, his wonderfully civilized mind, his native delicacy of manner, his wit, and his humane curiosity are more fully the products of the society that nourished him. It is against this background that the Snopeses come into focus. After a while, their harshness, their coldness, their blindness to the concepts of honor and pride, nobility and heroism begin to seem not a mere deficiency of culture but a lack of the qualities that differentiate the human from the bestial. Barbarism directs every step a Snopes takes, turning whatever he does into a graceless, unlovely, and ultimately inhuman act. The Snopeses



"At least my kids will have things easier than I had them."

The man who reads dictionaries

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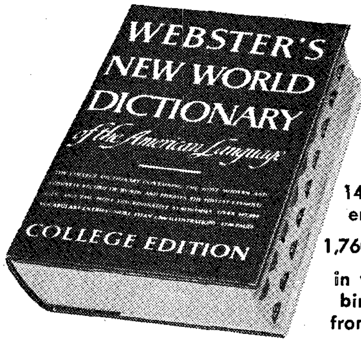

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are funny in "The Hamlet," but they are also terrifying—just as an ape in the zoo is most amusing and most frightening when it acts most like a human being. The laughter and the terror both derive from the knowledge that only a thin line divides the human from the bestial; we laugh because we understand the absurdity of our pretentious attribution of uniqueness to humanity, and we are terrified precisely because our resemblance to a mere animal calls this uniqueness into question. "The Hamlet," then, can be described as a novel about what it means to be human. And Faulkner sums it all up brilliantly in the famous section that has been separately printed under the title "Spotted Horses": the wild ponies Flem has brought into Frenchman's Bend from Texas are a symbol of what barbarism has done to the Snopeses; like the ponies, they are creatures of pure will, with no object beyond the pure expression of will, rushing madly and blindly and senselessly through the world, heaping destruction on the foolish innocents who have been persuaded, against the evidence of their own eyes, that these savage creatures are really gentle animals.

In "The Town," which takes place mainly in the nineteen-twenties, Faulkner insists a bit frantically (through no less than three narrators) that the Snopeses are still as inhuman and dangerous as they seemed in their earlier encounters with civilization. This insistence takes the form of repeated, and explicit, comments on what he now calls the "principle" of "Snopesishness." "They none of them seemed to bear any specific kinship to one another; they were just Snopeses, like colonies of rats or termites are just rats and termites." He also tells us that they have "all federated unanimously to remove being a Snopes from just a zoological category into a condition composed of success." Gavin Stevens, who does not appear in "The Hamlet" but is one of the narrators in "The Town"—and the spokesman Faulkner usually employs when he is being most abstract and wordy about the Old South—says to himself, upon hearing a Snopes referred to as "that horse boy":

> Horse boy, dog boy, cat boy, monkey boy, elephant boy: anything but Snopes boy. And then suppose, just suppose; suppose and tremble: . . . one generation more until that innocent and outrageous belief that courage and honor are practical has had time to fade and cool so that merely the habit of courage and honor remain; add to that then that generation's natural heritage of cold rapacity as instinctive as breathing, and tremble at that prospect: the habit of courage and honor compounded by rapacity or rapacity raised to the absolute *nth* by courage and honor: not horse boy but a lion or tiger boy: Genghis Khan or Tamerlane or Attila in the defenseless midst of indefensible Jefferson.

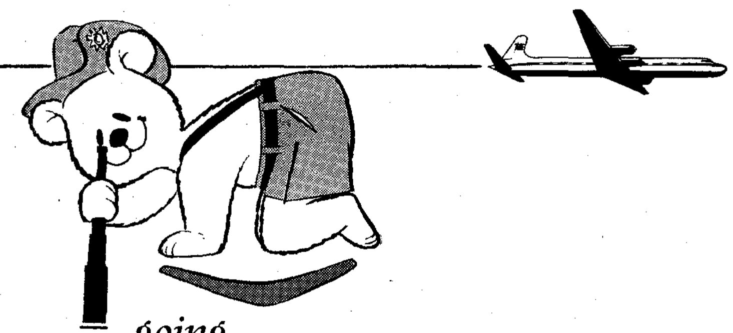
And in the last chapter Faulkner becomes altogether explicit about the bestiality of the Snopeses, bringing in four completely savage children who look like snakes, speak no language, and are quite indistinguishable from wild animals—"Byron Snopes's children out of a Jicarilla Apache squaw."

The trouble is that none of this is true either to the Snopeses as we see them in "The Town" or to the picture of Jefferson that Faulkner gives us here. The lions and tigers of which Gavin Stevens speaks are, in fact, surprisingly tame, and the things they do are almost prankish. Flem steals several tons of brass parts from the Jefferson power plant; years later, he uses his wife's infidelity to blackmail his father-in-law into making him president of the bank. Byron Snopes embezzles a small sum of money from the bank; Montgomery Ward Snopes is in the business of exhibiting pornographic pictures to respectable citizens of Jefferson; I. O. Snopes tries to force a widow into giving him a cut of her husband's insurance; an elderly Snopes (first name not specified) lures children into his watermelon patch so that he can have the pleasure of throwing stones at them. Lions and tigers? Genghis Khans and Attilas? Destroyers of civilization? Hardly.

The humor of "The Town" lies almost wholly in such incidents, and there is also a good deal of horseplay around Gavin Stevens' successive infatuations with Eula and her teen-age daughter, Linda. It is situation comedy without a hint of the terror that reverberates through the comedy of "The Hamlet." But Snopeses like these could hardly inspire the terror that comes from understanding the precariousness of our hold on humanity. Except, that is, in Gavin Stevens, the intellectual lawyer with a Ph.D. from the University of Heidelberg, who believes in the glories of the Old South. Yet even his hysterical reflections on the Snopeses are unconvincing; his tone sometimes suggests outraged gentility more than outraged humanity—as though it were the unfitness of Flem's rise in polite society that bothered him and not the invasion of "indefensible Jefferson" by a pack of wild animals.

At that, "indefensible Jefferson" is an infinitely less attractive place than Frenchman's Bend. The chivalry and honorableness of Gavin Stevens seem foolish and archaic and irrelevant; Major de Spain—Eula's lover and the president of the bank before Flem takes over—and the aristocratic Mallisons (not to mention Gavin Stevens himself) have none of the grandeur and vitality of their aristocratic counterparts in "The Hamlet" and other early works of Faulkner. V. K. Ratliff (another of the narrators) turns up in "The Town," but now he is an avuncular gossip whose main occupation is to trade interpretations of the Snopeses with Gavin Stevens and to explain to Chick Mallison (the third narrator and a member of Jefferson's younger generation) why they are so dangerous. Worst of all, Eula Varner, the utterly female, utterly biological, utterly indolent, utterly silent Eula of "The Hamlet," has become, in "The Town," a matronly Southern lady who makes long speeches that sound exactly like the speeches of Gavin Stevens and not a little like the recent speeches of William Faulkner.

But the irony is that Faulkner knows all this. He knows that Gavin Stevens defending the honor of an adulteress in a back-alley brawl makes a silly spectacle; he knows that Ratliff and Eula and the other relics of the old order who once seemed so grandly heroic are diminished and paled; he knows that the Snopeses' teeth have been pulled by history. He cannot help recording at least that much of the truth about what has happened to the South, for he still retains the radical, uncompromising honesty of vision that belongs to his genius. He still has the honesty, but he no longer has the courage of his honesty. In "The Town," Flem gets rid of all the other Snopeses he has brought into Jefferson, and begins to pursue—of all things—respectability. Faulkner tries hard to persuade us, and himself, that this makes Flem more dangerous than ever, but it is no use; he is fighting a losing battle against his own perception of the truth. And the truth is that time has dulled the conflict between the Snopeses and the Old South; to the extent that "The Town" is an honest book, it accurately reflects this development by showing Jefferson to be effete and the Snopeses domesticated. But Faulkner is not content with recording so undramatic a development; he must always be pretending—as in "A Fable"—that the reality he cannot prevent himself from seeing is some other reality, involving other, more impressive issues. Perhaps he is right in feeling that the truth of today is less interesting than the truth of an earlier time, and perhaps his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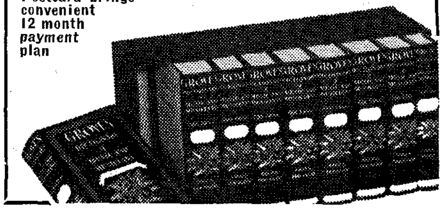

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tragedy is that the movement of history has robbed him of a contemporary subject equal to his passion. But as long as he refuses to surrender to the reality and the truth that he cannot help recording, he will continue to mount the stilts of oratory and to distort the things he sees. And the voice of the orator affirming his belief in the grandeur of life may yet completely drown out the voice of the artist, who knows perfectly well that there is no grandeur to be found in the life around him.

—NORMAN PODHORETZ

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WONDERFUL O, by James Thurber. Illustrated by Marc Simont (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Thurber not only invents remarkable stories, he invents remarkable forms to tell them in. Despite appearances, his latest invention—an account of what happens when the inhabitants of a certain far-off island are wickedly prevented from using the letter "o"—is nothing so simple as a fairy tale for children or a parable for adults, though many children and adults will doubtless be pleased to mistake it for one or the other. A short, elegant, and often extremely funny spin through Mr. Thurber's book-lined fancy, it relates an adventure that points a moral, or maybe even two morals (the second being that nobody can remember the first), and is written in a heightened prose that occasionally skips sidewise into metre and rhyme. If the author of "The Happy Prince" had contrived to write "Treasure Island" under the influence of both Carroll and Joyce, something like the present high-spirited work might have been the result. Like Carroll and Joyce, Mr. Thurber is fascinated by the *mana* that seems to reside in words without regard to their overt meanings. As a medium in the great seance of letters he is incomparable; he has only to utter an incantatory moan, and words levitate, phrases rap out unexpected messages, and whole sentences turn into ectoplasm. A prodigious performance, especially in so small a space. Marc Simont's illustrations are full of vigor and charm.

THE TOWERS OF TREBIZOND, by Rose Macaulay (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This queer, tangled book—part novel, part travelogue, and part religious tract—deals principally with

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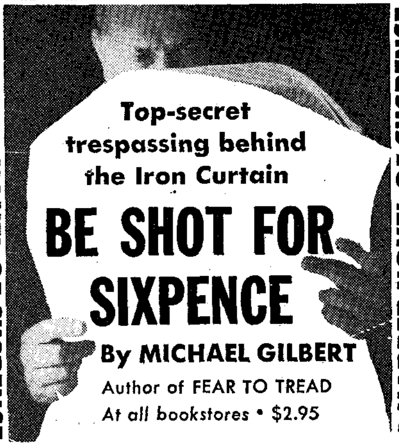

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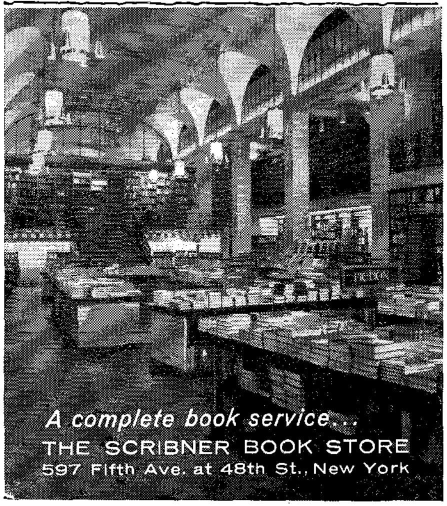

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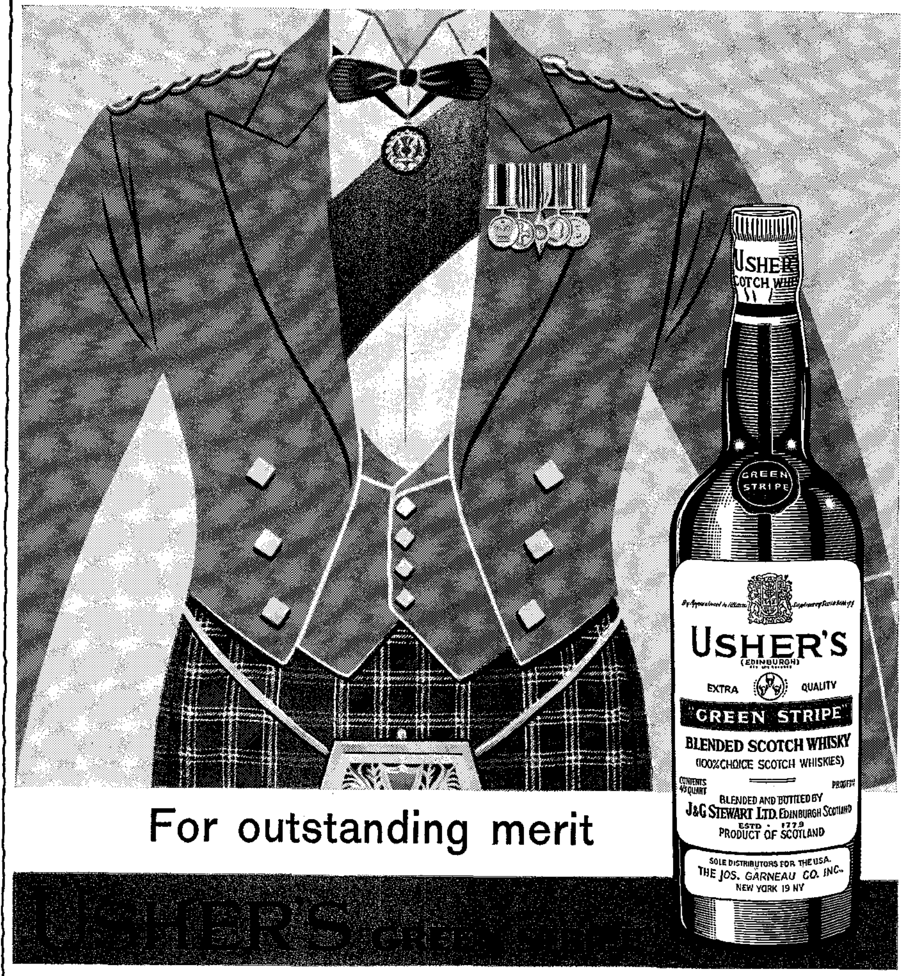
three figures: the narrator, an English girl under forty who is an artist and has been in love with another woman's husband for ten years; her Aunt Dot, a plump, dashing, religious widow in her sixties, who gallops incessantly about the world on a white racing camel and fights for the rights of women; and Father Hugh Chantry-Pigg, a steely retired Anglican divine given to saying long graces in either Latin or Greek. Miss Macaulay sends them all off to the Near East on a missionary venture, and up to the point where Aunt Dot and Father Chantry-Pigg vanish illegally into Russia to see what they can see, there is a good deal of funny material about Turkey, its people, and how not to convert Moslems to the Anglican Church. Then the focus abruptly shifts to the narrator, who wanders off on the camel by herself and grows steadily sadder until her lover is killed in an automobile accident and the book simply stops. It is, in fact, the author's prose that keeps one going; her long, hilly sentences, glued artfully together with hundreds of "ands," roll on and on in faultless rhythms, and after a time they become almost as hypnotic as those of Gertrude Stein, whose spirit seems to camp near every page.

THEY HANGED MY SAINTLY BILLY, by Robert Graves (Doubleday). Mr. Graves has built a large, free, and frequently lively work of fiction on the records of the life and personality of William Palmer, an English doctor who was hanged for poisoning in 1856.

A TICKET FOR A SEAMSTITCH, by Mark Harris (Knopf). A baseball pitcher, called Author by his teammates and his public, makes a manful attempt to show what a colorful character he is. He succeeds on the first page.

GENERAL

HOLOCAUST AT SEA, by Corvette-Captain Fritz-Otto Busch, translated from the German by Eleanor Brockett and Anton Ehrenzweig (Rinehart). On the stormy evening of December 26, 1943, just as the twenty-six-thousand-ton German battleship Scharnhorst was trying to close in on a large Allied convoy off the northern coast of Norway, she was attacked by a British force of one battleship, three cruisers, and eight destroyers, and although she was hit repeatedly in the next three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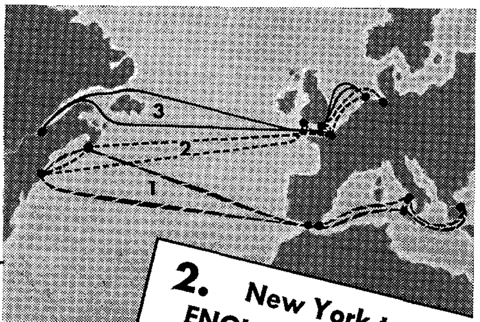

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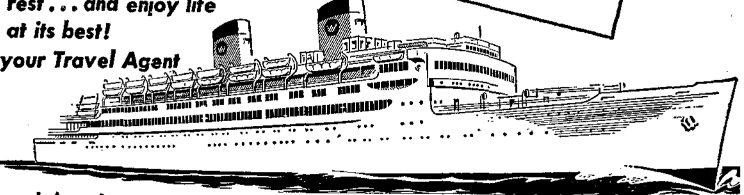

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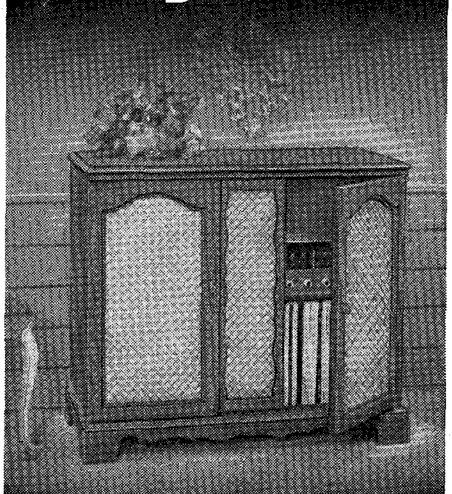

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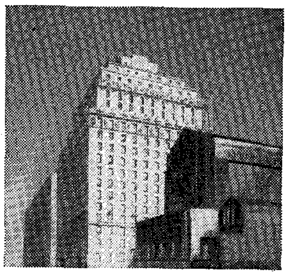

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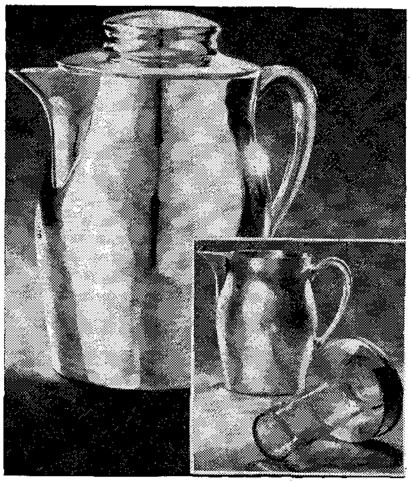
hours by fourteen-inch shells and by no fewer than fourteen of the fifty-six torpedoes fired at her, she still had her engines running and her lights on when she finally went down. The cost in lives was staggering; only thirty-six of her crew of nineteen hundred survived. The author handles his material with admirable objectivity, but he writes in such a curiously detached way that it seems almost as if he were retelling "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," rather than describing one of the great naval encounters of the war. Photographs.

WYNDHAM LEWIS, by Geoffrey Wagner (Yale). A critical study, subtitled "A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy," of the late Percy Wyndham Lewis, the painter, journalist, essayist, critic, and novelist, who liked to call himself "the Enemy" of the modern world. Starting off with an examination of Lewis's political faith (a morass of crotchets, contradictions, and high-flying syllogisms, which led him to write, among other things, two books about Hitler, one praising him and one taking it all back), Mr. Wagner proceeds to an analysis of Lewis the artist and a perhaps overcharitable appraisal of his Vorticist movement, and ends with a full-scale critique of Lewis the novelist and satirist. For most of his life, Lewis was a neglected writer, but he certainly isn't one now. New editions of his novels keep coming out; critics like T. S. Eliot, who has called Lewis "the greatest prose master of my generation," keep boosting his stock; and he is swiftly taking his place as one of the moody giants of twentieth-century letters. Mr. Wagner is a fine scholar and a good writer. His book would have benefitted by illustrations—particularly reproductions of Lewis's drawings and paintings.

GYPSY, by Gypsy Rose Lee (Harper). A cheerful, if almost unrelievedly monotonous, account of the author's experiences as a vaudeville performer, a burlesque queen, and an actress on the legitimate stage. Delivered in a rapid, flat-footed prose, it begins with her early childhood in Seattle, where, with her sister, she appeared in lodge halls, and ends in the thirties, when she worked in the Ziegfeld Follies with Fanny Brice and Bobby Clark. The liveliest sections of the book deal with Miss Lee's days as a barnstorming vaudevillian, when her troupe, led by her indomitable mother, lived for substantial periods in a tent and



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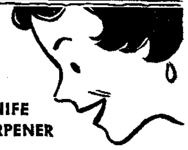

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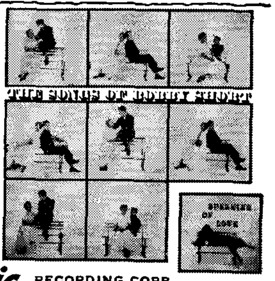

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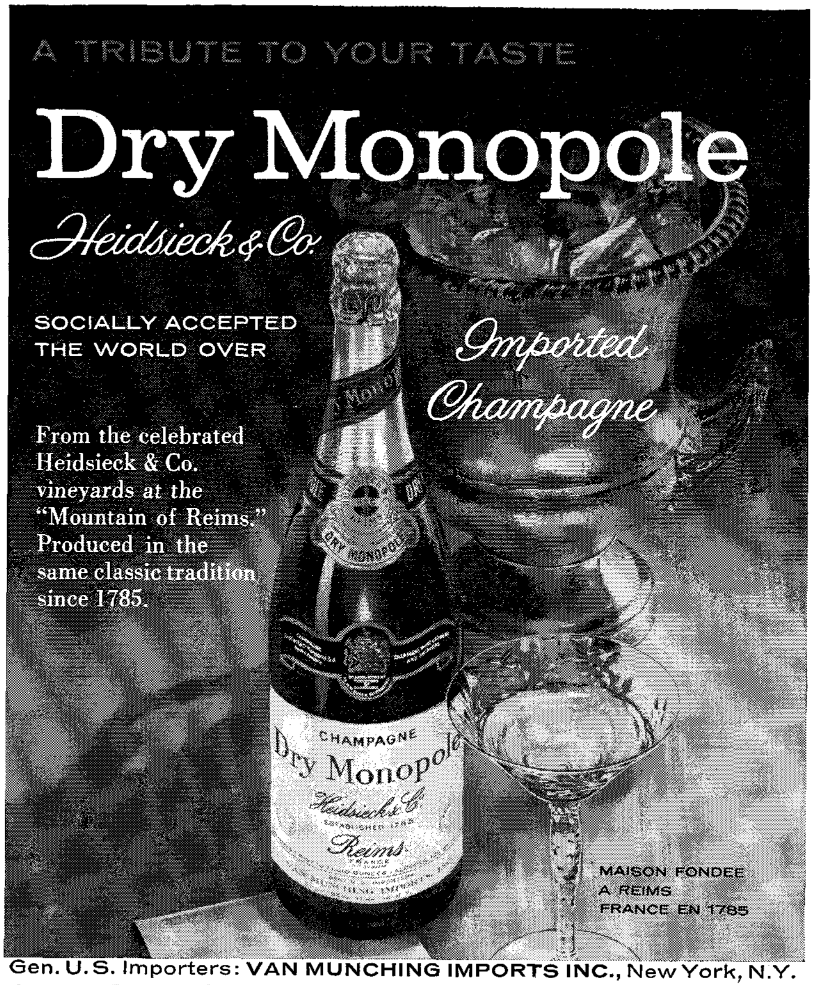
VASTNESS OF THE SEA, by Bernard Gorsky (Little, Brown). A distinguished addition to the growing literature about the depths of the sea. In 1954, the author and three companions—all four of them young Frenchmen who wanted to skin-dive in new waters, hunt fish with crossbows, air guns, and cameras, and generally have some fun—sailed a forty-foot sloop from Saint-Malo to Tahiti, by way of Tangier, the Canary Islands, the West Indies, the Panama Canal, the Galápagos, and the Marquesas. This book is a chronicle of the voyage, and, happily, it deals as much with human beings as with giant mantas, leopard rays, sharks, and groupers. There is, for example, a fascinating account of a sojourn among the odd colony of European outcasts and self-made Robinson Crusoes in the Galápagos Islands, and at every port of call the author found something amusing, arresting, or bizarre to record. Photographs.

BEN BUTLER, by Hans Louis Trefousse (Twayne). Major General Benjamin Franklin Butler, the Union general whose troops occupied New Orleans and who was known in the South as Beast Butler, is chiefly remembered for his supposed ruthlessness, but this appears to be an injustice. Although Butler did issue an order that any New Orleans woman who treated federal soldiers with contempt, as many New Orleans women were doing, was herself to be "treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation," historians agree that he was a just administrator confronted by a very difficult situation, and both Lincoln and Grant had great faith in him and his abilities. Butler has other claims to our attention, too. As a Massachusetts lawyer, he was one of the first champions of labor and of the poor; he was one of the first Northern generals to use Negro soldiers in combat; and he was one of the most colorful of congressmen—a violent debater who was a great favorite with visitors to the galleries on Capitol Hill. Dr. Trefousse has done a careful job of assembling his data, and the personality of Ben Butler makes this biography a spirited one. Photographs, maps, and cartoons.

MASACCIO: FRESCOES IN FLORENCE, designed and edited by Peter Bellew and Anton Schutz, and with an introduction by Philip Hendy (New



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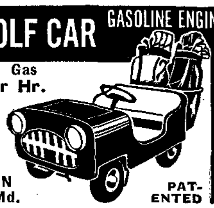

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York Graphic Society, in collaboration with UNESCO). Masaccio, a Florentine of the early fifteenth century, lived only twenty-seven years, but his influence was enormous, and many authorities believe that it was he who, practically single-handed, turned Renaissance interest at least partly away from sculpture, then the overwhelmingly dominant art, toward painting. He was the first Renaissance painter to have a feeling for true perspective, as he was the first to model his figures naturalistically, in light and shadow, and these achievements are evident in the series of frescoes he did for the Brancacci Chapel and the Church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. The present volume, an addition to the UNESCO World Art Series, is folio size and contains over thirty full-page, full-color reproductions. The introduction, by the director of London's National Gallery, is a triumph of compact scholarliness. Sixteen dollars and fifty cents.

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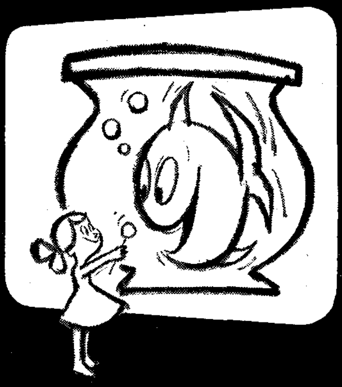
[*From the Rye* (*N.Y.*) *Chronicle*]

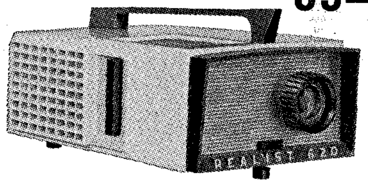
A highly successful feature of the meeting was the presentation of section and committee reports in verse set to music. Mrs. Buttrick was narrator; Mrs. Edward F. Lethen, Jr., accompanist; Mrs. William E. Snodgrass, lyricist.

Typical of the intricately meshed tunes and reports (the music to which will be easily imagined) were "Tea for Two Hundred" (Mrs. Frederick P. Clark, tea chairman); "Halloween has come to mean—Pennies for UNICEF" (Mrs. Edward OBerg, education chairman); "We've Got a Built In expert mouthpiece in our parliamentarian" (Miss Valeria Foot); "Summertime, When we're taking it easy, There's a little group who keep plugging away" (Mrs. Richard L. Morgan, printing chairman); "Mal takes down each word, always; We know what occurred, always" (Mrs. Charles B. Dixon, recording secretary.

A moving finale was that of Mrs. Buttrick: "I have often stood on this stage before, Now the final page is written and there is no more. All my work is done, Virginia Hamilton, will be here in the job that I loved. But oh, you beautiful people! Just to know you has been grand. This over-powering feeling, Somehow has me just a little out of hand. . . . You know where I've been, and you know what I've done—All the headaches, heartaches problems and a lot of fun—This is not goodbye—No. You know that I, will be here, with the club that I love."

"Now, Thanks for the memory—Of such a lovely board, One that I've adored, And one that worked in harmony and absolute accord, Thank you so much. Thanks to each and all of you, Before I end my song, Thanks to you for hats enough to last my whole life long."





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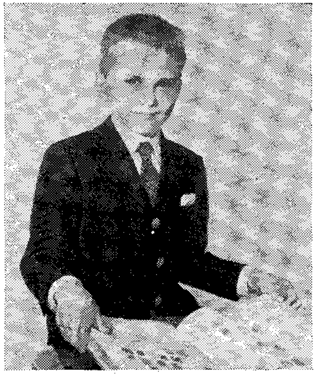

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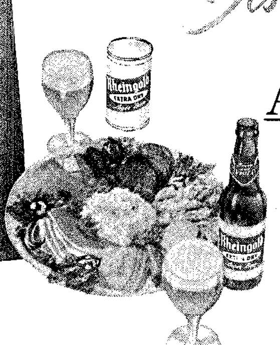

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